February 22, 1936

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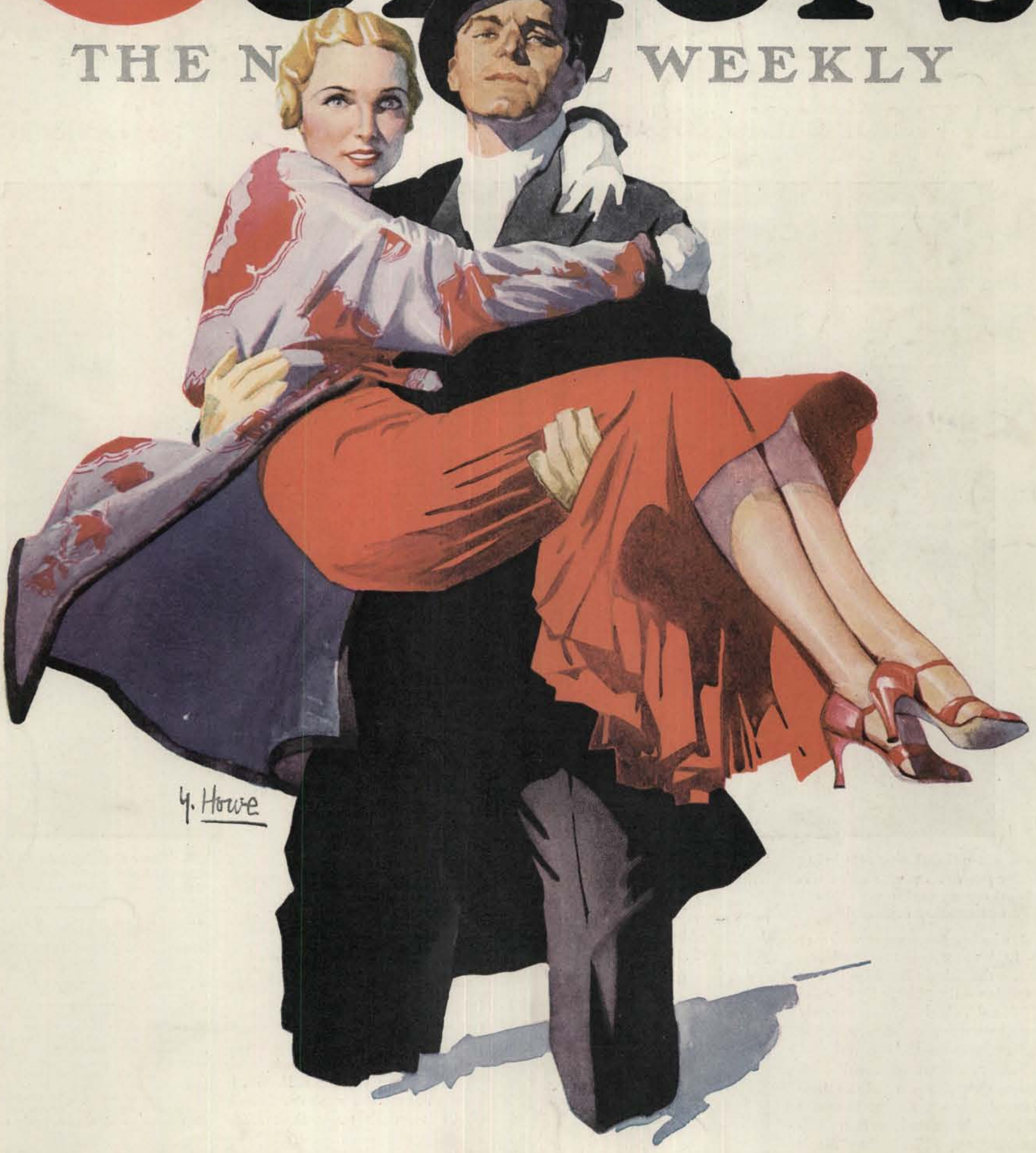
THE N L WEEKLY



To Hell by Troopship By W.

© THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY — PUBLISHERS OF — WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION — THE AMERICAN MA

New "MAGIC BRAIN"
New "MAGIC EYE"
New METAL TUBES

RCA Victor radios offer finer performance at value prices!

These exceptional new sets bring greater power . . . more stations . . . silent tuning and many other outstanding features!

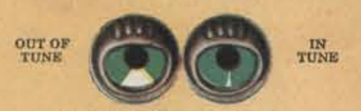
ALL who hear them are excited over RCA Victor's great radio achievements – the "Magic Brain" – its new companion – the "Magic Eye" – and RCA Metal Tubes! But these are only three of many reasons why America is *buying* the new sets like wildfire!

Here are others! Increased sensitivity on short waves . . . 5 to 20 times greater than ever before at 16 meters and below. More stations, better volume are yours! With the "Magic Brain" programs emerge with warmth and clarity. And, whether your program is from a domestic station or the far reaches of distant lands, the "armoured watchman" tube throws off irritating interference!

The "Magic Eye" makes tuning more accurate and simpler than ever. And, in addition, it brings you the pleasure of *silent* tuning.

Ask your RCA Victor dealer to tell you about the ingenious new range dials . . . cabinets that scientifically beautify tone . . . oversize speakers. Have him show you the RCA Metal Tubes . . . exquisite cabinets. Priced within everyone's reach, these RCA Victor instruments are radio's greatest value! RCA Manufacturing Co., Inc., Camden, N. J. A Radio Corporation of America subsidiary.

RCA Victor Table Model T6-11. Six all-metal tubes. Tuning range, 540 to 6900 kc. $39.95.



THE "MAGIC EYE" . . .
brings you silent tuning

The "Magic Eye," an electronic "beam" . . . tells when you are precisely in tune. Turn the set on, a colored shadow appears on the "Magic Eye." Dial, and it gets larger or smaller as if focusing on an object. For most perfect reception, the shadow is smallest. Turn up the volume control and there the station is.

RCA Victor Console Model C13-2. 13-tube "Magic Brain" radio with "Magic Eye." 5 tuning bands. Superb cabinet. Price $189.50.

Prices, subject to change without notice, from $19.95 up f.o.b. Camden, N. J., including home, automobile and farm radios and radio-phonographs. You can now buy these sets on C.I.T. easy payment plan. And remember, any set works better with RCA Antenna Systems. Put new life in your present radio – install RCA Radio Tubes. Listen to "The Magic Key" on WJZ and associated NBC stations, every Sunday, 2 to 3 p.m. E.S.T.

RCA VICTOR

The world's greatest artists are on Victor Records

"THERE'S a product . . . that LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE . . . I have never used a dentifrice that made my teeth feel and look so clean. And in my business that's important!" Ken Maynard

He could afford $25 for his tooth paste . . . *he pays 25¢*

ONCE again you find a man accustomed to every luxury using, by choice, this dentifrice which costs him but 25¢.

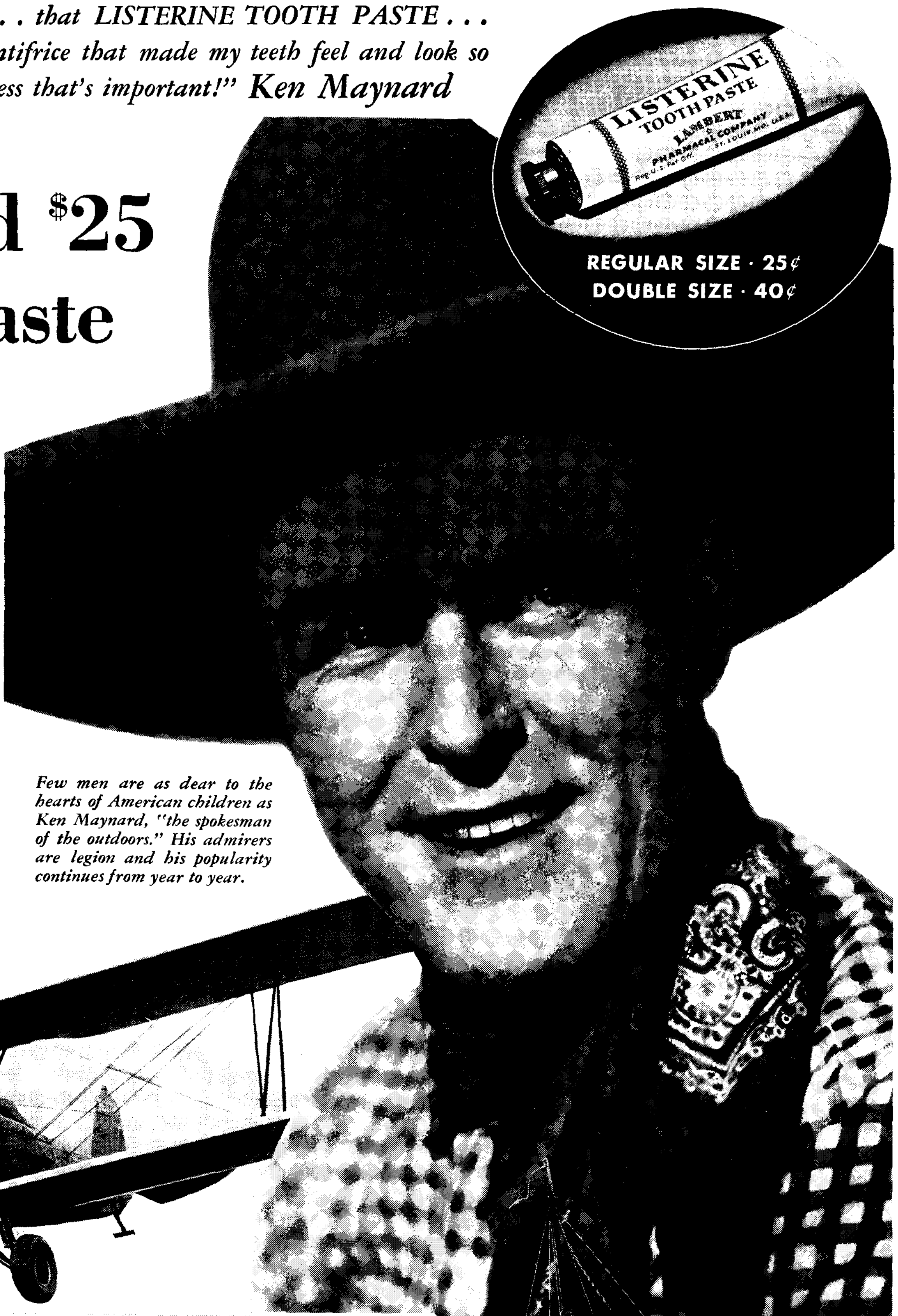
Once again you find a man whose profession demands sound and attractive teeth, using Listerine Tooth Paste.

What's the reason? Better results, nothing more.

Millions of people have found that Listerine Tooth Paste is amazingly superior.

If you haven't tried it, do so now.

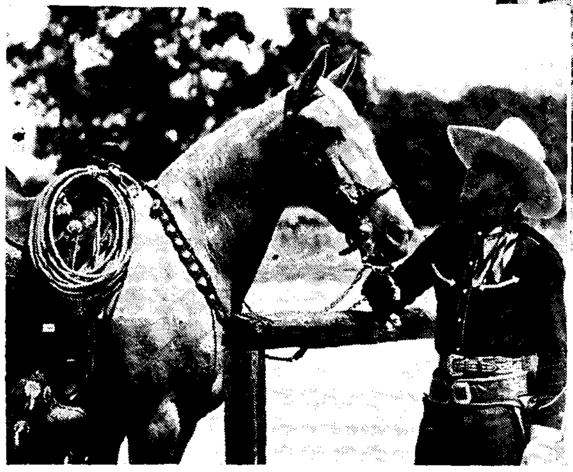
See how thoroughly it cleans teeth. See how it sweeps away ugly discolorations. See the brilliant lustre and gleam it imparts to the teeth. Note that wonderful feeling of mouth freshness and invigoration that follows its use. Give it a trial now. Your druggist will supply you. LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Missouri.*



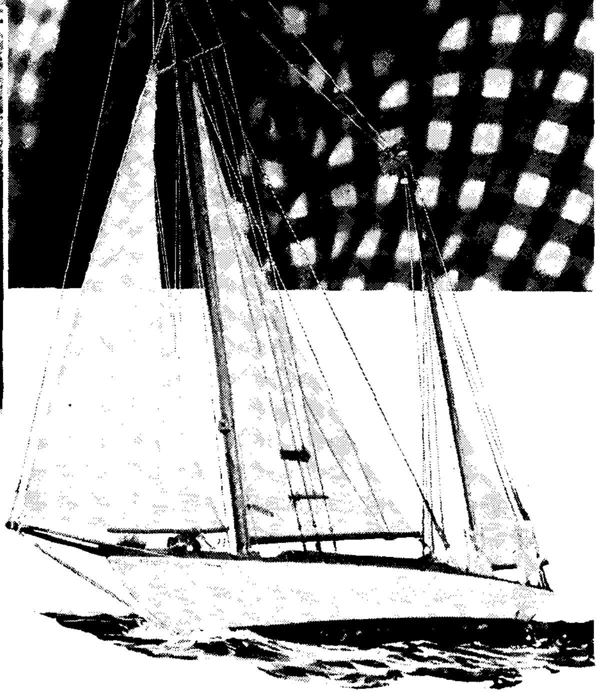
Few men are as dear to the hearts of American children as Ken Maynard, "the spokesman of the outdoors." His admirers are legion and his popularity continues from year to year.

Ken Maynard's plane. It is the land type, completely equipped for camping and hunting. The star recently explored Central America and spent all but two nights aboard.

Ken Maynard and his famous horse, Palomino, taken at the Maynard ranch in the San Fernando Valley, California.



In his motors as in his tooth paste, the film star likes speed and efficiency. His two Packards and Chevrolet are here shown.



In his sturdy cruising yawl, "Nymph," Maynard cruises the Pacific, or takes a week-end sail to Catalina Island.

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Next Week

NO ONE, looking into the lovely eyes of Moya Adair, could have suspected her of any taint of evil. Even Captain Mark Hepburn, when he caught her slipping out of Dom Patrick Donegal's high stone tower, was hypnotized by her beauty and forgot that the fate of this nation might depend on her capture. For Moya Adair was a creature of Dr. Fu Manchu—a part of the cunning and elaborate network that the Chinese doctor had insidiously spread across the United States.

Sir Denis Nayland Smith, furiously smoking a cracked brier pipe and assisted by special government agents, combats the colossal plot of the inspired madman in "The Invisible President," by Sax Rohmer.

ONE of the most colorful spots in the pageant of American history was the splendid era of steamboating on the Mississippi. The river possessed a charming, easy-going society of its own and an immense commerce which withered and died with the coming of the railroads. The war put the Father of Waters back in business and the government has kept him there ever since—against the bitter complaints of the railroads. In a colorful and fair-minded article, Harris Dickson presents both sides of the controversy.

IT HADN'T seemed actually wrong when they started it. Just smart. Virginia had a job—a good job as a copywriter—and Eric had none. But the advertising company for which Ginny worked needed another man. So why shouldn't Eric take the job and Ginny help him a little in the evenings? Laura Z. Hobson tells you why not.

SELLING at a profit has been the basis of business as far back as the memory of the race extends. Recently someone got the notion that "Buying at a Profit" might be good business, too. That was the start of the coöperative movement. Bertram B. Fowler tells you about it.

JIMMY HARCOURT was ten when he became cabin boy aboard the bark Thrush. Captain Harcourt, his father, hated him. Not for anything he had done, but because his mother had run away. Jimmy didn't know anything about it. He was "The Boy Who Had a Hero." The hero was his father. Albert Richard Wetjen tells you about them in a magnificent and dramatic sea story.

THERE will be additional stories by Laurie York Erskine, Walter Duranty, Edward Shenton and Bernard DeVoto; articles by Owen P. White, Kyle Crichton and Quentin Reynolds. And all for you.

This Week

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February 22, 1936

Cover by George Howe

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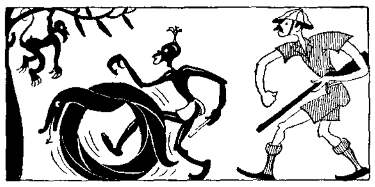
Two Americans. Page 70

●

Any Week

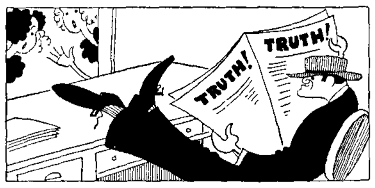
WHEN Mr. G. H. Gilroy-Moore of Vancouver, British Columbia, read Frank Buck's "Snake in the Grass" in Collier's recently he sighed reminiscently and comfortably. Good old Equatorial Africa. Pythons? "The first one I ever encountered," says Mr. Gilroy-Moore, "was actually raiding a chicken roost at Kinshasa on Stanley Pool. When killed it measured twenty-six feet. Dear me. And while hunting on the Upper Congo, my boy Basongo got tangled up with a python just as Mr. Buck's boy did. I promptly stunned the python with my revolver butt, freeing the boy. Basongo thereupon coiled the brute as one would a garden hose and tied it with liana cords. Then the beggar cut a stick and trundled the brute into camp like a boy with a hoop. Naturally, old fellow, in the thirty-mile trip back to camp the python got rather worn on the tread but I fed it a couple of askaris and a safari or two and the silly creature soon became normal."



VERY simple when you know how. But you have to know how. Mrs. James Corlies of Beaumont, Texas, may take that for her answer. Says she: "What on earth has become of the late Huey Long's Share-the-Wealth Plan? What about that house and lot, radio, free college education and five thousand dollars a year he promised us? Do you mean to say that this country is in such a desperate way that nobody can fix that up now that he's gone? All it required was that the country's wealth be piled up on a table or something and split up a hundred and thirty million ways. Or was Mr. Long merely running for office?"

WELL, we're like Mr. Tom Dowell of Springfield, Massachusetts. We'd simply hate to be dead. "It certainly is good to be alive," cries Mr. Dowell. "The President is writing mystery stories—one that didn't have a name and on which a whole platoon of writers collaborated with him, and another called Murder in the Budget, which the Supreme Court and the veterans bounced right back at him like editors. Mrs. Roosevelt is writing Sweetness and Light 'Mid Shot and Shell, the Republican National Committee is writing radio skits and the Liberty League is going into the movies. Great days for us crackpots. We can be as screwy as we please and nobody knows the difference. All we have to do is laugh."

THE moment we've finished this brain-racking stint we're going to put our feet on our desk and read a newspaper. Someone has sent it to us from Louisiana. It's brand-new—Volume One, Number One. And right at the top of the first column of the first page it reads: "This newspaper prints more truth in a single issue than all the daily papers in Louisiana have printed in the past twenty years."


TRUTH!
TRUTH!

AND then we're going to send it to Mr. L. George Lerrick of Atlanta, Georgia. Mr. Lerrick writes that he reads "thirty newspapers every week in addition to six magazines, all sorts of books and the Congressional Record. If," he goes on, "I ever read anything that tells the truth I will probably drop dead."

AND Miss Lula F. Bissell of Washington, D. C., insists that a bright young official guide offered his services to a "dignified gentleman in the rotunda of the Capitol, saying he would be very pleased to show him the various places of interest including the United States Senate which was then in session." Whereat the dignified stranger replied: "Tell you what I'll do, young fellow. You show me something interesting here and I'll give you a dollar. Then I'll take ten minutes of your time and show you how interesting the damned place really is." And Miss Bissell adds: "Even after the guide was told that he had been talking to the Honorable James E. Watson of Indiana, he wasn't impressed. He merely said: 'Well, he looked to me to be kinda lost like.' "

AND the Honorable Jim has plenty of company. Mr. W. W. Williamson of Boulder, Colorado, says, "I'm puzzled. What's the matter in Washington? Not one of those boys down there has had the gumption to send a couple of thousand of the unemployed out this way to paint the walls of the Grand Canyon. Of course the gully is pretty well tinted by nature but just think of what a couple of thousand fellows could do to it in a few weeks. And think of the boon to paint manufacturers. Also it would give a bunch of uplifting lecturers a chance to entertain the workers with nature tales and so on while they painted. Where's Professor Tugwell?"

THAT'S what *he'd* like to know.

Vol. 97, No. 8. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's, The Country Home. Copyright, 1936, The Crowell Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Lee W. Maxwell, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; Frank Braucher, Vice President; Charles J. Bevan, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts. Price, 5 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $3.50 a year to Newfoundland and Labrador. $5.50 a year to all other countries.

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THIS MAN...who can handle one of Plymouth's big crankshafts as if it were tubing instead of solid steel... works to dimensions of *tenths of thousandths* of an inch.

He is Joe Colter, head of the department in which Plymouth crankshafts are given their silvery finish. Each balanced...tested...and passed only after it is in *perfect* balance, whether the engine is idling or running at top speed.

Joe Colter and his expert crew work with the finest tools...gauges and machines as precise as those of a watchmaker...devices that detect and correct the tiniest variances of measurement or balance.

That's typical of the equipment and methods throughout the whole Plymouth plant: closer measurements, greater precision...the fine workmanship of men who are proud of Plymouth's reputation.

It's Plymouth production policy always to "split hairs" on the side of accuracy and precision.

Plymouth owners see the results...in the brilliant performance...economy...safety...comfort ...and reliability of this great car.

That's why Plymouth's fame...as a car that stands up...spreads farther and faster every day. And Plymouth sales continue to grow, at the most sensational pace in automobile history.

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You pay for credit accommodation only ½ of 1% per month on your original unpaid balance. To arrive at your original unpaid balance: **1.** Add cost of insurance to cost of car.* **2.** Deduct down payment — cash or trade-in.

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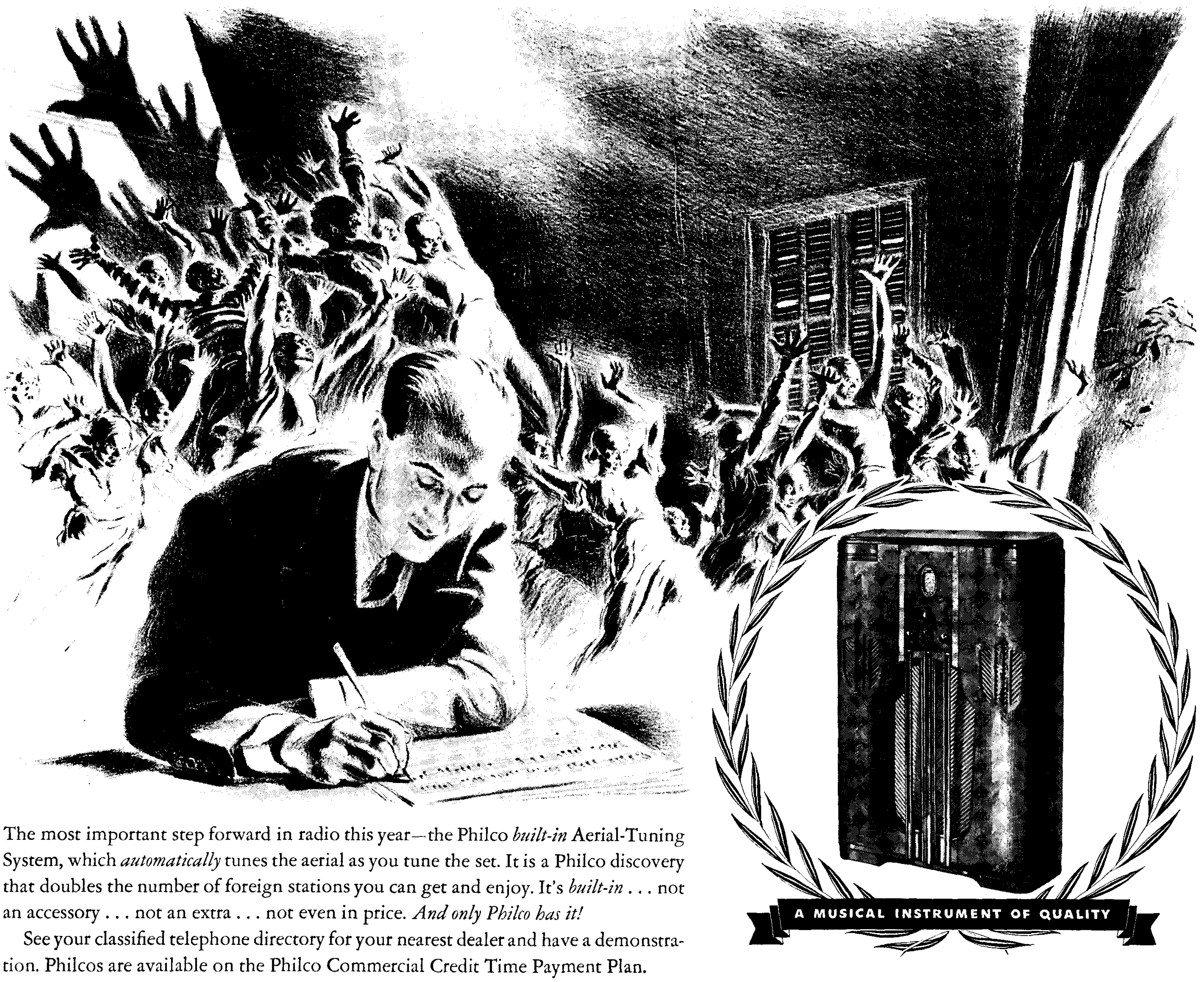
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The most important step forward in radio this year—the Philco *built-in* Aerial-Tuning System, which *automatically* tunes the aerial as you tune the set. It is a Philco discovery that doubles the number of foreign stations you can get and enjoy. It's *built-in* . . . not an accessory . . . not an extra . . . not even in price. *And only Philco has it!*

See your classified telephone directory for your nearest dealer and have a demonstration. Philcos are available on the Philco Commercial Credit Time Payment Plan.

PHILCO

A Musical Instrument of Quality

PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY RADIO

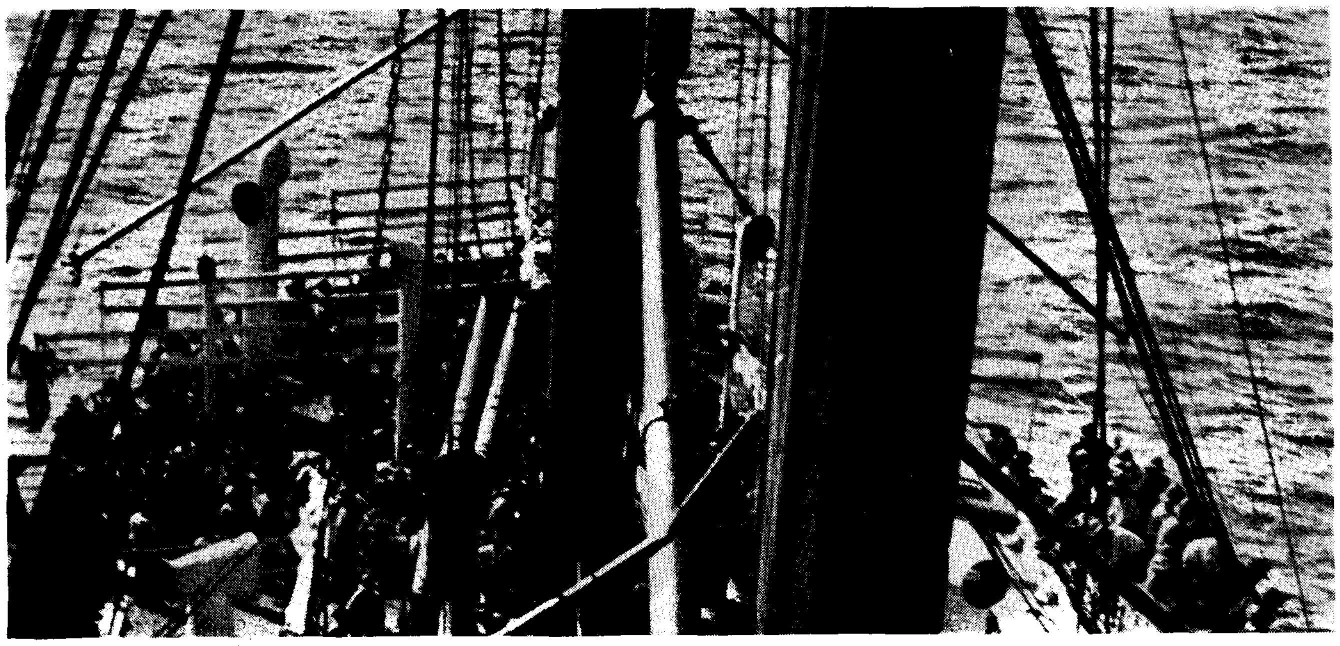
SPECIFY A PHILCO FOR YOUR AUTOMOBILE

FORTY-THREE MODELS $20 TO $600

THE NEW PHILCO 116X

A true High-Fidelity instrument bringing you the overtones that identify and distinguish the many and varied musical instruments. Exclusive Acoustic Clarifiers prevent "boom". The famous Inclined Sounding Board projects every note up to your ear level. Five wave bands bring you every broadcast service in the air . . . Foreign, American, Police, Weather, Aircraft, Ship, Amateur. Complete with exclusive, automatic *built-in* Aerial-Tuning System $180

Collier's The National Weekly for February 22, 1936



Aboard an old 15,000-ton freighter, now the Italian troopship "Sannio," jammed with laborers and soldiers, an installment of the Roman Legions, W. B. Courtney, Collier's staff writer, traveled from Naples to Massaua. This account of the journey is a vivid and eloquent story of hardship and disillusionment and a brilliant piece of colorful reporting

To Hell by Troopship

By

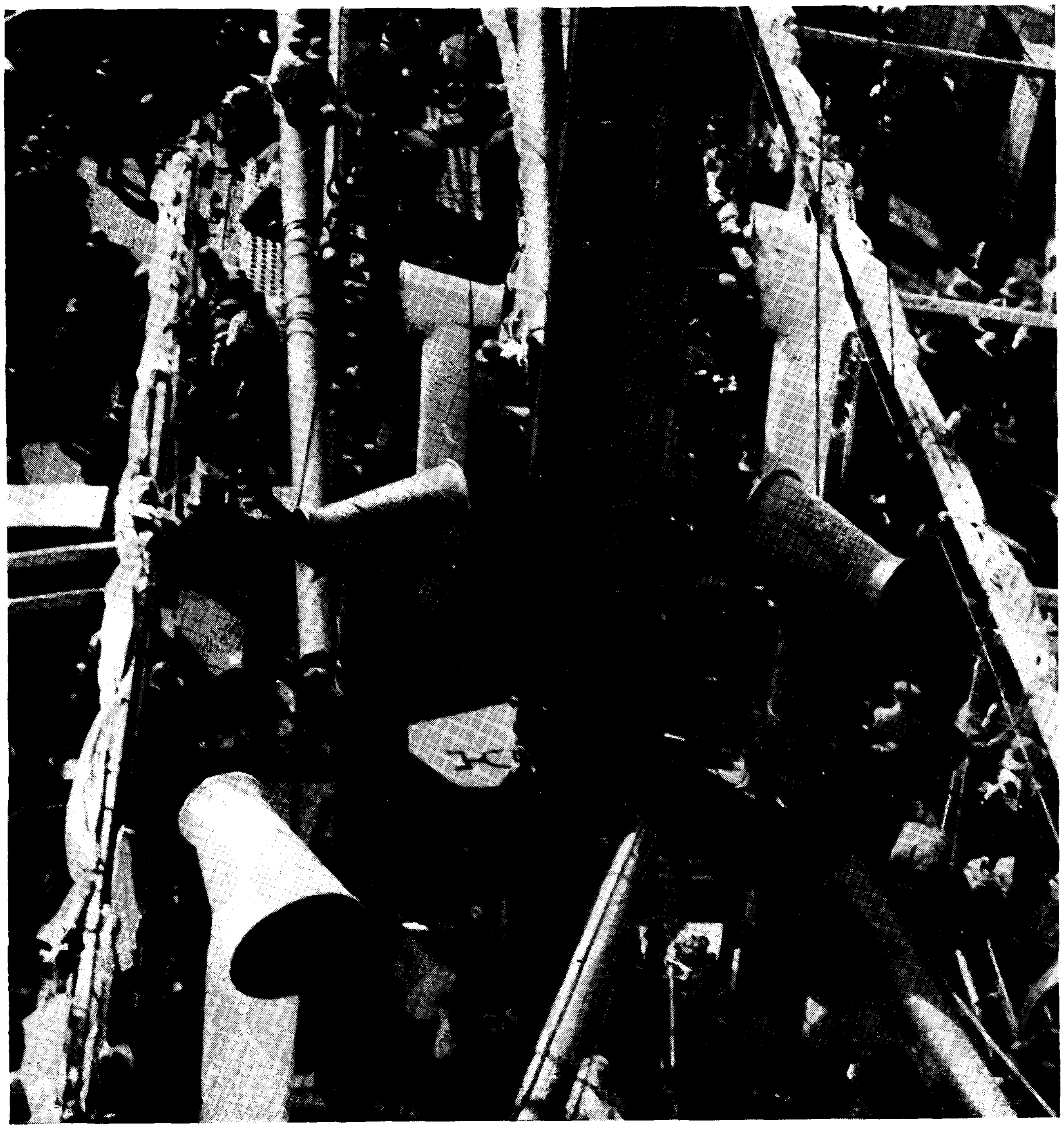
W. B. Courtney

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

YOU called him "Tony" if you bought figs or apples from him when he ran the fruit stand on the corner of 41st Street and Ninth Avenue in New York City, or if you had known his toothy smile during the seven years in which he worked on the Hudson River boats. Here he was in Italy, his trouble at the moment, in fact, being that he was nobody at all so far as the coveted lists of men from Mola, his native town, and its sister mountain communities in the southern province of Bari were concerned. Two thousand and ten lucky men—so they told one another; so Tony thought them—shepherded tediously over the cobbled dockyard to the waiting troopship's gangplank. All day Tony had watched them run the gantlet of sharp eyes and tongues that led up to the foredeck of the Sannio. Enviously he had observed them show off their newly-issued tropical helmets to one another, their sun glasses, and gayly sling their canvas sacks, each with a handful of poor belongings, over their shoulders and step up for their great adventure: to be given a tin mess cup and a spoon, and each tenth man a basin which automatically made him a group captain, responsible for his men's food dole.

Tony Wants to Go Along

Tony thought it was both strange and contradictory. You wanted so much to go; you wanted so desperately to grasp any chance, after more than a year of unemployment, and the wife and two children growing thin. You swore to them you would be glad to work so very, very hard. But unless you were a pet of the local Blackshirt chief, or knew someone close to his ear, you never got on the lists for Africa Orientale that were supposed to be made up impartially from each district's unemployed. Why should this be so if Abyssinia were all that Il Duce said—the picture his Blackshirt echoes filled in with their swift words—a land where milk and honey and precious minerals only waited



Deck scene on the Sannio, as it bore two thousand of Mussolini's men to Massaua for the African war

At Port Said launches, paid for by the Italian consul, welcomed the ship

for strong and industrious Italian hands to loose their bounteous flood that would give contentment and riches to colonists and reflect prosperity all the way back to the humblest provinces of Italy?

Victimized in New York by one of those legal sharpsters who prey on naïve candidates for citizenship, Tony had found himself stranded in Italy with a lost decade of honest purpose behind him; still American in heart and mind. Some day the American Consul at Naples would send him a nice letter, how everything had been ironed out, and he could go back to the United States. Meanwhile, his family must eat. So he went into the Mola headquarters. "Oh, clear out," said the Blackshirt. "Nobody's going to be sent from here for another six months yet!" But that night one of his pals looked in. "Two hundred of us are leaving now," he said. Tony grinned at his wife, patted the kids, and wedged himself aboard the dirty freight train with the appointed men. There was a long ride without food, blank hours of sidetracking and jostling while they hooked up contingents from other villages. Nobody asked Tony for credentials.

A Foretaste of Squalor

When they came to Naples they were formed into a herd, and led through the streets. Many of the mountain people, who had never been five kilometers from home before, stumbled over curbs, so engaged were their wide eyes with the sights. They were taken into a huge barracks and the Mola fellows were shown up six long flights to a bare loft where they were told: "Now go down to the basement and get yourselves each a bundle of straw for bedding!" When they had gone down and come up again they were told: "Now go down to the basement again and take baths, for that is what the doctors say you must do!" But after they got down to the basement they all began to laugh, for there were no baths either there or any place else in the entire barracks; just a few cold taps. . . .

Three days of climbing up and down, going unwashed, shooing rats out of your moldy straw before you lay down. At home, if it got stuffy indoors you could always have a clean brushing of mountain air if you just stepped outdoors. Here, the shoddiness and the evil odors of Naples pressed upon you like a fog, and you were better off shivering in the barracks with the windows closed. So you were glad when the Blackshirt came and said, "Today you go aboard."

Tony's dilemma shaped up in earnest then. He marched into the dockyard with the Mola company, but dropped out when he saw the careful examination of papers that went on. He studied matters. First, at the customs gate, you were told off against a list held by the police; then passed to a second point and re-checked; and finally sent forward in small batches to be scrutinized a third and final time—by carabinieri, city detectives, Blackshirts. The latter were the worst; officious, hard-boiled. As evening came bleakly to the Neapolitan waterfront and low wrack scudding before a storm tore itself on the tall masts of the ships and spilled raindrops that clattered like hard beans on the stone quay, Tony grew chilled and depressed. He must get on the Sannio. It meant, perhaps, the lives of his family. It became a test of his wits, razored in New York, against Fascist red tape.

Hundreds of peasants still waited to be embarked. Tony had time; he would go out for a bite; his first today. But he had not realized, when he marched with others through wide gates in the morning, that the whole dockyard area was fenced off. Now he saw he would have to pass two guards at a small turnstile to get out. He approached with trepidation. One guard smiled, "Don't spend all your money, sailor!" Tony was out, trying to figure what had happened. It came to him in a wink. For his journey without luggage he had worn his most durable outfit, which happened to be the dark blue uniform of his Hudson River career. On the blouse in white lettering was embroidered the name of the Line.

Tony was too excited to eat now. He popped into the first clothing store he saw, and gave up ten lire for a sailor cap. The gateman had not understood the English on his shirt; the men at the Sannio might. So, to the scandalized astonishment of the woman behind the counter, he pulled off his shirt, turned it inside out, put it on again. He ran to the yard. The guards smiled, and spoke a dirty gibe.

Tony Puts It Over

He made his way toward the Sannio, circumspectly. He stepped upon the gangplank; a Blackshirt reached a hand in front of him, a carabiniere seized his wrist. Tony glared at them under the spotlamps that hung over the Sannio's railing. He wrenched free. "What the hell is the matter with you?" he demanded. "Can't you see I'm a sailor? One of the crew?" They said no more, and turned away, and Tony swaggered aboard—to dodge into the gloomiest corner.

He found excitement among the lowly folk who crowded on the open main deck of the Sannio, until there was scarcely foot room for each. Word, it seemed, of an extraordinary thing had got around. Marshal Pietro Badoglio, head of all the armies of Italy, next to the King himself in command, was going to Africa Orientale on this very ship to take over supreme direction of the Expeditionary forces. Gossip flowed on the Sannio that night like chianti from a broken keg. Hah, De Bono, then, old Blackshirt zealot, was to be fetched home! Badoglio, of whom it was known throughout Italy that he was a "King's man" and no friend of the Fascists, would be over Graziani, too. There was censorship, of course, and nothing but glory reports in the papers; yet one heard "rumors," somehow, even in remote Mola. Graziani and De Bono were to have effected a junction of their southern and northern armies, respectively, on the railroad to Addis: holding that as a bargaining point over the League. But Graziani and De Bono were still hundreds of kilometers apart, and blaming one another. "Moreover," one bold village sage whispered at Tony's elbow, "if any Cabinet Minister were to go to Africa he would have the finest suite on the finest ship. The great Marshal, intimate friend of His Majesty, goes on this old boat with us poor country people. There is a slap for pompous noses hidden in this matter, my friends!"

Brakes screeched on the quay and everyone shoved to see the marshal; but Tony only sought a deeper shadow. He ventured out when the Sannio was being nosed by tugs toward the break in the mole. On the receding wharf, gathered under an arc lamp, behind a fretwork of rain, were the marshal's family, and many officials, and a band that squeaked the "Giovinezza" over and over. On the Sannio there was the marshal at an upper railing, waving first to the dock, then to the spotted white mattress of faces that stared up at him from the gloomy waist of his ship and screamed in that characteristic, maddening one-two cadence of Italian mobs, "Du-ce, Du-ce, Du-ce!"

Tony, still apprehensive—detected, he could be put off on a tug—saw a surprising end to this momentous scene. He could laugh about it three days later, on the high Mediterranean, but then he felt as a turtle might if abruptly deprived of his shell. The Sannio went through the mole into outer blackness, and breasted the running seas.

Off for the Promised Land

If you find it difficult to believe that you would have to dive for the railing and cling hard there to keep from being smashed to the deck of a 15,000-ton ship, while yet so close to shore that you feel you could reach out and touch it, and while the lights of cinemas and street cars and third-floor parlors and other more or less substantial things of earth are held captive in a mad circle described by the stern flagstaff of your vessel, that is because you have never put out into the teeth of a wild November night on the Bay of Naples. There was a quick halt in the "Du-ce" chant. Badoglio disappeared. In the packed mass of peasants there arose a confused babbling, half of fright, half of amusement; then came a rush for the companionways. In a jiffy the decks were black and deserted; you might have thought a great flame had licked down from Vesuvius and scoured them. Four bells rang, under the bridge, then aft, and lastly echoed remotely in the ventilator hatches of the engine room. A look-

A Port Said official, attired in the picturesque native costume out went into the forechains. The second mate said, "It's going to rain all night!" The outbound troopship wallowed ahead of her wake. And a near-American had outwitted the watchmen of the Fascists.

It would be nicer, I warn you, if this were all of the story. But the picture it has given you of the harsh typical conditions under which Italy's impoverished unemployed seek the galleons to their promised land is only the beginning. I wish, too, this were only the story of Tony. If you have been misled, I was also; if you find the mood changes, it is because I am but reporting, first hand, the transition I lived through with two thousand men from sunniest hopes to gravest apprehensions.

Tony is important to the piece, of course; but so are the dozen other Americans I found on the Sannio. So, too, is the old Sannio herself, for she becomes a fearful symbol. So is every one of the humble men aboard her, for each is a player in a folk drama that for sadness and relative importance may stand in history beside the captivity of the tribes of Israel in the land of Egypt. In the end you will find the manifold threads unraveling into one bond, for they are colors in the rainbow a deluded nation is running down to find that the pot of gold is a splinter of barren rock and a handful of burned sand.

Seagoing Nightmares

Tony, it soon became apparent, had outsmarted no one but himself. Tony did not say that. He would not have dared. But a foreign reporter gets used to answering his own questions under the Italian flag. Tony had tricked his way to a land wherein the authorities have to cajole, bully, lie, and wield that most cowardly of all big sticks—fireside intimidation—to make their workers remain. He had stowed away aboard a wretched vessel which virtually signalized, in her unhappy resurrection from the boneyard of old freighters, the return of the hell ships to modern oceans. The nondescript old ships aboard which Italian laborers are being shipped to Africa Orientale lack even the most primitive means to enable their passengers to keep themselves decent, their clothes and quarters and food clean. The blue-ribbon ships of Italy's merchant fleet which have been converted for war—such as the Vulcania and the Saturnia—have been exclusively for pet Blackshirts and other favored divisions.

I often speculated, watching Badoglio as we crawled over the griddle of the Red Sea enveloped in a stenchy miasma of our own breeding, whether he rued his abstemious example. Less than a month later came proof that he might have saved himself the sacrifice. Ciano, Mussolini's son-in-law, the Boy Wonder of Fascism who apes Pa in every move and mannerism and poses in his shadow—but comes four inches short all around—when he was kicked out of Eritrea by the soldierly Badoglio, with the rest of his antics, had a suite on the Victoria, Italy's newest and most luxurious ship. But the meek pilgrims of the Sannio were not concerned in the exchanges of the backstage war in Africa between the Italian regular army and the Blackshirts. I stood with a group of them one day and watched the Victoria knife past, doing twice our speed and six knots to boot. I looked for envy, but one ragged farmer said: "White ships always look nice." That was all; but it made you feel more sharply the pathos of this international blackmail game in which the good and kindly average people of Italy are uninformed pawns.

From a distance, limned by Fascist oratory, rationalized from the famous balcony of the Palazzo Venezia, the drama has magnificent proportions. A fecund nation, choking within the restricted line marked by the Adriatic, the Tyrrhenian, and the Alps; a country which has never known prosperity in the north European or in the American sense in modern times—although it is the respository of an ancient heritage of world domination—because heretofore flaccid rulers have been content to let other nations treat her as a small and weak cousin. But now Italy, under Fascism, has grown up!

Wash days on the Sannio were few and wash lines difficult to find

That is the story which has rung in the ears, the hearts, of every soldier and laborer who has gone to Abyssinia. It is the story that was parroted to me by the workmen on the Sannio, although it quickly faded before the realities of the Red Sea and the dead coasts of Africa Orientale. War enthusiasm is a mass recurrence of childishness. All countries have suffered attacks. It is easy to laugh off the Roman crowds that recently forced the Hotel Eden to become the Hotel Paradise when you recall that delicatessen storekeepers led dogs' lives in the United States in 1917, and how we changed our good old German measles into "Liberty" measles, and how the Wettin family of Great Britain became the Windsors—you know them, they live in Buckingham Palace. It is not easy to excuse, however, the deliberate, systematized, vicious pumping of hatreds against their fellow men into the blood streams of a people who are, normally, warm-hearted and friendly and gracious. This inoculation goes on with a fury and constancy that cannot be realized outside Italy; it appalls foreign observers who see it first hand and believe it is a crime that will affect the prospects of world peace for a generation.

Shut off from honest contact with opinion across frontiers, even Italians of culture and intelligence succumb to the pressure and cannot talk to you with reasonableness. There were a few officers on the Sannio, and several Italian journalists, in addition to the laborers, whose gullibility could be overlooked on the grounds of lack of advantages. But when I talked with the journalists, they said:

Italy's Case in Ethiopia

"Italy is overpopulated. Once she had a safety valve in her immigration waves to the United States; later to Brazil. Both nations have closed the doors to her. Our poor ones, their large families, must have some place abroad to which they can go. At Versailles, Great Britain and her Dominions took more than eight hundred thousand square miles of the German Territories that were mandated. France got a quarter of a million square miles. Italy had the promise of a free hand in Ethiopia, but never got it!"

You do not mention, for those are points aside, the dubious value of Italy's contribution in the Great War, or her known ineptness as a colonizer—walk across the frontier from French Tunisia into Italian Libya, or from Anglo-Egyptian Sudan into Eritrea, and you will perceive what I mean. Italy, of course, notwithstanding, deserves a reasonable and just opportunity; just as Germany will one day be given back most, if not all, her colonies if European peace is to be maintained. Those are matters which tolerant and informed citizens in free countries take for granted. You merely say:

"But it was Italy which proposed Abyssinia as a sovereign nation worthy of membership in the League. Now you say she is uncivilized. Moreover, I have heard in other capitals that Mussolini could have saved Italy millions of lire already thrown into the pit of Abyssinia—and the bottom never to be found!—and got more territory than he will be able to conquer, but for the churlishness with which he threw Anthony Eden out of the Palazzo Venezia last spring. Hasn't Mussolini chosen the grandiloquent way? Also, we foreigners find it strange that Mussolini delivers impassioned demands in the morning for more and more bambini, bestows medals at noon upon the mothers of Italy's largest families, and cries in the afternoon over his surplus population."

And they do not answer, but look at you morosely.

I talked with a Blackshirt officer. He said:

"Italians needed iron in their blood; discipline in their lives. Il Duce has given those qualities to them. Italians nowadays look any men of any nation in the eyes, squarely, without fear!"

"But," I asked, "how about the pitiful little beggars of six, each with his miniature rifle and bayonet, whom I saw strutting before Il Duce in the parade to celebrate the king's birthday in Rome? Do those insure your national security? Or do they guarantee you a future of insufferable military cockiness?"

A Tragedy of Ambition

He stared at me, and quickly made an excuse to walk away, and I knew he would pass the word that I was "dangerous." My worthy friends in the steamy holds: it was senseless to talk of these matters to them. They would simply look hurt, in a "we thought you were our friend, *simpatico*," manner. It was more illuminating to stand by and observe the approach of truth into their puzzled minds through the inescapable facts of the Red Sea, the hellhole of Massaua, dirt-caked Asmara, and the revolting wilderness beyond.

Lived with, thus, hour by hour, ear and eye and nose, the epic of the bursting of Italy's excess men, armed with picks and shovels and blueprints as well as with rifles, toward Abyssinia loses its proportions. It becomes, instead, a tragedy in which a fourth-rate nation is unscrupulously imbued with the aspirations of a first-rate power. It shrinks to homely details of laundry and rations and temperature, and dirt on ships which bear the deluded to veritable bondage in a far and pestilential land, unfit for men of their race to live in more than a brief time, impossible for them to colonize with safety of life or morals. I saw that it was no better than convict labor, because when the laborers go ashore they are hampered by Fascist methods from any expression of will to quit or to go home usually accorded free white men. If they are sick, or in trouble, or unable to withstand the terrible conditions of living and climate under which they must toil, and beg to be released before their agreed time, they are branded troublemakers and rioters and held in line by threats of being accompanied to Italy by dossiers to their local authorities which, in effect, will keep them from ever obtaining work at home. This intimidation is adroitly worded, in their newspapers. What it leaves unprinted is thoroughly explained to the workers by their foremen. Then, if they stay their full time, they find this same threat extended to cover the excuse, "There are no boats available now."

Lastly, warning of the danger of emasculation if captured by the Ethiopians is used to deter soldiers and laborers from considering desertion. Yet, careful investigation does not uncover

(Continued on page 51)

Movie Menace

No small-town girl can hold a candle to those scintillant celluloid stars. So they say in Hollywood—but we're not so sure

By Jerome Beatty

ON HIS way home to dinner, George Adams pushed the accelerator all the way down to the floor board and his twelve-year-old yellow roadster roared through slushy Main Street at a speed of at least twenty-six miles an hour. He had to get back to his feed store because a fellow was coming in at one o'clock for two sacks of chop.

Suddenly he yelled, "Wow!" in much the same spirit as must have seized Balboa when he discovered the Pacific Ocean.

George jammed on his brakes. A farmer's truck loaded with eight crates of chickens crashed *wham-o!* into the roadster from behind, spun it around and George found himself parked neatly at the curb in front of the Empress, the leading amusement palace in Hilldale, Kansas—just where he wanted to be.

As he leaped out of the car he grinned and saluted the farmer, "Nice pitching, Mr. Schwartz," and galloped over to the front of the theater where old Luke Morton, the manager, was hammering on a huge new sign which read:

Coming! Watch For the Date!
One Night Only!
Hilldale's Own Star
VIOLET DAWN———IN PERSON!
Also, On the Screen,
VIOLET DAWN in Her First Picture,
SCANDAL AT PALM BEACH

"You dern' fool," said Luke. "Wonder you didn't break your neck."

"The old George Adams luck," George assured him. He rubbed the palms of his hands together and beamed at the sign. "And here's some more of it! Is it true? Cross your heart? Annie Casey's coming back?"

"If it ain't true," said Luke glumly, pounding a nail, "this theater's out five hundred simoleons." He cocked a questioning eye at George. "Say—why don't you stop fidgetin' and settle down an' marry Betty Detwiler? She's the nicest girl in town, an' the prettiest. Annie Casey, she ain't Annie Casey now. She's Violet Dawn and even if she would marry you, you'd have to live in Hollywood and folks would point at you and say, 'There's Mister Violet Dawn.' How'd you like that?"

"Oh, boy!" said George.

"An' these movie stars. You know how they are."

"How are they?" George grinned.

LUKE stepped toward a frame that held a dozen photographs of Violet Dawn in various alluring costumes and pointed a pious finger. "Look. Would you want to marry a girl that gets her picture taken like that—nothin' on but long silk stockin's an' little what-you-call-'ems?"

"Oh, gosh!" George gasped. "Luke," he begged, "get that out of there! That's no place for a picture like that."

"Um," Luke agreed. "Guess it is pretty risky for Annie's home town." He let down the back of the frame and George lifted out the picture. He held it at arm's length. "Isn't she gorgeous? Did you ever see anything so cute and lovely?"

He tucked the picture inside his coat and ran and jumped into his car. "Thanks, Luke," he called and the car went ka-lumping down the street.

George Adams was tall and broad and his hair was red and his nose was covered with freckles and nearly everybody he passed waved at the old yellow car and chuckled.

IN HOLLYWOOD he would have been called a "hick." He didn't own a dress suit and couldn't have told for the life of him which you should serve with roast duckling, white wine, red wine or a bottle of beer.

But in Hilldale he was a prominent citizen with a passionate pride in his home town and a definite conviction that some day it would be bigger than Topeka—maybe even bigger than Kansas City. He was secretary of the Chamber of Commerce and this week was directing a furious campaign to force the city council to put another traffic light on Main Street. He was second baritone in the Presbyterian church choir and a member of Rotary, representing the feed business.

As a part of the Boost Hilldale Movement, authorized by the board of directors of the Chamber of Commerce, who thought it was an epoch-making idea, he had written to newspapers in Kansas City and Denver asking if they would, please, when writing about Violet Dawn always describe her as "The Hilldale, Kansas, girl."

Most of Hilldale knew George was crazy about Annie Casey and their private convictions were that she was now far out of his reach. Many felt sorry for George. But Betty Detwiler didn't feel sorry for him. He made her mad. She was spunky and independent and often wanted to shake a finger in George's face and tell him a few things, but Betty was too wise. George took her downtown for a soda and the movies every now and then and Betty knew that shaking a finger at a man is no way to make him come back again next week.

George sang a gay song as his car turned off Main and splashed out Walnut Street. He had made it up all by himself:

"Oh, Violet Dawn
It won't be long
Until you're Mrs. Adams.
And some day, maybe,
We'll have a baby
And he will call me Daddums."

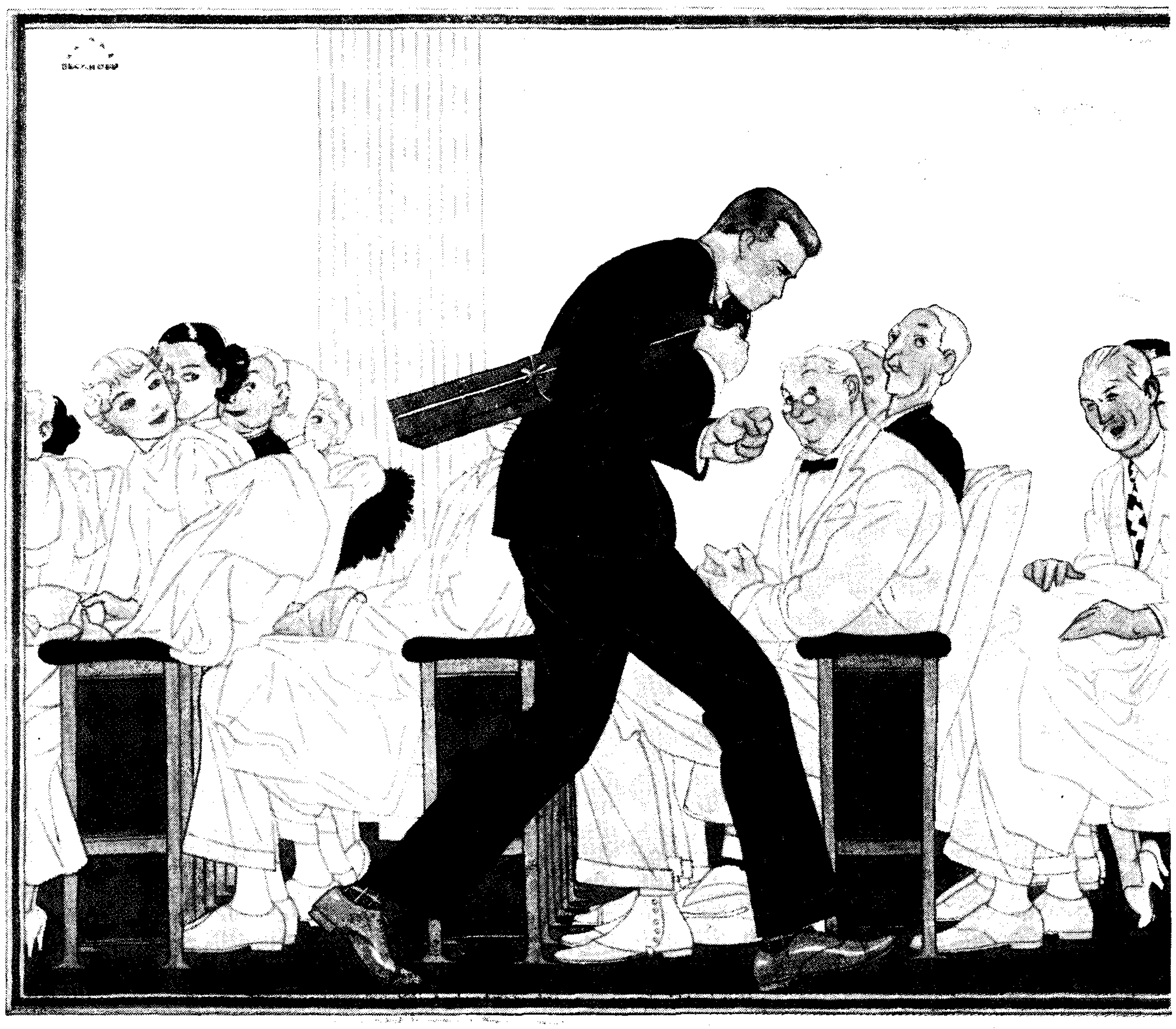
It never occurred to George that he might have a few obstacles to overcome before he would thrill to the call of "Daddums." George went through life ignoring obstacles, facing only pleasant facts. He loved Annie Casey. Once, he knew, she had loved him.

ALL morning Al Gotch had been in the portrait studio with Violet Dawn, shooting new publicity stills of Violet in the latest bathing suits, pictures that would appear in publications throughout the world and cause readers to drop their jaws and gaze popeyed and gasp in their native tongues, "Holy smoke! Amalgamated Pictures certainly was no sucker when it insured *those* legs for a hundred thousand dollars!"

Now, with a scanty little white breathtaker covered by a new mink coat, Violet on tiny red slippers clicked along beside Al across the lot to her dressing-room.

"I want to get that dope for the Hilldale paper, honey," Al said as he followed her into the room.

She tossed the coat on a chair and sighed, "Oh, the pity of being a beautiful and successful star—interviewers, photographers, admirers all day long. No rest. No time for quiet retrospection." In a full-length mirror bordered with



His eyes lowered, George ran the gantlet of spectators electric lights she idly admired her gorgeous figure, her big, round, brown eyes, her smart, sleek hair. Well satisfied, she picked up a pair of white and gold pajamas and stepped behind a screen.

Al Gotch dropped into an armchair and lighted a cigarette.

"Hey!" he said. There was no answer. "You behind the screen, there!"

She stepped out, buttoning the pajama coat at her throat, ignoring him.

"Will you please sit down," Al pleaded, "and tell me something about this tank town you came from?"

She gave what she hoped was a hollow laugh and sank into a chair. "That life is behind me." She dismissed Hilldale with a dramatic wave of a limp hand. "That was yesterday. All there is is today and tomorrow."

Al choked. "But we're going back, sweetheart, for a personal appearance and a guy named Luke Something-or-Other has paid you five hundred potatoes in advance and you've spent them for a first payment on that mink coat. Let's hear you sniff at five hundred potatoes." He waited. "No can do, hey? All right." He drew out pencil and paper and relaxed.

She lifted her melting eyes and said, "Al, I've got a perfectly terrific idea for you."

"Yeah?"

"Take me back in a private car."

"Holy Joe! You're a nice kid and got good stuff in you but your head's so swelled from believing what I've put in the papers they'll have to use a panorama shot to get a close-up. What you need is a sock in the jaw and a good husband to put you back on your feet."

He softened and sat on the arm of her chair and took hold of her shoulders. "Look, honey," he said quietly. "When you landed on this lot you were the grandest gal I ever knew. Listen to me and never read another paper and you'll be that way again. Now get off the high horse, sugar. For the third and maybe the last time, I ask you—how about marrying Al Gotch?"

She pushed him away, rose and walked, chin up, to the window and looked through it miles and miles away.

"Did you ever live in a little town, Al?" she said bitterly.

"I never was even in one," he boasted.

"I want to show them," she clenched her fists. "Nobody ever thought I'd make good. That is, nobody but one boy." She swung around. "Al," she declared, "put me over big in Hilldale, make them envy me until they've all got headaches, make them think I'm the biggest star in Hollywood—and I'll marry you."

"Sold!" Al shouted. He threw his arms around her and kissed her.

"You're sweet, Al," she said and pushed him away. "Now what do you want to know about Hilldale?"

"We've got to give the Hilldale Gazoot the old hokum about how you're still just a home-town girl. Say, who's this guy that thought you'd make good? Maybe we can tie him in some way?"

She shuddered. "George Adams. He runs a *feed store!* And drives around in a yellow tin roadster. And sends me poetry."

Al smiled brightly. "Then he's no rival of mine?"

"If he comes near me in that rattletrap car, I'll scream."

IN HIS office Al Gotch pulled a sheet of paper out of his typewriter. "I guess that'll knock 'em for a loop," he exulted and read the story, which included these lines:

"Tell my friends in Hilldale," Hollywood's most stunning and most talented star insisted, "that I'm counting the minutes until I can get back home. I love the clean, sweet smell of the prairies. It will be stimulating tonic after the stifling air of the salons of the great in Hollywood. I just want to return to our cozy little home on South Elm Street and snuggle into my old cot in the tiny room over the kitchen and forget the crushing demands of the cinema. I hope there will be no receptions in my honor—just a few quiet gatherings with old friends that I love so well. I'm going to help Mother wash the dishes and darn my Father's socks and I hope my old friend George Adams will come over in his yellow roadster and take me for a ride and maybe we'll have ice cream down at the Green Front Drug Store."

He mailed it, with a bunch of photographs of Violet, to the Editor of the Hilldale Gazette.

AS THE train slowed down for Hilldale, Al warned Violet, "Now, honey, you're the sweet, unspoiled country girl, utterly astounded at the welcome they're giving you, overcome by the thousands who have come to greet you. Stop on the steps for a minute and give the mink coat a chance to kill 'em. Then dismount gracefully, sign every autograph book and speak to everybody you see and *stand still* when the photographers begin to shoot. It's all set. Luke Morton wrote he'd have the whole town and the mayor down and maybe the boy's band from the reform school. What's the matter, baby, scared?"

"Scared stiff."

"Here we are."

The porter started to take off the bags.

"One thing I *won't* do," Violet declared. "I won't speak to Betty Detwiler. I'll look right over her head."

"Okay. I'll get off first and keep the crowd from rushing you. Come on, now."

Al Gotch walked into the office of the manager of the Empress Theater. Luke Morton sat at a desk adding a column of figures.

"Mr. Morton?" Al asked.

"Uh, huh."

"I'm Al Gotch. I just got in with Violet Dawn."

Luke leaped to his feet and extended a hand. "Well, I'm sure glad to meet you, Mr. Gotch. Everything come off like you wanted it?"

Al swung a fist and Luke dropped back into his chair, holding his jaw, yelling, "Ow, wow!" and staring at Al in shocked bewilderment.

"Police! Police!" Luke cried.

"Shut up. Where was the mayor and the flowers and the band and the mobs with autograph books?"

Luke looked up in astonishment. "She didn't want 'em," he protested.

Al exploded, "Didn't *want* 'em? I sent you orders and you confirmed them. There were only seven people on that station platform and two of those were baggage smashers. Not one reporter. Not one photographer. Not one limousine. Not one mayor. Not even her dear old father and mother. Nobody knew her except a dame named Betty Detwiler who happened to be down at the train and Betty said, 'Hello, there, Annie Casey, where've you been?'"

"But, Mr. Gotch—"

"So I took her home in a taxi—a taxi, hear me!—and she kicked and screamed all the way home. Her mother tried to quiet her by telling her the little cot was all fixed up for her over the kitchen—and then she went nuts. So I came down here to take a sock at you."

"But, Mr. Gotch, the newspaper said—it was her own words—she didn't want any reception—so I called everything off. I even told folks she was coming tomorrow, just in time for the show—so she wouldn't be bothered."

"Hell's apples," Al breathed. "You in show business and believe what you see in the papers? How'd you get out of the museum?"

"Look here, now, Mr. Gotch, you can't—"

"Look here, you. She's damning Hilldale to hellan'gone. She's crazy and says she's leaving for Hollywood on the next train. We've got to stop her. Reporters, autograph hounds, the mayor, flowers—out there right away. Come on."

"Darn it," Luke grumbled, as he put on his overcoat and hat. "I told Betty she was wrong."

"Betty?"

"Betty Detwiler. Her father owns this theater. Yesterday she showed me the piece in the paper and said we ought to do like Annie wanted." He rubbed his jaw. "Darn her hide, anyway."

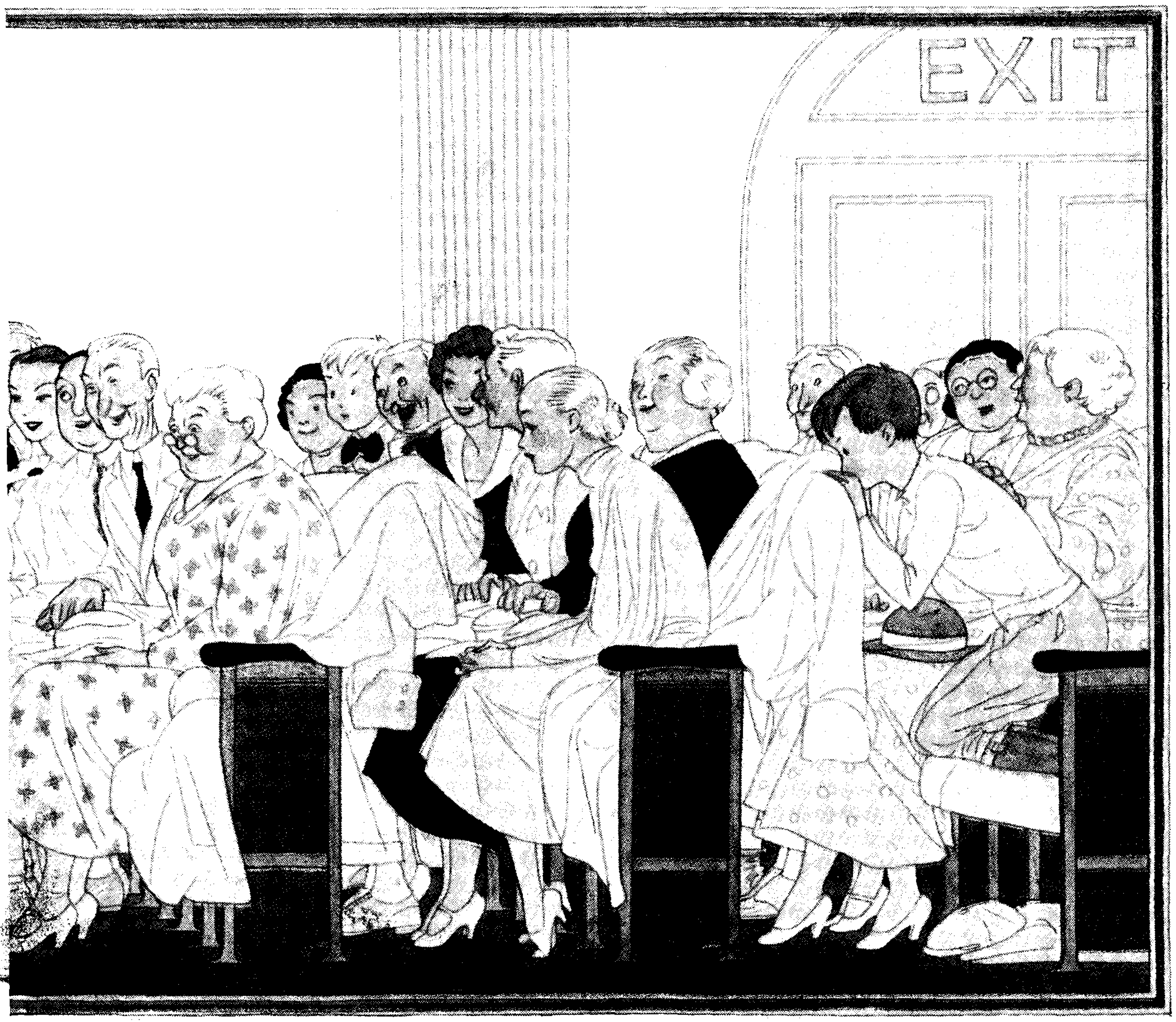
"You mean the senator's daughter? The gal that accidentally happened to be at the station and made the dirty crack about 'where have you been'?" Al's eyes bulged. "She made you lay this egg?"

Luke nodded.

IN FIFTEEN minutes the news was all over town that Annie Casey had arrived. The only two limousines in Hilldale belonged to the undertaker and he had them out on a job, so in Luke's car, Luke and Al dashed down Main Street, bought three dozen roses and six chrysanthemums—all there were in Hilldale—went on to the mayor's grocery store and yanked him out and pushed him into the back seat.

With vehemence and eloquence Al convinced the mayor that the high school should declare a holiday and, with no authority whatsoever, the mayor got out for a moment at the high school and announced that school was dismissed so the pupils could go over on South Elm Street

(Continued on page 54)



ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

Richard Stone's Wife

Explaining Richard Stone — and why he married. One of the most powerful stories that ever came out of the lonely wilds of Canada

By Burnham Carter

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

GEORGE HARTFORD had died of an old wound suffered in France in 1916, and Amory Harris had disappeared into the East, probably not to return; so there was no sense in my staying in the city any more saying "Good evening" to a few other isolated ghosts of a day that was done. So when Richard Stone said to me, "I'm doing some prospecting in northern Canada and need a geologist; I'll take you along if you want to come," I said, "Thanks. I'll think it over," and stared over my glass at the gray street, the rain, the narrow crushed houses, the dreary, hurrying people. I did not like Richard Stone; but at least his road would take me out of this, would take me to the North, to the ring of an axe, and wood smoke and pines against snow, and the loneliness of space instead of the loneliness of crowds.

"I'll go," I said.

"There'll be little of that," Stone stated, pointing to the glass. "It's a cabin in a wilderness. You won't see any other people. And you won't get any money for it; you'll get food and a chance to find out if you're still a man."

Then he left me.

Richard Stone was a brutal man, which was one reason why he had made money while the rest of us, who had tried as many ventures in as many lands as he, had lost. He had grown sugar in Cuba and sold out to an American company; he had found oil in Iraq, and sold; and moved on to timber lands in Siberia, and sold, always at a good price. He had married George Hartford's sister, after George died, and for all I knew, he had sold her, too, for she was never seen anywhere. No good came of those who got into his hands. There were tales about him that did not make Sunday reading; and one or two places to which he could not return. But when you're down you let anyone pick you up; so I packed two suitcases and waited for him in the station.

THE overnight trip to Montreal was just a blind passage from one place to another place. But the northbound train on the single-track branch, with a small engine, one passenger car and two freights, had a personality of its own, and I awoke to an interest in the world which I had not felt in many months.

In the late afternoon the engine hooted to signal its last station. There was a Hudson's Bay store, one house, and a warehouse for the paper mill three miles up the small river.

"We go by canoe from here," Stone informed me curtly. "As far as the dam tonight. We'll make the portage and sleep at the mill. It's a sixty-mile paddle from there."

We had to paddle upstream, and when we stopped a quarter of a mile below the mill dam I was done and wondered what would happen to me after sixty miles instead of three. But Richard Stone picked up the canoe and turned it over on his shoulders as if it were a paper boat, and went rapidly up the now dark trail to the mill. I could hear the water roaring over the dam, but I was too tired to look at it.

In the morning we started at six. I went down to the foot of the dam and watched the water come to the top in a smooth black surge, change at the edge into corrugated steel and break into gigantic white spouts crashing on the rocks sixty feet below. The force of it jarred me. I couldn't face it yet.

"Two days for this trek," Stone said.

"I thought you were going to say we'd do the sixty miles by lunch time," I said sarcastically, but he didn't reply. We traveled through a shadowy and somber land with forest and mountains on either side. And we slept on the ground that night, but I didn't care as long as we could stop paddling. Once I asked him, "How long have you been coming here?"

"This is the second summer."

"What started you coming?"

"It's a piece of land my wife inherited from her father—about the only thing the old fool didn't lose."

"Has Mary—has your wife ever seen this place?"

"Seen it!" he grunted. "She stayed here all last year. She's here now."

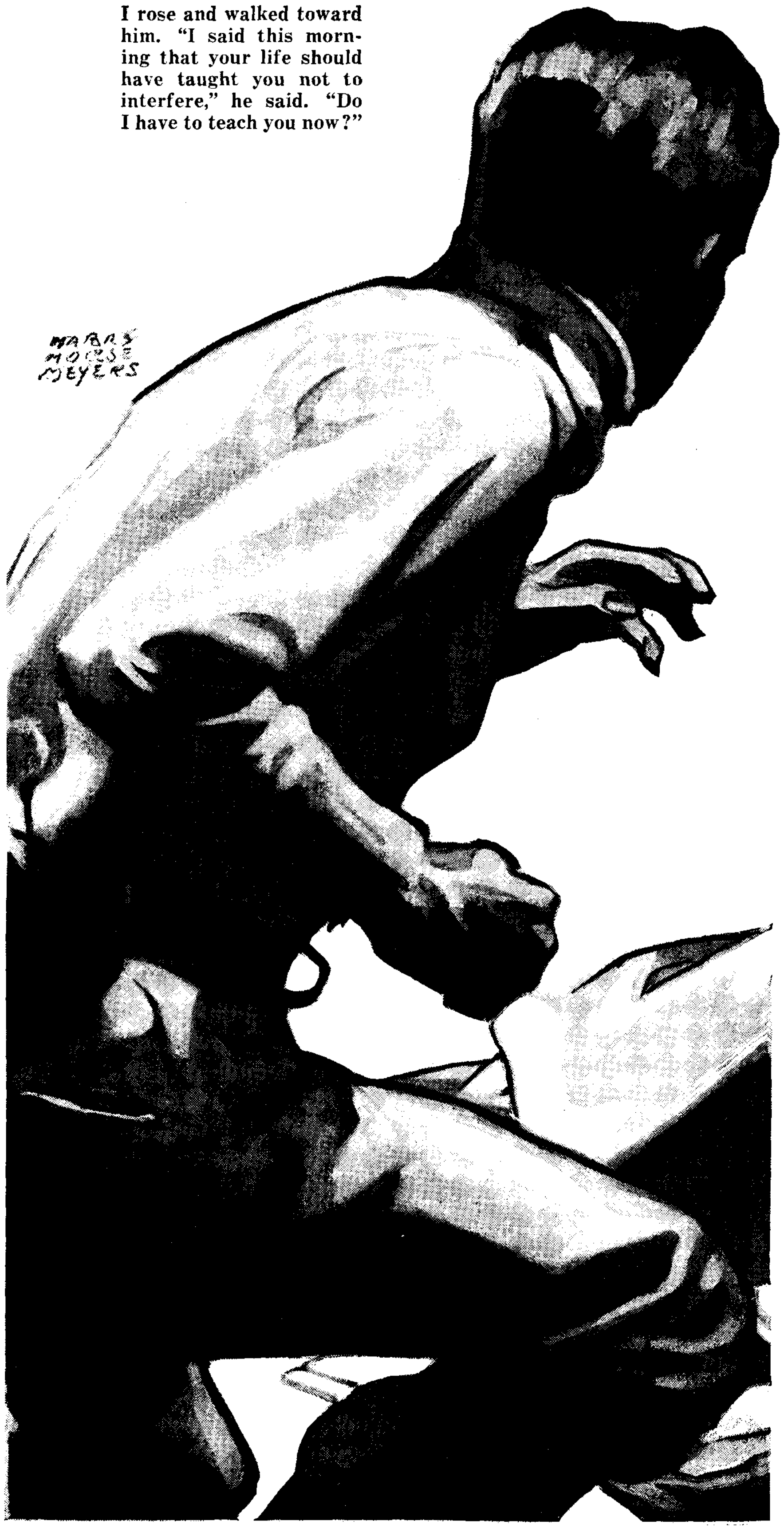
I was so surprised that I had to force my voice to sound casual. "It must get lonely sometimes, doesn't it?"

"I never asked her," he answered.

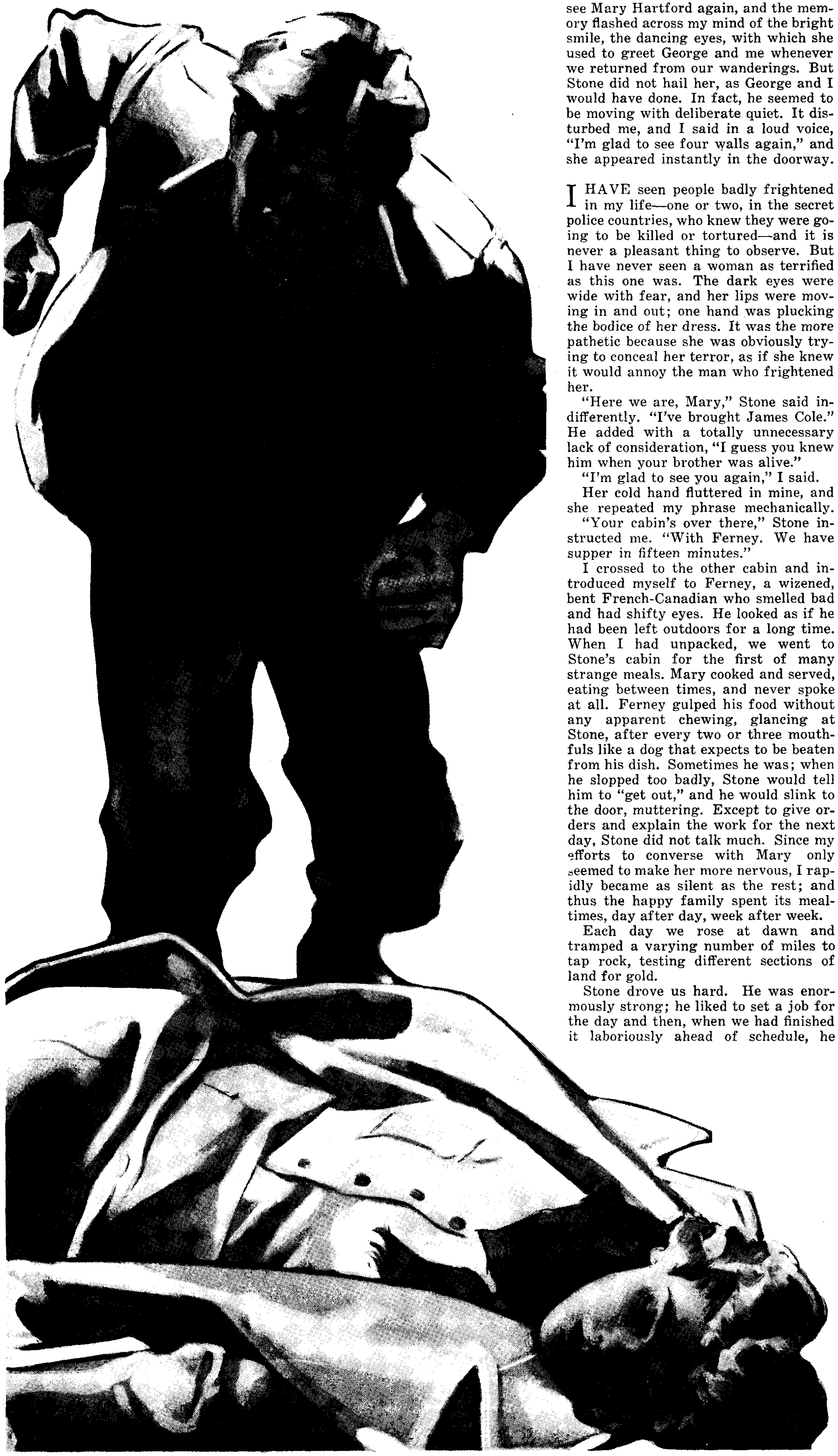
THAT, too, startled me. We paddled on in silence. The Mary Hartford I had known was a gay, pretty, dark-haired girl who adored her brother and was always begging him to take her on his journeys. She had always had courage; but no woman was made to stay alone in a land as lost as this; and what she was like as the wife of Richard Stone I did not know.

We pushed the water behind us for three hours until I said I would have to rest. Then there was one more long stretch of agony, and at sundown there were two cabins at the end of a lake.

If loneliness was what a man wanted (and it was what, at the moment, I wanted), this was the place. As far as the eye could see, there was forest and in the distance a range of mountains tipped with snow. The two cabins looked small and a little overwhelmed; but there was an oven-fire glowing through the open door of one. Richard Stone did not speak, but pulled up the canoe, and I lifted my ridiculous suitcases and stumbled after him up a path.



I rose and walked toward him. "I said this morning that your life should have taught you not to interfere," he said. "Do I have to teach you now?"



Exhausted as I was, I was eager to see Mary Hartford again, and the memory flashed across my mind of the bright smile, the dancing eyes, with which she used to greet George and me whenever we returned from our wanderings. But Stone did not hail her, as George and I would have done. In fact, he seemed to be moving with deliberate quiet. It disturbed me, and I said in a loud voice, "I'm glad to see four walls again," and she appeared instantly in the doorway.

I HAVE seen people badly frightened in my life—one or two, in the secret police countries, who knew they were going to be killed or tortured—and it is never a pleasant thing to observe. But I have never seen a woman as terrified as this one was. The dark eyes were wide with fear, and her lips were moving in and out; one hand was plucking the bodice of her dress. It was the more pathetic because she was obviously trying to conceal her terror, as if she knew it would annoy the man who frightened her.

"Here we are, Mary," Stone said indifferently. "I've brought James Cole." He added with a totally unnecessary lack of consideration, "I guess you knew him when your brother was alive."

"I'm glad to see you again," I said.

Her cold hand fluttered in mine, and she repeated my phrase mechanically.

"Your cabin's over there," Stone instructed me. "With Ferney. We have supper in fifteen minutes."

I crossed to the other cabin and introduced myself to Ferney, a wizened, bent French-Canadian who smelled bad and had shifty eyes. He looked as if he had been left outdoors for a long time. When I had unpacked, we went to Stone's cabin for the first of many strange meals. Mary cooked and served, eating between times, and never spoke at all. Ferney gulped his food without any apparent chewing, glancing at Stone, after every two or three mouthfuls like a dog that expects to be beaten from his dish. Sometimes he was; when he slopped too badly, Stone would tell him to "get out," and he would slink to the door, muttering. Except to give orders and explain the work for the next day, Stone did not talk much. Since my efforts to converse with Mary only seemed to make her more nervous, I rapidly became as silent as the rest; and thus the happy family spent its mealtimes, day after day, week after week.

Each day we rose at dawn and tramped a varying number of miles to tap rock, testing different sections of land for gold.

Stone drove us hard. He was enormously strong; he liked to set a job for the day and then, when we had finished it laboriously ahead of schedule, he would make us start another one that same afternoon. I began to realize that it gave him pleasure to see us suffer.

He never mentioned Mary's name. If I made a remark about her, he would dismiss it curtly or pay no attention. Ferney rarely spoke of either one of them. Whenever he did, he swore at Stone; and spat to show his contempt of Stone's wife. The only qualities he could respect were physical strength and brutality; and she had neither of those. Stone had forbidden him to bring in any whisky, but he had a couple of bottles at the bottom of a wooden box in which he kept his clothes. He would take a swig occasionally when Stone wasn't likely to appear.

"Once he caught me when I was drinking," Ferney said. "I wasn't feeling good, and I had a big drink. He knocked me—" he ruminated a moment—"he knocked me from that corner right through the door." There was a mixture of hate and admiration in his voice, and then his face assumed an expression of sly satisfaction. "But when he left for the winter, leaving that woman in the next cabin, I had plenty. I got it from a friend at the mill."

I said, suddenly recalling that Mary had stayed here the whole year, "You were with Mrs. Stone in the winter?"

"Yah," he said. "And no woman to stay with, either. I don't blame him for leaving that kind behind. You can get better ones in the town without any fuss."

"Keep your mouth shut about her," I said.

"Well, you asked me, didn't you?"

I WAS picturing Mary in the winter-dark cabin, sitting out the day, with miles of snow and forest round about, and a half-drunk French-Canadian as the friendly neighbor. I could see the eyes wide with fear, the nervous mouth. No, she would not stay here next winter, if I could help it; I owed George Hartford that.

"What did she do in the winter?" I inquired, reluctant to ask but curious to know.

He shrugged his shoulders. "She used to walk around in the woods until the snow was too deep. Then she stayed in and sang a lot. Then she stopped that." He chuckled. "Once she started to walk over toward the river outlet—I guess she thought she would walk to New York and the movies. I found her in the snow and nailed the door up for a week after that. What's a man like Stone want a woman like that for?"

"I'd put it the other way," I said.

He didn't understand that, and went on, "I guess it was one of his mistakes. Maybe he thought she had money."

It occurred to me that that was probably true. Old Mr. Hartford had had a great deal of money and lost it all in the crash, just before he died. Mary was the property that Richard Stone failed to make a profit on, except that he might get something out of this land.

Ferney spat over his shoes. "She's not even a woman—that one," he said. "There was a fat, dark one at St. Jean"—he put his hand on my sleeve.

"I'm going down to the lake," I said.

For two months I did not see her alone except when she hurried past on some work about the camp. She might say merely "Good morning" or she might not speak at all, and she never smiled. We were busy, anyway, and I did not brood over a problem that I could not solve. But I wanted to talk to her, and finally on one of our trips I was sent back for food. This was my chance, and I set a fast pace down the rough blazed trail.

She was not in the cabin. I found her asleep in the sun by the lake, her head turned toward the south. Upon her

(Continued on page 57)

MAYBE one of these girls could be dated up," said the super from the University of Pittsburgh, swinging a wooden scimitar stained with stage gore.

Ballerinas were whisking past with never a sidewise glance for the twenty brawny lads in the wings.

"Go on," said another super, "these ain't showgirls."

The first super was a Texas boy and not easily discouraged. "They're mighty nice-lookin'," he murmured as the last gilt ballet slipper vanished toward the dressing-rooms. "Think this company could use a water carrier? Maybe the bald-headed guy would give me a ticket for tonight instead of my pay."

But the bald-headed guy, otherwise the company manager, wouldn't or couldn't. Pittsburgh, a football town, had comfortably filled the stadium-sized Syria Mosque for the Russian Ballet on this Saturday afternoon, and the S.R.O. sign was already out for tonight.

"Pashovan, spasibah," suggested stage director Grigorieff, coming into the wings. He looked seven feet tall in his role as the Sultan in Scheherezade, majestic even with his jeweled turban awry and his auburn beard half detached.

"Guess that's Russian for 'scram,'" whispered the Texas boy, and the awed undergraduates shuffled hastily away to turn in their gaudy Persian warrior costumes. In their brief exposure to the Russian Ballet they had earned a dollar apiece and acquired this wisdom: that it is easy enough to get a glimpse of this remarkable world, but next to impossible to wedge your foot in the door. Also, that Russian ballerinas are not showgirls.

Pittsburgh already knew the Ballet Russe (Colonel W. de Basil's Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, to give it its correct billing) from last year and the year before. So did Rochester, where we had stopped for two performances the day before; ditto a hundred-odd other American cities. In two seasons this strange entertainment—strange to America, for Europe has long been familiar with this toy of czars, noblemen and millionaires—has become a million-dollar business, astonishing no one more than its American manager, S. Hurok, and the Ballet fans of long standing who follow the company around. A cool million was what the Ballet grossed last season on a six months' tour, beating by a hair the intake of the Ziegfeld Follies, which covered about the same route, and making noticeable inroads on movie business in towns where they danced.

This year they set out from the Metropolitan Opera House in New York for an even wider swing around the country, whistle stops included. Except for their ballet-master, Leonide Massine, who rides in a sumptuous automobile trailer with his wife, a Russian cook and a Russian chauffeur, and parks at night in the city's freshest and greenest spot—the grounds of the City Hall, perhaps, or the Art Museum, by special police license—the company travels like any American musical show. There are about 125 of them, two thirds dancers, twenty musicians, two orchestra conductors, wardrobe staff, Russian and American stage crew and two pet monkeys. The Ballet Russe Special consists of four sleepers, one diner and three baggage cars.

But the Pittsburgh undergraduate was right. Although the most train-toughened road company would recognize them as good troupers, they are like anything but show people. The railroad's elegant dinners are ignored by any but a few principals and the American staff. The others, like true Europeans,

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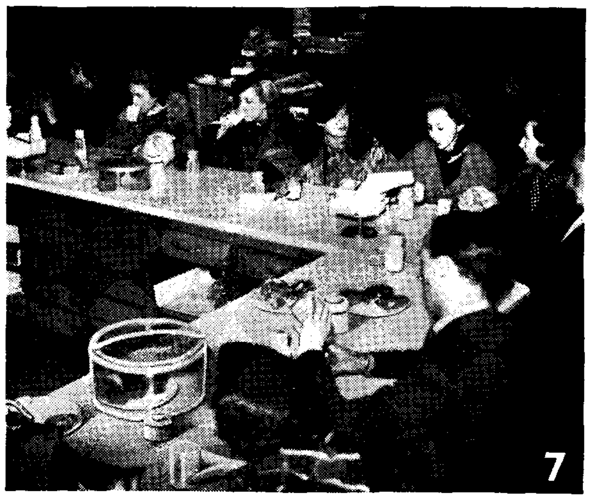
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PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS

carry little packages of food and fruit and fall a prey to every pop, coffee and candy butcher who hawks his wares through the cars; a grave weakness for American chocolates keeps the girl dancers in a constant state of anguish about their figures. Their salaries would make a vaudeville hoofer laugh—unofficial figures are $30-$40 for corps de ballet, $100-$200 for principals. Yet they exhibit no itch for new worlds to conquer; they turn a cold shoulder to importunate movie scouts; their whole world is this, the one permanent, independent ballet company. The children of Russian émigrés, together with a few Poles, English and recently Americans, their average age is under twenty-one. Most of them were tots dancing in the Paris schools of former prima ballerinas of the Czar's Imperial Ballet when Colonel de Basil, nostalgic for the old Petersburg days, gathered them up in 1930 under the patronage of the Princess of Monaco. Few of them have ever seen Russia, but they know every European capital, have been feted by wealthy and titled gentlemen, and still prefer milk to champagne.

They don't even look like show people, as you would agree if you saw them arriving in Pittsburgh that morning. Tumbling out of the sleepers into the chill eight A. M. air, sport-coat collars turned up, scarfs flying, their dancing feet disguised in flat-heeled shoes, not a trace of make-up on their Pullman-washed faces, they look more like a bunch of sleepy college girls hurrying late to chapel. Only two things gave them away: the battered hand luggage smeared with European customs stamps, and the funny toe-out waddle, like a flock of young ducklings, which marks ballerinas the world over.

At the waiting-room door a news photographer blocked their way, camera set, flash bulb ready. "Just a minute, girls, please!" They blinked kitten eyes at him and streamed past. "Pictures!" they giggled, hurrying on to taxis.

Artists with Good Appetites

"Where is a good restaurant not dear?" they demanded of the drivers, and piled into a dozen cabs. Ten minutes later they were lined up at tables, lapping up American tomato juice, American ham and eggs, American coffee and toast. Nor time nor tide nor the promise of a picture in the papers can stop a Russian ballerina when she is hungry, and she is especially hungry for breakfast. Furthermore, these young Slavs have a well-developed passion for breakfast a l'Americaine.

Another thing they like is their sleep. Rarely do the exigencies of the road cut into their eight hours, but what they call sleep is ten or twelve. The company manager made the mistake of walking through the cars the night before their arrival in Pittsburgh as the train pulled out of Rochester. Bare arms clutched at him through the green curtains; heads thrust accusingly into his path, and he was drenched by a torrent of mingled Russian and French indignation.

"This morning, on the train from Toronto at eight o'clock—this afternoon, performance—this evening, performance—tomorrow two performances—when is time for sleep?"

"Hush, my kittens," he soothed, "you can sleep now, my lambs."

"Now is two o'clock," they wailed. "Tomorrow morning the brute of a colored man will shake our pillows at quarter to eight! When is time for *sleep?*"

The company manager smiled cunningly. "Then why did you go to a party tonight after the performance, my little cabbage? Why did you not come straight to the train and go to bed?"

"But it was such a lovely party!" (And it was—they never found out who the host or

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COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Life Begins So Soon

By Bernard DeVoto

The Story Thus Far:

WHEN Caroline Fanning returns Tommy Pierce's fraternity pin, Morrison University, where both are seniors, is surprised. Within a few days Tommy is the devoted slave of Helen Herrick, Caroline's roommate—and the wealthiest girl at Morrison!

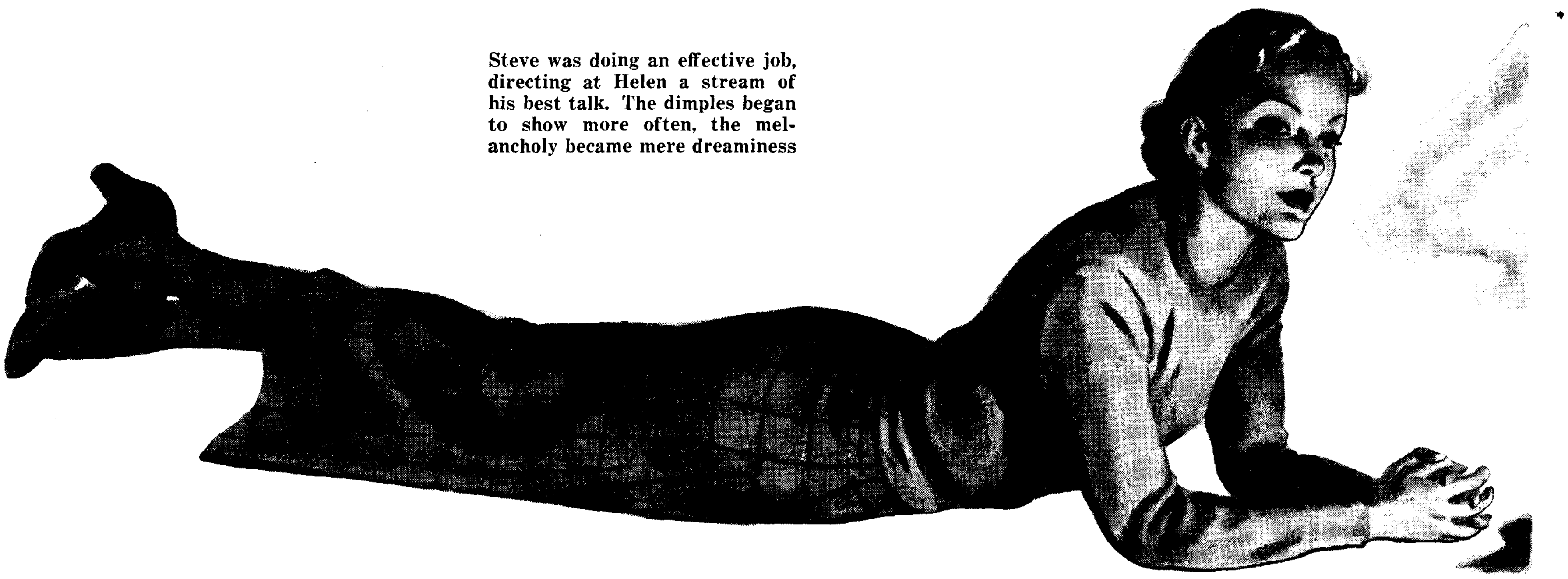
Suspecting that Tommy is merely a charming weakling, and certain that he cares nothing for Helen, Caroline realizes that words of warning from her to Helen will only be misinterpreted. When, however, Tommy has been ousted from his job as managing editor of the Senior Year Book, because he has been caught embezzling, she makes a guarded attempt to tip off her roommate, who accuses her of being jealous.

Among the campus Don Juans at Morrison is a professor, Dr. Eugene Fifield. With gay young Paula Traggas, wife of Maurice Traggas, a member of the faculty, he gives the scandalmongers many a delicious tidbit. The two are, obviously, deep in a wild affair. Learning which, Traggas gives Fifield a terrible beating.

Advised by his closest friend, David Bingham of the chemistry department, to avoid any action which might cause a campus scandal, Traggas does not sue for a divorce; he does, however, leave his wife.

Having enslaved one man, Paula goes after another: Tommy Pierce. Learning that the wily siren has ensnared her second victim, Caroline informs Tommy that he must tell Helen everything. Angry, but badly frightened, he promises to have a serious talk with Helen within ten days. But by this time, Fifield, a jealous lover, knows that he has a rival; and he and Paula have many bitter quarrels.

Meanwhile, Caroline is meeting some problems of her own: Emery Smith, a prominent senior, is in love with her but she regards him as merely a good friend and she hopes, by tact, to keep his friendship.



Steve was doing an effective job, directing at Helen a stream of his best talk. The dimples began to show more often, the melancholy became mere dreaminess

IV

IF YOU took a year-old baby and rouged its lips and beaded its eyelashes, Caroline thought, the effect would be no more incongruous than Helen with a hangover. Possibly the blond infant had a headache, but Caroline was sure that her distress was mostly penitence. It was probably the first time in her life that Helen had had more than one drink, and probably she hadn't had much more than one this time, but she was enjoying the greater part of the world's guilt. The episode had a dark significance. Tommy was frequently tight these days, for reasons which Caroline knew too well, and that Helen had tried to keep up with him meant a desperate effort to understand and champion him. But she couldn't keep that in mind, in her effort not to laugh at the stricken girl, writhing with conscience but for all her guilt rather proud of having been so sinful and luxuriating in remorse.

"A co-ed's life is too sheltered, I don't know the best treatment for a repentant drunkard," Caroline said solemnly. "I hear Steve and Emery discussing it all the time, of course. There's the hair of the dog method—shall I sneak you in a gin fizz?" Helen flung a white forearm over her eyes and groaned. "Or there's the hard jolt to the stomach—how about a raw egg done up with horse radish and red pepper?" Under scarlet silk, Helen's shoulders writhed. "Well, I do know the first step. Come on, toper, you're putting your dissipated body into a cold shower."

HELEN wailed, "I'm so ashamed! Caroline, how can I ever live it down?" with great relish. Suppressing a giggle, Caroline said, "Heads up, don't let the sisters see you stagger," and pulled her down the hall and shoved her into the shower. Helen squealed with delicious agony and then, dressed, her cheeks pink with health, went downstairs and ate an omelet and two helpings of wheat cakes. Her hangover had vanished into the morning air. But she remained fretful and despondent. . . . Everything depended on how much her intuition told her about Tommy's embroilment. Ahead of her, no matter what happened, was pain and disillusionment. Caroline seethed with helpless rage at her own weakness—at the promise Tommy had wrung from her to say nothing while he made things straight. He would make nothing straight! But she had had to promise—she had had to relieve him of that threat, terrified lest the enormous strains that already racked him might drive him wholly out of control. His excitement, his mania, was the most frightening thing she had ever seen.

It developed that some unknown activity was going to keep Tommy busy and so here was another evening that Helen would have to spend alone. Tears glinted in her eyes.

Caroline asked, "What has he got to do?" She knew what he had to do!

"I don't know. He's frantically busy. He won't tell me what it is." Suddenly despairing, Helen flung her arms round Caroline and sobbed. "He acts so strange! It scares me." She raised her head and was defiant. "Who ever told me that being in love was simple and idyllic? There's nothing to do but trust him."

For all her anxiety, Caroline found cause for elation in that. If Helen had come to talking about trusting Tommy, she couldn't be far from demanding to know why. Maybe the cure existed in the disease! Maybe it could even be helped along. As soon as her afternoon class was over she sought out Emery and Steve. She found them making preparations for a serious event. They had the Nut Cake's letter of capitulation to Mr. Axel Wheelwright, and in addition Steve had spent three hours this morning triumphantly passing an oral examination. He was now sure of his *summa cum laude* and of ranking number one in his class at the Journalism School. They were going to break the Nut Cake hoax in tomorrow's Daily, and tonight they were going on a drinking party that would make history at Morrison.

"That's off," Caroline said firmly. "Celebrations are just dandy but you've got work to do. You've got to postpone your orgy and do an emergency Red Cross job. You're going to entertain me. And Helen Herrick."

Emery wanted to argue but Steve surrendered at the mention of Helen. A hot discussion followed: with half of the Nut Cake's cash amends to Axel Wheelwright in his pocket, Steve wanted an elaborate evening in the public eye, but Carol's idea was a picnic and she held to it. That determined, she had to be dominating with Helen, who at first refused to go. "It won't be untrue to Tommy if you neglect to stay home and sigh, you little fool. I personally guarantee that Steve won't try to make love to the engaged girl—he thinks you're too young and brainless. I won't let you enjoy misery tonight. Besides, I've got to keep an eye on you—you might take to drink again."

STEVE'S magnificence ran to a hamper packed at the Webster Arms and a couple of bottles of vintage Burgundy. They drove to the mountain in Emery's car and found a place on the shore of Lake Maitland where the beach met a green bank under willows. The water was still too cold for swimming but they found a canoe and drifted about for an hour while the crews went home and the motionless water gave back the gold and carmine of sunset. They paddled straight into the sinking sun. A mile and a half farther Caroline saw the gap in the shore line where the arm of the lake went into the forest, where the Traggas' summer shack was. Involuntarily she glanced at Helen and saw her face strained and bleak.

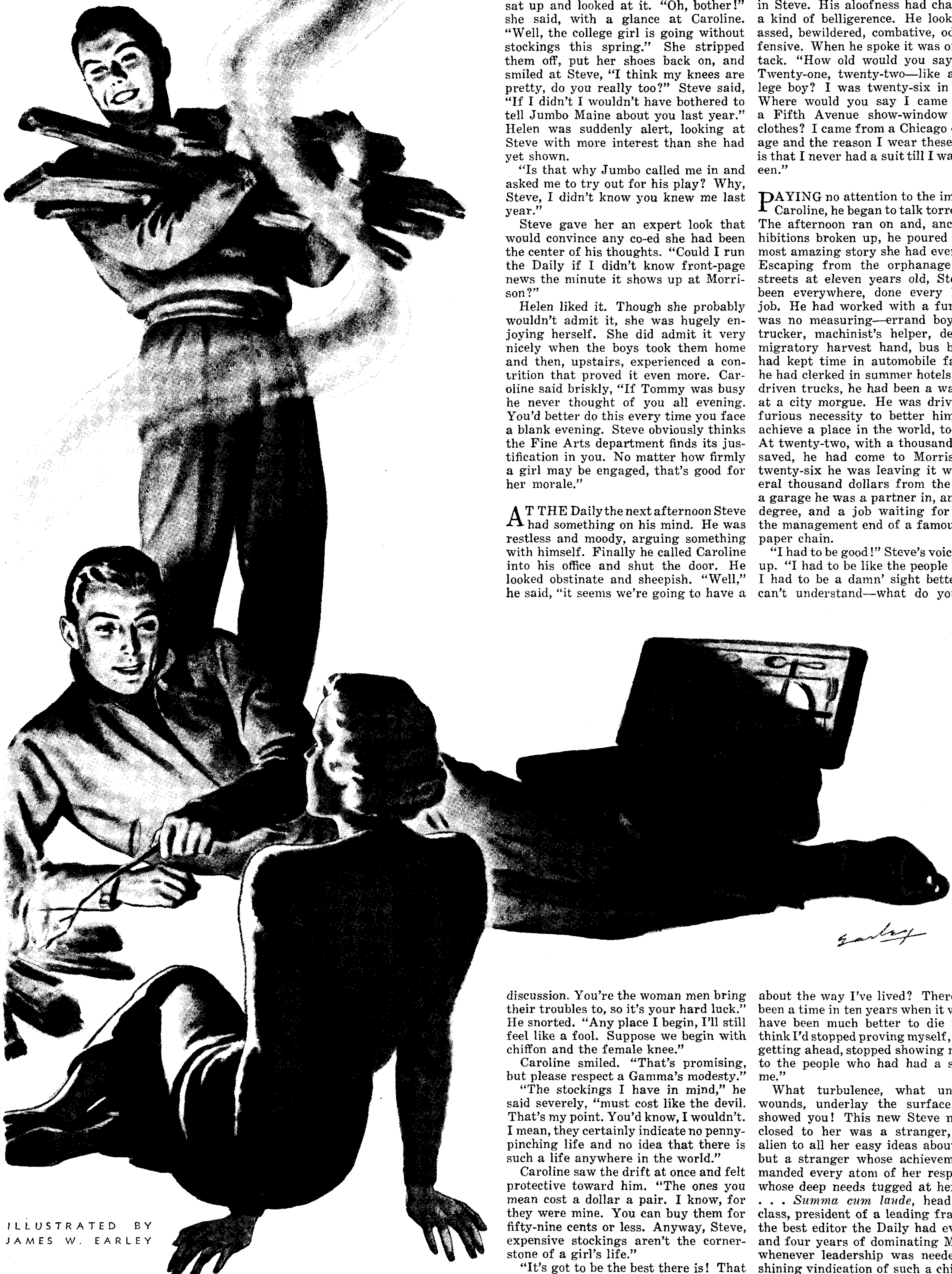
"Let's go eat," she said quickly. Her nerves hummed—Helen knew something or suspected something, or dimly felt something. But what, just how much?

THEY built a fire of driftwood and ate ravenously. "Not my notion of a picnic," Emery complained. "An honest steak grilled over the fire, yes. But not this snobbish luxury that old Most Likely to Succeed insists on. Can't you belong to the common people for one evening, Mr. Abbott?"

The long twilight went away and stars came out above the trees. They piled more wood on the fire and stretched out at ease, talking aimlessly, singing, listening to the water ripple under a soft breeze. Caroline saw melancholy adoration in Emery's eyes and sat nearer so that she could smile at him and whisper unobserved. But mostly she watched the other two. Love's anxieties had not dulled Helen's decorativeness. The Tau Omicron glinting on her sweater jarred Caroline, but with the fire highlighting that fine profile against the darkness and lacquering her hair with its own color, she was wistfully beautiful. A basic melancholy helped too, her lips only occasionally curving into a smile at some word of Steve's. Oh, much too beautiful for tragedy!

Steve was missing none of this and he was doing an effective job, directing at Helen a stream of his best talk. The dimples began to show more often, the melancholy became mere dreaminess. Caroline hoped Helen would see the point, that she could enjoy herself apart from Tommy, but doubted that she would recognize Steve as more than an impersonal element in it.

There was a moment when personality did show through. Steve remarked,



ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES W. EARLEY

"The knees are excellent, Helen, but that run detracts from them." Helen sat up and looked at it. "Oh, bother!" she said, with a glance at Caroline. "Well, the college girl is going without stockings this spring." She stripped them off, put her shoes back on, and smiled at Steve, "I think my knees are pretty, do you really too?" Steve said, "If I didn't I wouldn't have bothered to tell Jumbo Maine about you last year." Helen was suddenly alert, looking at Steve with more interest than she had yet shown.

"Is that why Jumbo called me in and asked me to try out for his play? Why, Steve, I didn't know you knew me last year."

Steve gave her an expert look that would convince any co-ed she had been the center of his thoughts. "Could I run the Daily if I didn't know front-page news the minute it shows up at Morrison?"

Helen liked it. Though she probably wouldn't admit it, she was hugely enjoying herself. She did admit it very nicely when the boys took them home and then, upstairs, experienced a contrition that proved it even more. Caroline said briskly, "If Tommy was busy he never thought of you all evening. You'd better do this every time you face a blank evening. Steve obviously thinks the Fine Arts department finds its justification in you. No matter how firmly a girl may be engaged, that's good for her morale."

AT THE Daily the next afternoon Steve had something on his mind. He was restless and moody, arguing something with himself. Finally he called Caroline into his office and shut the door. He looked obstinate and sheepish. "Well," he said, "it seems we're going to have a discussion. You're the woman men bring their troubles to, so it's your hard luck." He snorted. "Any place I begin, I'll still feel like a fool. Suppose we begin with chiffon and the female knee."

Caroline smiled. "That's promising, but please respect a Gamma's modesty."

"The stockings I have in mind," he said severely, "must cost like the devil. That's my point. You'd know, I wouldn't. I mean, they certainly indicate no penny-pinching life and no idea that there is such a life anywhere in the world."

Caroline saw the drift at once and felt protective toward him. "The ones you mean cost a dollar a pair. I know, for they were mine. You can buy them for fifty-nine cents or less. Anyway, Steve, expensive stockings aren't the cornerstone of a girl's life."

"It's got to be the best there is! That goes for me. And here's a girl who doesn't dream that there's anything but the best." A strange pressure showed in Steve. His aloofness had changed to a kind of belligerence. He looked harassed, bewildered, combative, oddly defensive. When he spoke it was on a new tack. "How old would you say I am? Twenty-one, twenty-two—like any college boy? I was twenty-six in March. Where would you say I came from—a Fifth Avenue show-window by my clothes? I came from a Chicago orphanage and the reason I wear these clothes is that I never had a suit till I was eighteen."

PAYING no attention to the impact on Caroline, he began to talk torrentially. The afternoon ran on and, ancient inhibitions broken up, he poured out the most amazing story she had ever heard. Escaping from the orphanage to the streets at eleven years old, Steve had been everywhere, done every kind of job. He had worked with a fury there was no measuring—errand boy, handtrucker, machinist's helper, deckhand, migratory harvest hand, bus boy. He had kept time in automobile factories, he had clerked in summer hotels, he had driven trucks, he had been a watchman at a city morgue. He was driven by a furious necessity to better himself, to achieve a place in the world, to belong. At twenty-two, with a thousand dollars saved, he had come to Morrison. At twenty-six he was leaving it with several thousand dollars from the sale of a garage he was a partner in, an honors degree, and a job waiting for him in the management end of a famous newspaper chain.

"I had to be good!" Steve's voice leaped up. "I had to be like the people I hated. I had to be a damn' sight better. You can't understand—what do you know about the way I've lived? There hasn't been a time in ten years when it wouldn't have been much better to die than to think I'd stopped proving myself, stopped getting ahead, stopped showing my heels to the people who had had a start on me."

What turbulence, what unguessed wounds, underlay the surface people showed you! This new Steve now disclosed to her was a stranger, wholly alien to all her easy ideas about him—but a stranger whose achievement demanded every atom of her respect and whose deep needs tugged at her heart. . . . *Summa cum laude*, head of his class, president of a leading fraternity, the best editor the Daily had ever had, and four years of dominating Morrison whenever leadership was needed. The shining vindication of such a childhood!

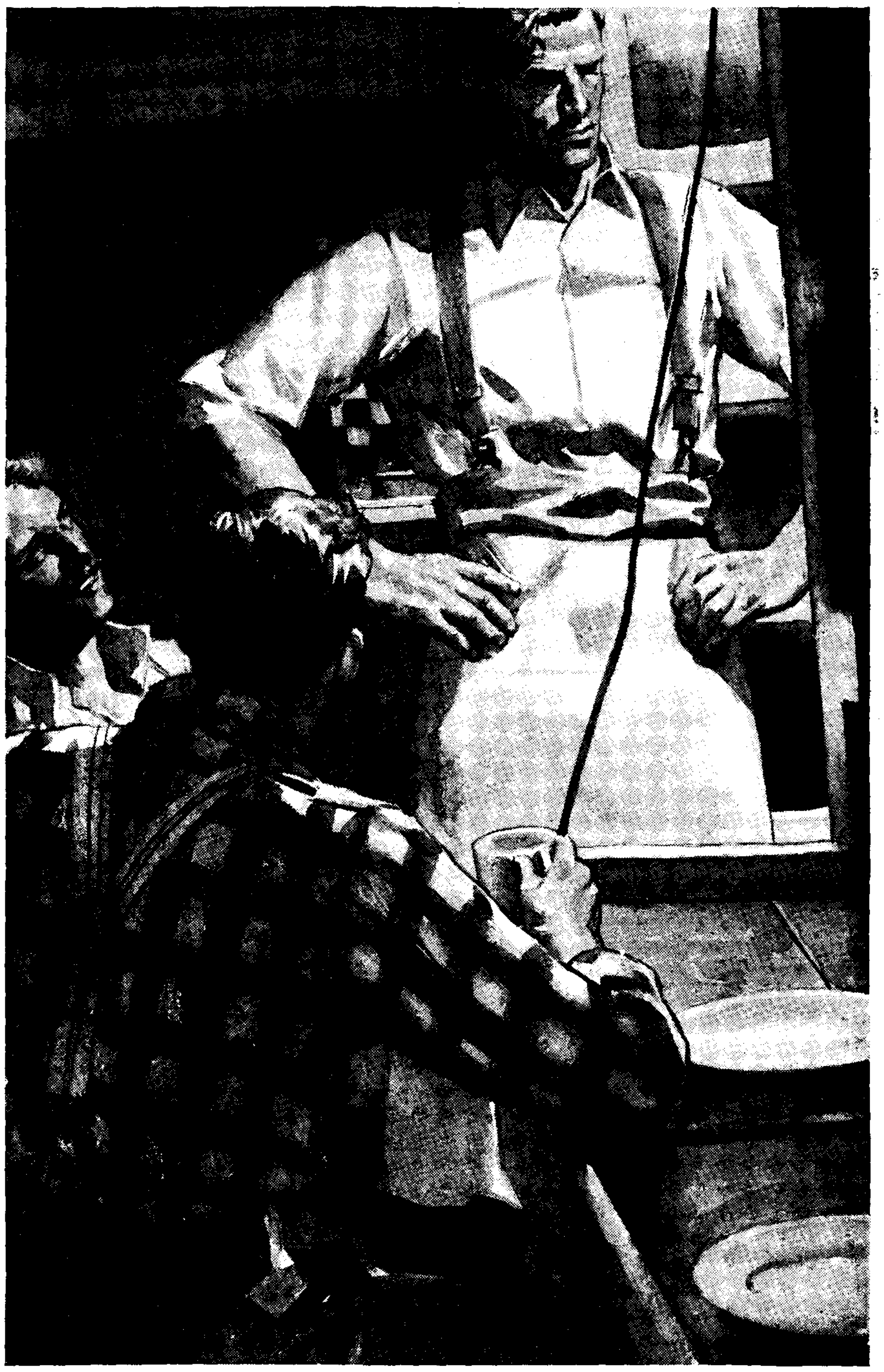
(Continued on page 34)

The Widow's Choice

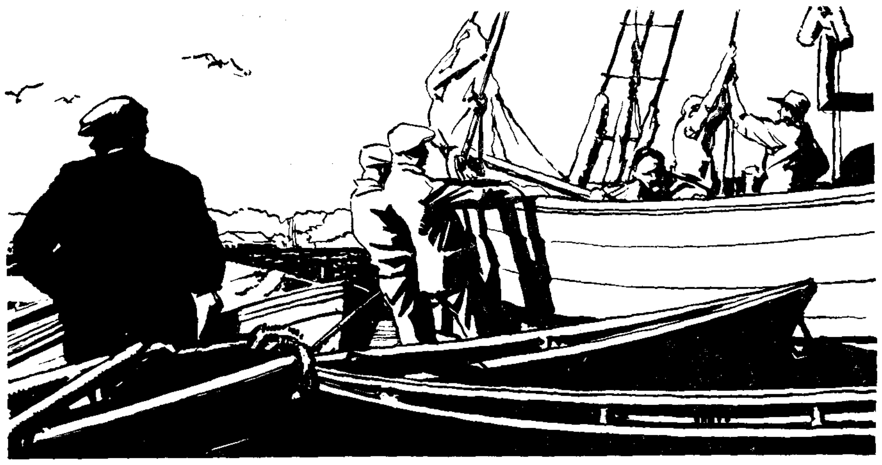
"A man can always put out to sea and get clear of the widows," says the skipper of the Cynthia. And here's a rousing Gloucester-fisherman yarn to show you what the skipper means

By James B. Connolly

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE



"The crew ain't yet talkin' of heavin' you over the side, but don't despair, boy," Sam said



EVERY Gloucester fisherman that ever I've been shipmates with comes to believe at some time or other that he is through forever with fishing, especially the offshore bank fishing. My dory mate, Sam Pryor, and myself got to thinking that way after we'd gone astray in the fog off the Grand Banks one time. We stayed astray for five days before the vessel found us.

Five days with nothing to eat or drink in a small open boat doesn't leave a man feeling full of bounce. The vessel was running to the Boston market at the time, and when she's next in port we take our share of the trip and put ourselves ashore. In two weeks we're broke and looking around for a job. We sight a sign outside an Atlantic Avenue restaurant: ASSISTANT COOK WANTED.

All either of us knew about cooking was what we couldn't help noticing what the cook is doing on the days when it is too rough to put the dories over and we're sitting around on the lockers for'ard with nothing else to do. And what we mostly noticed even then was did he or didn't he have the meals on time. But we're needing a job now and, as Sam said, there's never any harm in making inquiries. We went in, where the man in charge begins by asking us what kind of cooks we are.

"I wouldn't call ourselves fancy cooks," says Sam, "but—"

"That's all right," says the man. "We never start a new cook cooking right away. I allow you to stand around the first few days studying the technique of the chef. In between times you will, of course, be expected to help wash the dishes. And—"

"Not me," says Sam. "My chum here. Your job, Jud."

I take the job and put in the rest of the day washing dishes. Sam gets a job that same day. It's in a wet-wash laundry. He came back to our room that first night saying: "What a place for a man to be workin', Jud! Havin' to heave and haul on parcels weighin' anywheres between a half a pound and half a ton is no harm, because the Lord knows I'm strong and healthy, but there's a deck load o' wimmin there, Jud. And there's one of 'em with a hull modeled off a battleship and a voice like a whistling buoy, and I'm no more than to moorings there when she heaves-to alongside of me and begins to sing:

> "'When the moon comes
> Over the moun-ting.'"

A week later, Sam comes in one night saying, "Remember that singin' woman, Jud? Well, she confides in me today that she's a widder. And you know what I think of widders, Jud. How's it goin' with your job?"

I tell him. I'm still washing dishes ten hours a day and studying the technique of the chef from the after end of the kitchen that's as long as the deck of a ninety-ton vessel.

"And you 'n' me used to be fresh halibuters!" says Sam. "Do y'know, Jud, them five days astray in that thick o' fog are beginnin' to loom like a rosy experience to me."

"I'm not crazy about my job either," I say to that; and next morning we collect what money is due us and head for Gloucester.

IT'S July, no time of the year to find a berth on any fresh halibuter, but the Cynthia, Joshua Bradley, Master, is fitting out to go a salt fishing trip. Sam is an old shipmate of Captain Bradley's. "How about shippin' with Capt'n Josh?" says Sam.

Being gone ten or twelve weeks on a trip wasn't what I'd take for choice; but, as Sam said, it would fill in the summer, and after it we could go back to fresh halibuting for the winter.

"And you'll like Capt'n Josh," added Sam. "He has his 'insincracies', like namin' his ev'ry new vessel after his last wife, and—"

"His last wife? How many's he had?"

"He's buried four to date and he's keepin' a sharp lookout to wind'ard for Number Five. And he prefers widders—widders with a bit o' property and not too young. A young widder of a wife at home and her husband on a trip to sea is like a vessel layin' to anchor, Jud, and as Capt'n Josh will tell you, in case you don't know it a'ready, there's vessels that don't lay too well to anchor. He's a pious old coot, Jud, abominatin' strong language and strong drink, but once out to sea, he's all a skipper ought to be to a crew o' men!"

Sam brings me aboard the Cynthia to meet Captain Bradley, and he gives us a hearty greeting and we ship with him.

The Cynthia has her salt stowed and her ship's stores aboard, and it's one o'clock, the hour set for sailing. "The ebb tide'll be running and there'll be a fresh breeze mebbe to take us out to sea," Capt'n Josh had said, but he was now pacing the deck like a man worrying about something besides making ready to put out to sea right away.

A man sticks his head up through the fo'c'sle hatchway. An old shipmate of Sam's and mine, John Houghton, is standing near us. "Who's that, John?" says Sam.

"That's our new cook. Anything wrong with him?"

"Nothin' I could prove in court," says Sam. "But look at him and tell me—will you?—how he come to ship aboard a Gloucesterman."

The new cook stepped out on deck and yelled to the Skipper: "Captain Bradley, there's no pepper in the galley stores."

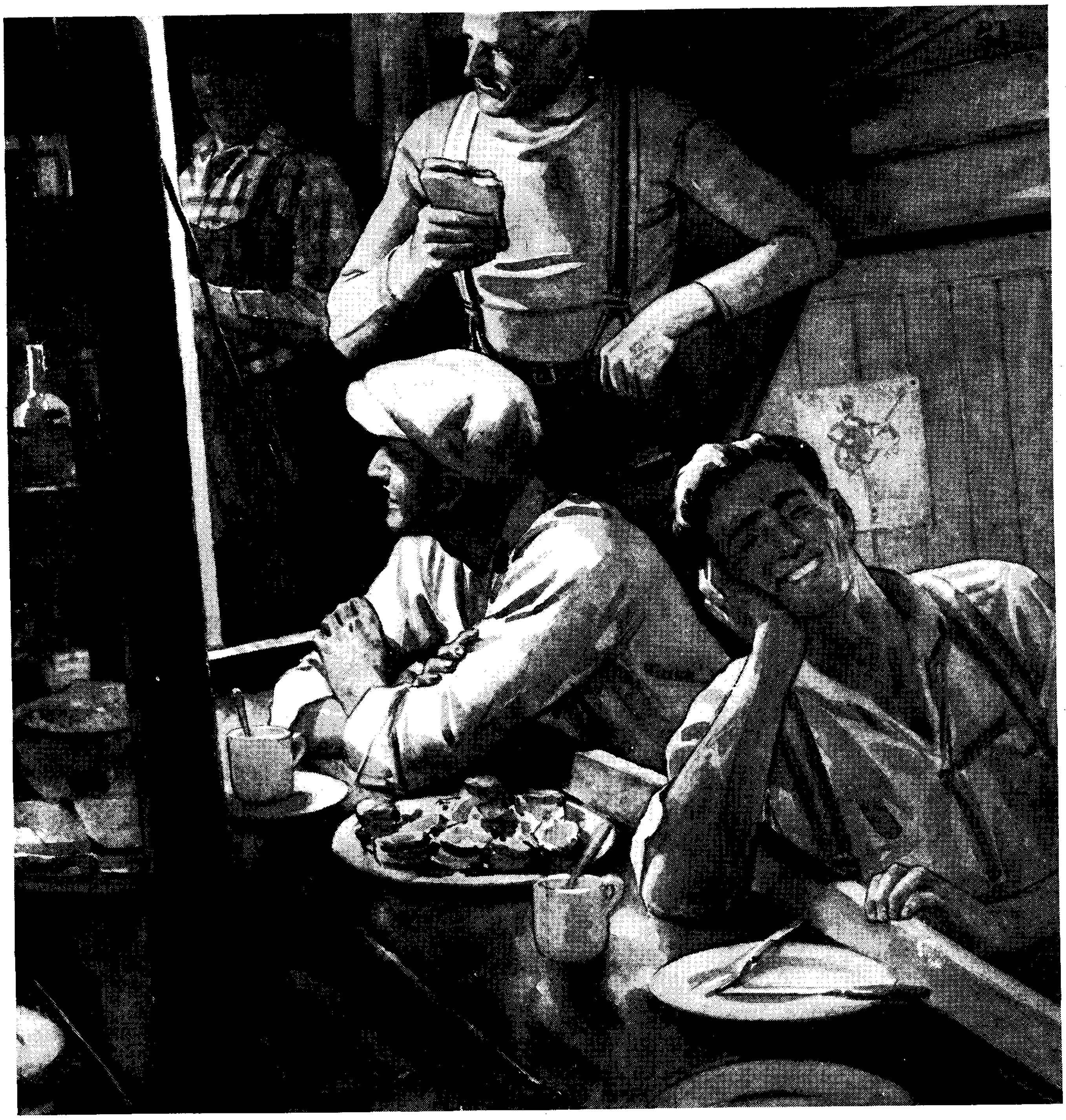
Old Josh stopped his pacing. "No pepper? What heppened it?"

"I don't know, Captain, unless the grocer left it out of the order."

"D'y' s'pose the grocer knows he left it out?"

"Why, how would I know that, Captain?"

"Who said you'd know that? And



how d'y' think you're goin' to get that pepper? Think mebbe it's goin' to up anchor in that grocery store and come sailin' down aboard the vessel on a fair wind all by itself? Go up and look for it."

THE cook goes up the wharf. Sam watches him out of sight and then walks over to the skipper. "Where'd you gaff him, Capt'n Josh? Or did somebody heave him onto your deck when you was below?"

"Nobody hove him onto my deck," snorts Josh. "He come to me off a millionaire's yacht — a two-million-dollar steam yacht."

"A tidy little craft, hah? But why'd he leave her?"

"Her owner died," he said.

"Huh! And did he say what of? The cookin' prob'ly killed him."

Old Josh isn't worrying about the cook. He squints an eye up and around and says: "Looks to me like there ain't going to be much air stirrin' for another three or four hours. What d'you say, Sam?"

"We'll have air in less than three hours, Capt'n Josh."

"You think so? I don't. And that bein' settled, and while I'm havin' to wait for the cook to get back aboard, I'll be runnin' up the street and tendin' to a few little errands I most forgot." And up the wharf he starts.

"And if anybody comes along, Capt'n Josh, inquirin' where you're gone, what'll we tell 'em?" sings out Sam after him.

"Tell 'em it's none of their dang' business," Josh yelled back at him.

"Where's he bound, Sam, that he's so touchy?" asked John Houghton.

"To look in on the Widder Markey," says Sam, "the one that her husband was washed overboard and lost comin' back from St. Peer with a vessel load o' rum, and who left her a tidy sum in the bank and a house fit for an admiral's widder to live in. But that cook, John? D'you know, I think somebody ought to go after him and see he don't forget to get that order o' pepper, and it might's well be me."

Up the wharf goes Sam, and up the wharf after him go about half the crew, it being their last chance for a drink for three months, perhaps. By and by they come strolling back. Last of all to come back is Sam—last except Captain Josh. He sights Sam ahead of him and hails him to wait.

Josh and Sam come down to the vessel together with Josh yelling so we can hear him aboard the vessel while he's yet a cable length away.

"Dang 'em, Sam," the skipper is saying, "they ain't a woman ever I knew that knew her own mind two minutes runnin'."

"Two minutes? Not two seconds. And widders are the worst of all," says Sam.

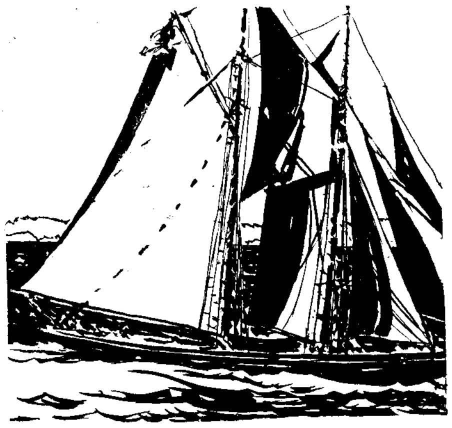
"You're right, Sam—it's widders are the worst. And there's those of 'em who behave like them old-fashioned square-bowed models o' vessels when a man's trying to claw off a lee shoal. You tack with 'em and you tack with 'em, and you tack with 'em. All day long you tack 'em, and at the end o' the day you're exactly where you was in the mornin'—the shoal spot still jam under your lee quarter. But thank the Lord, Sam, a man can always put out to sea and get clear of 'em. And we're puttin' out right now. Cast off them wharf lines fore and aft and make sail."

We make sail, and not long then before the ebb tide and a fresh breeze has us clear of the harbor and laying Thatcher's twin lights astern.

IT COMES half past four o'clock and five o'clock is supper time on the Cynthia. Those of us for'ard not on watch are lying in our bunks, and two or three begin wondering out loud where the cook is. John Houghton finally rolls out of his bunk, muttering: "That damn' cook! He's prob'ly arguing with the cabin gang and forgot all about it bein' most supper time."

Sam sticks his head out of his bunk to say: "And there's Capt'n Josh's sea-boots—hear 'em, John?—clumpin' fore 'n' aft in the waist of the vessel. Old Josh was always a hound for his grub at sea, John."

"I'll go aft and stir up that squid of a cook," says John, and up the deck ladder he goes. His head isn't fairly above the companionway when Captain Josh's voice comes floating down to us:



"Any signs, John?" asks Josh, which, if you don't know, is a Gloucester fisherman's way of asking if the cook is getting ready to put a meal on the table.

"Not a damn' sign," says John.

"Sh-h, John, sh-h," says Josh. "No signs yet? What's that new cook doin'?"

"I dunno what he's doin'."

"You don't know? Ain't he for'ard?"

"He ain't for'ard. Ain't he aft?"

"He ain't aft," says the skipper.

"He ain't for'ard and he ain't aft? Then he ain't aboard," says John.

Josh comes almost falling down the fo'c'sle ladder to see for himself that the new cook isn't for'ard. He sees he isn't.

"What coulda happened him? Anybody see him after he went up the street for that pepper?"

"I see him," says Sam.

"You did? What was he doin'?"

"He was enjoyin' himself."

"Enjoyin' himself how?"

"Oh, havin' a few drinks for himself."

"Huh! His breath when he come aboard hinted to me that mebbe he was overfond of his liquor."

"HINTED is a charitable word, Capt'n Josh. Remember me askin' you who hove him at you? Remember?"

"I do—now. You have any talk with him up the street?"

"We had a few words together."

"What kind o' words?"

"Why—I started off by mentionin' offhand what a lucky lump o' codfish liver he was to be havin' the cook's billet with a good crew and skipper and a fast and able vessel like the Cynthia."

"And that's what she is, Sam—fast and able. You didn't give her no more than was due her when you said that, Sammie. What the cook have to say to that?"

"He'd been on ships, he said, that could hoist the Cynthia on to their quarter-deck and have enough deck room left for a company o' marines to hold a skirmish drill. In the Navy, where he said he was once, he'd seen fleets o' warships that wouldn't detail the Cynthia for their honey barge."

"Honey barge? What's a honey barge?"

"That's what I asked him, and he told me. It seems, Capt'n Josh, that the honey barge in the Navy is the Navy name for a garbage boat. When a Navy fleet is layin' anchor in some port the boat that collects the garbage from one ship after another and takes it out to sea and dumps it is what they call the honey barge."

"Huh! And he compared the Cynthia to her? What you say to that, Sam?"

"I reproached him, Capt'n Josh. I told him he oughtn't to be talking like that about a vessel that he'd shipped to go cook in. 'You keep on talkin' like that about the vessel,' I said to him, 'and some fine dark night when you come up on deck to heave a pail o' garbage over the lee rail; the watch on deck will maybe pick you up and heave you over after the garbage.' "

"What'd he say then, Sam?"

(Continued on page 48)

Callingham's Girl

By Arthur Somers Roche and Ethel Pettit Roche

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

TIM MARSTEN and Mary Byran are married in New York City. Bill Cantavo, famous orchestra leader, is an usher. Immediately after the ceremony, a police inspector—Henderson, an old friend of Cantavo—arrives, announces that Walter Callingham, a Broadway playboy, has been murdered, and demands to see "Callingham's girl"—the bride!

But he does not see her; she slips away, disappears. And within a few hours, it is reported that she, too, has been murdered. To add to the mystery, Callingham's butler is shot to death.

The police look for Amy Martin, a chorus girl, who is known to have been in Callingham's apartment shortly before he was killed. They fail to find her—she has gone into hiding. But, for reasons of her own, she makes frantic efforts to have an interview with Cantavo, but never shows up.

An innocent bystander, the orchestra leader now has a series of unwelcome adventures—once, mistaken for Inspector Henderson, he is kidnapped!—in which (either on or off the scene) these men play leading roles: Jack Rapport, a dope peddler, who is searching for Amy Martin; Dinsmore, a member of Cantavo's orchestra, who has helped Amy to avoid the police: Willy Jernegan, a Broadway spender, whom Amy loves but who is interested in numerous other women; Nick Braggiotti and a man known as "The Big Shot," former associates of Walter Callingham in various illegal enterprises and leaders of a racketeering gang; and certain other Broadway habitués.

In answer to another frantic plea that he meet her, Cantavo goes to Amy Martin's apartment where a great surprise awaits. Mary Marsten—whom he has believed dead—greets him, implores him to take her away quickly. As they hail a taxicab, on the street, the police (who have been expecting exciting developments in the neighborhood) engage in a gun battle with gangsters, to whom they refer as "Callingham's mob." . . . Mary Marsten tells her story to Cantavo and Henderson. Once a chorus girl, she had met Amy Martin—"Callingham's girl." She had been with Amy in Callingham's apartment a short time before the murder. On Henderson's arrival at the wedding, she had slipped away, to warn the girl of the peril she was in. And she had been kidnapped by two men, in Amy's apartment; kidnapped—and held a prisoner until Cantavo's arrival frightened off her captors.

Conclusion

AT THE 68th Street police station there was a short delay while several men were being gathered into a room for Mary's inspection. "Don't be embarrassed about the identifications," Henderson said to Mary. "This kind of thing is the daily routine down here." He asked Sergeant Brainard. "Is the D. A. here yet?"

"Yes. He came in half an hour ago. Braggiotti is getting nervous." Sergeant Brainard looked with rapt interest at Henderson's face, which was conspicuously out of alignment. "Which one did that to you?" he asked.

"Sandy Berman—and it's going to be one of his last big laughs."

Mary and Cantavo were shown by Henderson into a room in which were Rapport, Tony, who was Rapport's driver, Braggiotti, Creepy, Sandy and the Negro, and three plain-clothes detectives. And, talking by the window, two uniformed police and District Attorney Davis. Henderson presented the District Attorney to Mary and Cantavo.

"Have you ever seen any of these men before?" the District Attorney asked Mary.

Mary pointed unhesitatingly at Braggiotti. "That is the man who nailed down the window and who said that he'd slug me if I screamed."

Mary was startled by the anguish she saw in the eyes of the man she accused. She had never before seen real terror in anyone's eyes. It was all the more painful to observe because it was told by the eyes alone. His body strangely seemed to have no expressiveness at all. Mary had a feeling of repugnance rather than compassion. She dropped her eyes and then looked at him again. His face turned a greenish gray. She turned away. She wished with all her heart that she had no part in this.

Henderson sensed her distress. He smiled at her encouragingly. The District Attorney asked her, "Is there anyone else here that you recognize?"

Mary never moved. She looked at Sandy and said in a low voice: "That is the man who brought me my meals."

Sandy gave a quick appraising glance at Henderson's face. Sandy's head was swathed in grimy and bloody bandages. Quite evidently they had not been recently applied.

Henderson spoke to Cantavo. "Will you take Mrs. Marsten outside? I'll be with you shortly." He accompanied Mary to the door and patted her commendingly on the shoulder as she went out. He turned and spoke a moment in an undertone to the District Attorney.

"Take them all out," Davis said to the uniformed officers. "Leave Braggiotti here."

HENDERSON walked out of the door and beckoned Cantavo to him.

"Take Mrs. Marsten home. I can't go with you, but I'm sending an officer up in the car with you so Mrs. Marsten won't feel nervous. Remember that Tim Marsten thinks his wife is dead, so don't just walk into the room with her without having prepared him for it. Also, remember he's been through hell and is completely shot to pieces by all this. He'll probably need a doctor. Also, you'd better prepare for a shock yourself. Penfold killed Callingham and I'm sending two men up to Marsten's house at once to arrest him. Don't let Mrs. Marsten see the arrest. It would disturb her. I'll meet you later at the Monroe."

"I'm not going to the Monroe. I'm going to sit with Tim and let the doctor hold both of our pulses." And then Cantavo added, "Maybe Penfold won't be at Marsten's tonight. He may be out somewhere."

"I know he's at Marsten's. I've known where he is every minute of the day and night for the past week." Henderson walked back into the room where Braggiotti was being questioned.

"I'm not saying anything," Braggiotti said defiantly.

"We say you are," the District Attorney said.

"You've got nothing on me. I've got nothing to be scared of."

"Sure you haven't," Davis said derisively. "You're facing a twenty-year sentence for kidnapping a girl and five or ten for assaulting an officer. If Officer Kelly dies you will be facing the chair. But none of these things need worry you because before you get around to serving the sentences for these crimes you will already have burned for murdering Callingham."

BRAGGIOTTI did some quick thinking. Twenty years for the kidnapping; five or ten for shooting Kelly. That made twenty-five or thirty in all. If he turned state's evidence he'd get a shorter sentence and then he'd get time off for good behavior in prison and, he knew too, how he could eventually get paroled. He might get out of it with a fifteen years' sentence. That was if Kelly didn't die. He mopped the sweat off his forehead. He wasn't worried about the charge of murdering Callingham. They couldn't pin that on him. He hadn't done it. He ran his tongue nervously over his lips. "I don't know anything to tell," he said feebly. What the hell—he had nothing to lose. He'd talk. Since he had to be in jail for a few years someone else would run the racket anyway. Still, he'd find the going tough if he squealed. "I didn't shoot any officer," he said.

"One of you fellows in that car did. If Kelly dies, you're all guilty of murder. Do you want to turn state's evidence, Braggiotti?"

"About what?"

"About Callingham's murder."

"What do you promise me?" he asked.

"You know all the answers better than I do, Braggiotti. In New York we cannot tell a judge what he must do. But if you help the State you'll be treated leniently. You'll just have to take your chance on how much leniency you'll get. You're going to need a lot of it."

Braggiotti shifted his weight restlessly from one foot to the other. They had him dead to rights on the kidnapping; also on the assault of Kelly. "If I tell everything I know about the Callingham shooting—and if that Kelly guy gets well—and if I confess to—well, to the other—will I get a short sentence?"

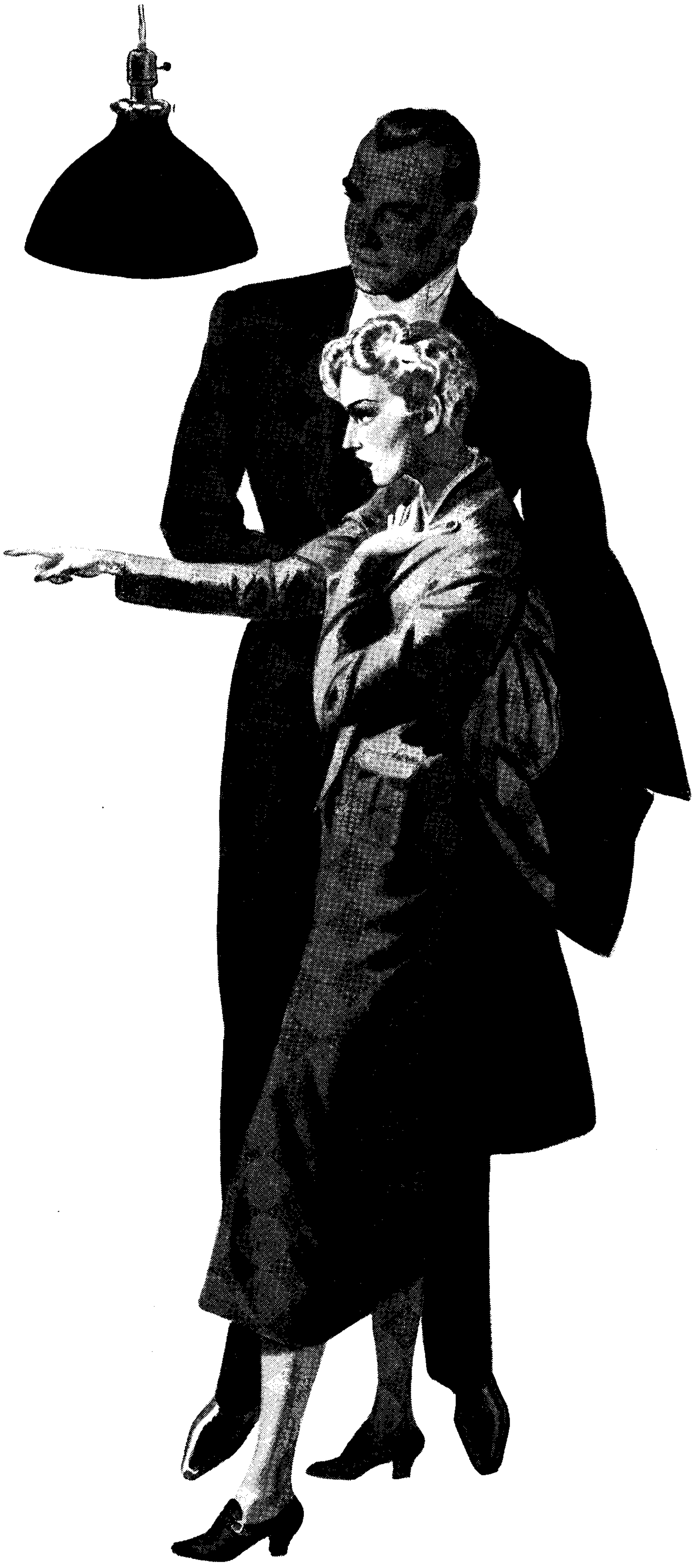
"You mean if you confess to kidnapping Mrs. Marsten?" Davis asked.

Braggiotti stopped shifting about. He looked up at Henderson with surprise and then stared at Davis. Both Henderson and Davis were unprepared for Braggiotti's answer.

"Was that who that dame was?" he asked.

"Who did you think she was?"

"I thought she was Amy Martin."



Mary pointed unhesitatingly at Braggiotti. "That is the man who nailed down the window," she said

"What made you think that?"

"Wasn't that Amy Martin's apartment?"

"Yes."

"I found that dame in her apartment and thought it was Amy. I locked her up to keep her away from you guys. I just was holding her till I knew what I wanted to do with her—or, maybe she could do something for us—I didn't know—I was just keeping her a while. I was—I only—" for reasons of his own he decided to be vague. "She's got nothing to whine about. She was treated all right."

"What were you afraid she would tell us? That you shot Callingham?"

"I never shot him," he said sullenly.

Henderson took a chance with a statement. "You were in his apartment just before he was shot."

"I wasn't near his place."

"We have a witness who will swear you were."

Braggiotti was startled. He waited a long time before answering. "No one saw me. I wasn't there."

"Your new boss is going to tell the jury you were."

"Who do you mean?"

"Penfold."

"The lying bum. He wants me to take the rap so that he can take over the racket. He shot Callingham himself." Braggiotti asked the District Attorney, "Do I have to tell anything about me and the boys if it has nothing to do with Callingham's death? Because if I do, I'll burn first."

"That's okay," Davis said. Braggiotti and his boys were going to serve stiff sentences anyway. "Spill the Callingham facts."

"PENFOLD was Callingham's fixer. He and Callingham got along swell for a while and then Penfold got ambitious. He wanted to branch out and join a syndicate that was being organized out West. I don't know the guy's name, but Callingham told me about it. The guy from out West thought that if we joined the syndicate we'd have a larger field to work; that we could pull bigger jobs; we would have a political hook-up all the way across the country and that we wouldn't have any trouble with other guys trying to muscle in because the syndicate would have too strong a defense; that we would have this one guy from the West as the directing head who would plan the jobs, arrange the hide-outs, the getaway, the fix and all that."

"If Callingham was a small-time racketeer why did they want him in the syndicate?"

"Maybe they wanted Callingham's gunners," Braggiotti said with complacency.

"Think of another 'maybe.' "

"Maybe they couldn't muscle in on the big guys with a lot of bum promises." And then he added with certainty: "I guess they wanted Callingham's tie-up. We had swell protection. We never had any trouble. Penfold was all for the idea but Callingham didn't like it. He never had been associated with anyone in a racket. His own racket paid well enough and he didn't want to undertake anything that would be too spectacular and that involved too much money. He said when a racket got too profitable that too many people wanted to muscle in on it. Then there were other things—" Braggiotti changed his mind about the other things. "Also, the Western syndicate was going to do bank robberies and Callingham didn't want to be mixed up in such rackets. He just didn't want to get mixed up with crooked partners whom he didn't know and with things he didn't know anything about or with jobs he hadn't planned himself.

"So Penfold and Callingham quarreled about it. Penfold threatened to give his protection to the syndicate instead of to Callingham. On the morning that Callingham was shot the Western fellow and Penfold went to call on Callingham. I know that because I had something important to tell Callingham—I don't want to tell what that was because it had nothing to do with the murder—that was about something else." He paused. No one said anything. "It's understood that I don't have to tell anything that would incriminate me and that has nothing to do with Callingham's murder because I'm not going back and tell you everything that has happened in the last few years."

"Skip it."

"WELL, I had to see Callingham in a hurry so I went to his house early the morning he was bumped off. I had never been there before. I had telephoned him often, but I had never gone there to see him. He was a swell, you know. He never went around with us guys any. We never even saw the inside of his house. None of us boys even knew where he lived. I was the only one he did business with—for, you see, Callingham handled the fix and I handled the boys. I got out of my taxi on the corner of Seventieth Street and walked towards Callingham's house. Before I reached it I saw a girl get out of a taxi and go into the house. I knew that Callingham wouldn't see me if anyone else was with him and so I walked to the corner and waited in a cigar store where I could watch the house so I'd know when the girl came out. In a few minutes another taxi stopped in front of his house and another girl got out and went in."

"Who were the girls?"

"I don't know. I never saw either of them and I wasn't close so I couldn't see them very well. I suppose that one of them was his girl. He had a girl named Amy Martin, but I had never seen her. In a few minutes both girls and Callingham came out of the house together. One of them got in a taxi and left at once. The other girl and Callingham talked a while and then she got in a taxi and left. Callingham went back into the house. I left the cigar store and started towards his house again. Before I got to the house, two men came across the street and rang Callingham's doorbell. One of them was Penfold—the other one I didn't know but I thought it might be the big shot from out West. So I went back to the cigar store and waited again.

"I must have waited fifteen minutes or maybe more. Then Penfold and the other man came out and hailed a taxi and went away. So I went to Callingham's house again and rang the doorbell. The butler opened the door. I had never seen him before but I had talked to him over the telephone several times when I wanted to leave messages for Callingham. He stood in the door blubbering like a kid. I told him who I was and that I wanted to see Callingham at once; and then he told me that Callingham had just been shot. So I got out as quick as I could."

"BUT Callingham hadn't been shot yet—not really," Davis said. "Callingham was alive at that time; you went in then and shot him and took the forty thousand dollars in cash he had on him."

Braggiotti gasped. He was in a tough spot. He started to say something and then stopped and asked, "Who's been your stool?"

As this brought no answer, he continued: "I didn't plug Callingham. I'm telling you the truth. I did go in the room. He was on the floor. Dead for fair. I took the forty thousand. He always kept four tens on him for getaway money."

"And that is when you left your fingerprints?"

Braggiotti was more his bragging self

(Continued on page 44)

Business of State

By Quentin Reynolds and John Breiel

Everyone's a shareholder in a business—his own state government. The citizens of Ohio were exercising the shareholder's privilege. They were squawking. State-raised rabbits at seventy dollars a head, the high cost of goldfish fodder and certain other irregularities were irking them. At this point Governor Davey decided to inject business methods into state government. This is how it was done

A MERCHANT in Cleveland was just a bit annoyed one morning when a representative of the Ohio State Tax Department called on him in the line of duty.

"My tax returns were accurate," he protested.

"Just checking up," the genial state employee said. And he did check up, found everything in order and went his way. An hour later another representative of the Tax Department called, also to check up. Before the day was done four members of the Tax Department had called, all on the same errand. They left the merchant with a ruffled temper, a wasted day and a suspicion that perhaps the state wasn't a very efficient business organization. It seemed rather poor business to send four men out on the same errand.

He discussed the incident with his friends. "We should conduct our business that way. We'd be broke in no time."

"Yeah," a second said. "And what about rabbits?"

"Well, what about rabbits?" he was asked.

"It costs the state seventy dollars to raise one single rabbit at the State farm at Milan," he told them. "I can go out to some private farm and buy all the rabbits I want for six dollars a dozen."

"I see by the papers," another added, "that the General Assembly met and that it made an appropriation to feed the goldfish in the pools around the State Office Building. That General Assembly cost us taxpayers half a million dollars a year and they spend their time making appropriations to feed goldfish. The appropriation, by the way, was twenty-five dollars."

"Maybe they should call in one of those there efficiency experts to look the state business over," another grumbled.

Grumblings which are heard on the street may not be loud, but if there are enough of them they form a chorus which eventually makes itself heard in high places. People began writing letters to newspapers complaining that the state machinery was antiquated and that the state was being run in a very slipshod fashion. No one governor was blamed for this—the system of government was blamed.

Martin L. Davey, founder of a tree surgery business which once grossed $3,000,000 a year, ran for governor on the Democratic ticket in the fall of 1934. Economy was in the air. Davey caught the scent. He shouted economy in every campaign speech. When the votes were counted, Davey found himself plumped into the comfortable governor's chair at Columbus on an economy program.

Now, economy is a very extravagant word which can cover a great many planks in a political platform. But the business people of Ohio, especially, were chary about Governor Davey's real intentions. To their great surprise, Governor Davey had been in the executive office less than a month when he threw an economy bombshell—a bombshell that was heard throughout Ohio's eighty-eight counties.

He announced the formation of the Ohio Governmental Survey. He announced that he had appointed Colonel Clarence O. Sherrill to head the Survey. Sherrill could appoint anyone he wanted to help him. Sherrill could peer into every state department, could take it apart, put it together—could, in short, act as a master mechanic appointed to examine and appraise the cumbersome Ohio state governmental machine.

"If you own an old automobile," Governor Davey said, "you take it to a garage and tell them to go over it. When the experts are finished they tell you what is wrong and they suggest how it can be fixed. The state is a huge business organization. We want businessmen to look it over. If Colonel Sherrill and his committee find waste and extravagance let it be disclosed."

The politicians and the lads with their hands in the pork barrel winced at this. Sure it was all right for Davey to make a gesture. Economy is a great talking point for a campaign, but why let Sherrill run that investigation? Why, the guy ain't even organization.

Businessmen, Not Politicians

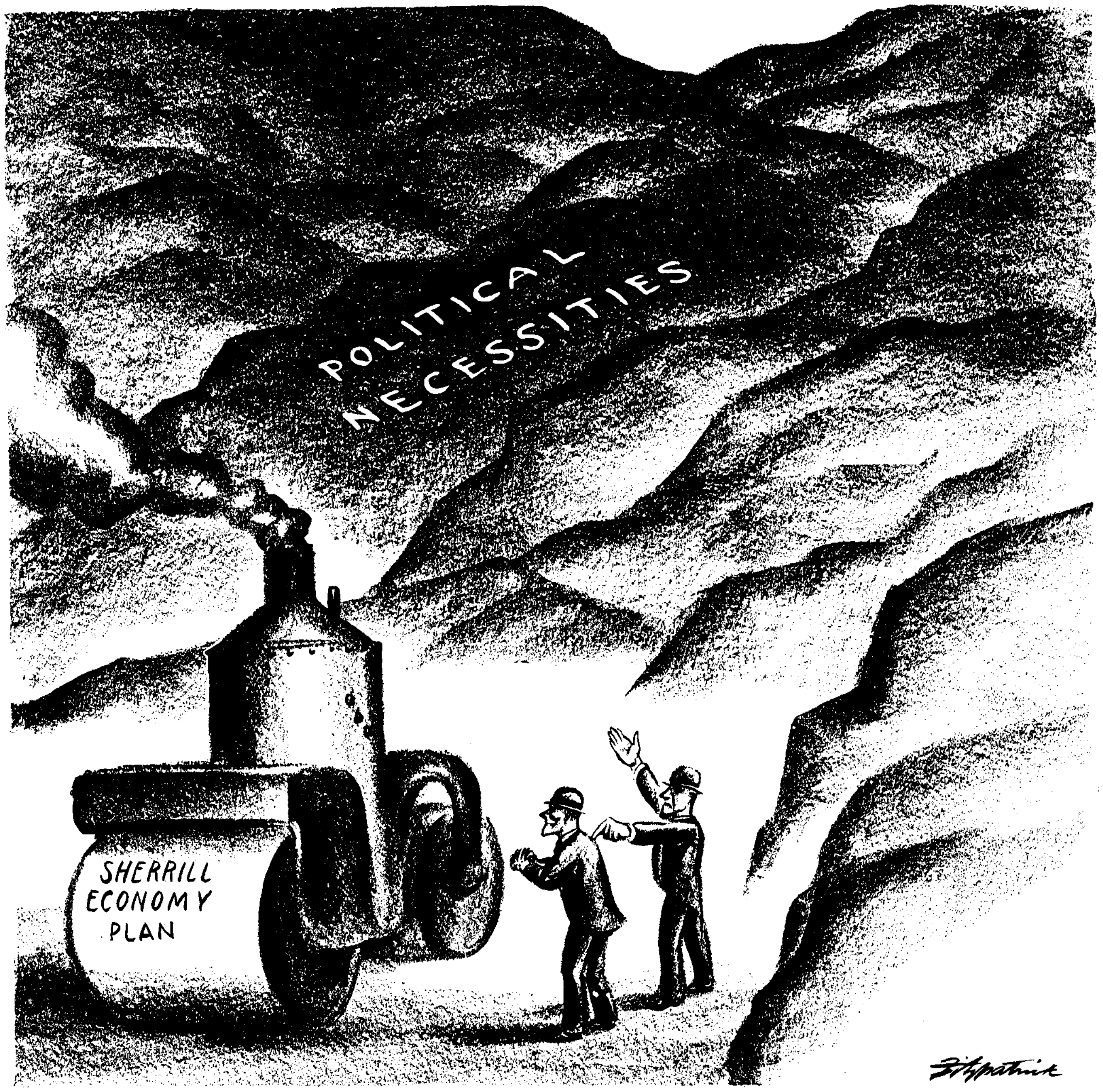
Then they had a bright thought. Sherrill would head the investigation but he'd need a large committee to help him. "Well, we'll take care of that," the boys in the back rooms said. They hurried to the governor with suggested names, but the governor said coldly, "This is Sherrill's party. Go see him."

But Sherrill was too busy talking to businessmen to talk to politicians.

"I need money to do this properly," Sherrill told them bluntly. "The money must come from you. Each of you is a stockholder in the business organization which is the State of Ohio. If there are waste and inefficiency in state government you eventually pay for it in high taxes. I also need personnel. Lend me your best executives. I want trained businessmen who will look at the government as they would look at any other business. What do you say?"

What do you think they said? They raised enthusiastic cries and $50,000 and it wasn't long before Sherrill had a staff composed of 140 business executives all ready for work. They worked for ten months and then issued their findings in a 5,000-word typewritten report. The report told a story that made the taxpayers gasp. It said that $15,000,000 was wasted annually and it made recommendations as to how that money could be saved. Fifteen million dollars? That's a lot of money, especially in a state where the budget is roughly fifty million dollars a year. It meant that almost one third of the money spent by the state was wasted. It meant that one out of

(Continued on page 61)



Politicians point to the practical difficulties involved in carrying out the Sherrill economy recommendations

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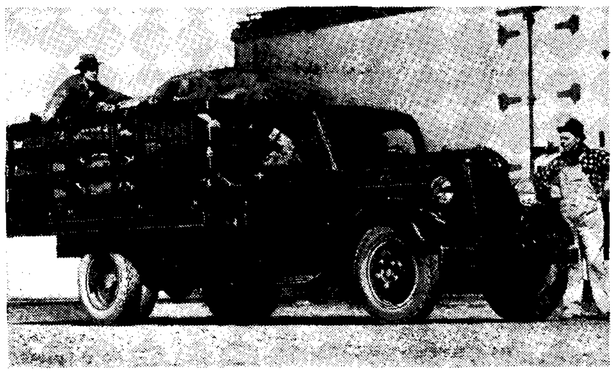

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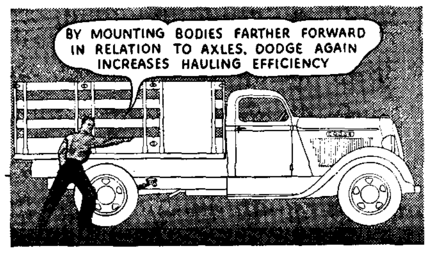
Dodge gives you these amazing 1936 advancements in a complete line of trucks to take care of practically any hauling or delivery need. Before you buy any 1936 truck, see your Dodge dealer. 1936 Dodge trucks lead the field by a wider margin than ever... but they're still priced with the lowest!

This engine will save big money on gas and oil! Dodge alone of the lowest-priced three has 4 piston rings. Dodge has full-length water jackets, spray-cooled exhaust valve seats, aluminum alloy pistons, and many other features that cut costs.


BY MOUNTING BODIES FARTHER FORWARD IN RELATION TO AXLES, DODGE AGAIN INCREASES HAULING EFFICIENCY

"Fore Point" weight distribution saves money. Load has been moved farther ahead with respect to axles—thus increasing hauling efficiency and saving tire wear.

DODGE, for years the economy leader among trucks, again leads for 1936 with the most amazing group of money-saving advancements in truck history. Dodge "Pre-Proved" engine economy alone for 1936 indicates gas savings of up to $95 a year! "Fore Point" load distribution is a tremendous step ahead in increased hauling efficiency. Genuine hydraulic brakes save money on tires, brake relining and adjustments. Get a copy of the 1936 "Show-Down" Score Card from your Dodge dealer. It gives you comparative facts about all three lowest-priced trucks in plain black and white. See him today!

STILL PRICED WITH THE LOWEST
½-TON CHASSIS—
6-CYL.—116″ W. B.

$370*

**List prices at factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. Special equipment, including dual wheels on 1½-ton models, extra.*

Through the Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Company New 6% Time Payment Plan you will find it easy and less costly to arrange time payments to fit your budget.

DODGE
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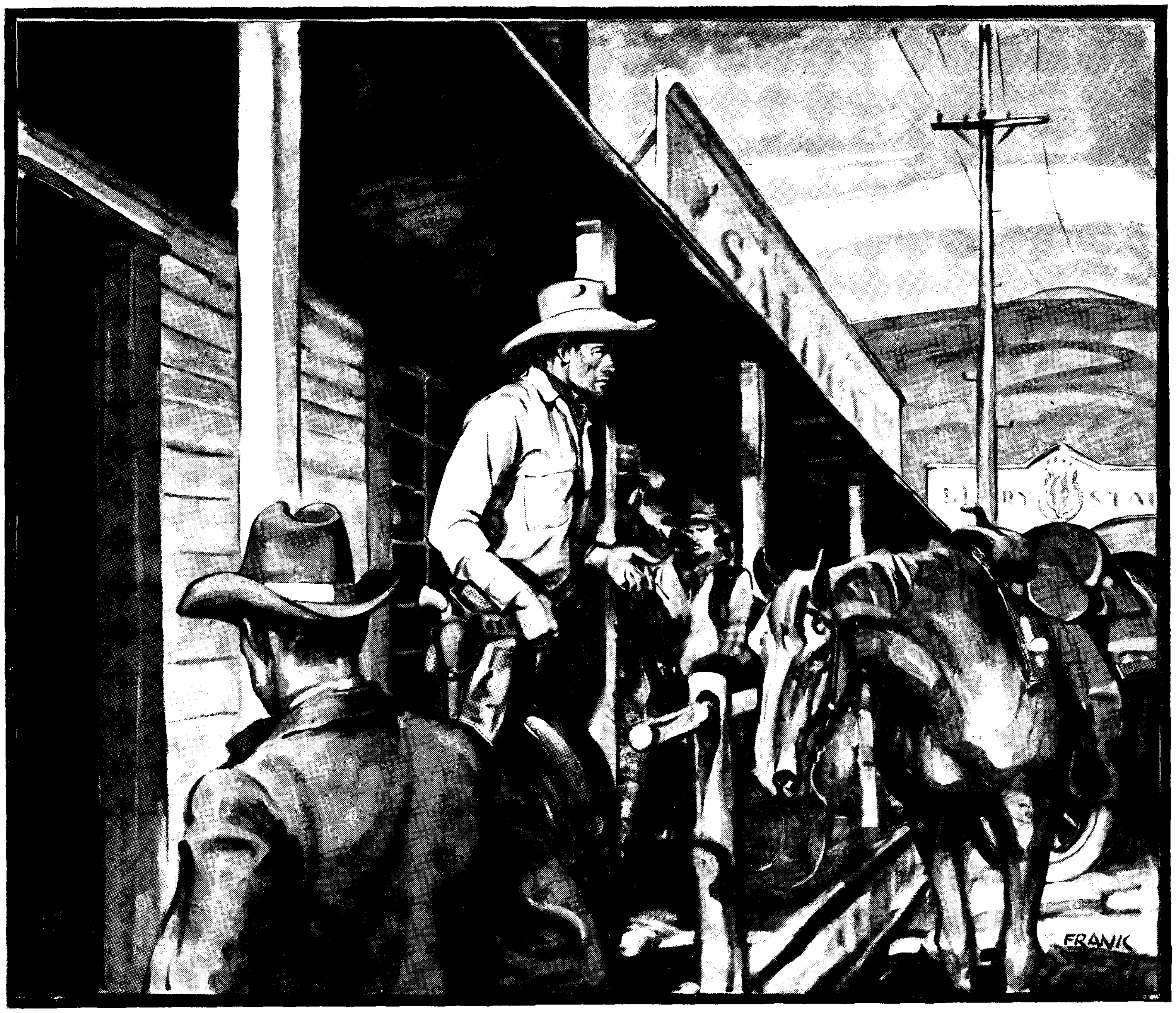


He identified Bill Tower idle against a porch post higher up the street

Gentlemen Stand Together

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

Concerning two men and a girl — turbulent little Two Dance's most celebrated story

THIS was the prairie country's softest twilight, with the lights of Two Dance silvering the deep dust of the street. Old John was dressing down the walk in front of Menefee's stable with the water bucket as Mark Stanhope passed by, and the smell of water and dust was very keen in the still air. Old John said, "Hello, Doc," but felt no resentment when Stanhope didn't answer. Stanhope had been here a little better than a year and his sultry, remote preoccupations were becoming understood.

Stanhope went on to the foot of the main street and put himself at the corner of Two Dance's yellow little depot, hearing the hoarse halloo of the train rush forward, seeing its headlight wash a long beam through a gathering dark. The ragged peaks of the Wolf mountains showed their teeth blackly against the pale shadows of the west and the thinness of this high Wyoming air was more pronounced than it had been. A horse standing near by stirred a little and Stanhope, who had learned cattleland's habit of identifying people by their mounts, had a good look at it. Afterward he turned his eyes to the farther side of the platform and noticed Elsa Knightwood standing quietly there.

The train ran forward at an undiminished speed and the roar and clash and click of it filled his body with a keen, painful nostalgia. He saw passengers' blurred faces peer through the car windows; he caught blended odors of steam and smoke and cinders. The last coach slipped by and he made out the shapes of an idle party clustered on the observation platform. The suction blew up a quick dust and a paper sailed along the track and settled and presently the red and green lights of this train rushing from San Francisco to Chicago became a mere wink far down the prairie. For a moment his memories were all fresh and clear, but they dimmed as the train vanished in the distance, leaving him as he had been before, profoundly alone.

THE girl came along the platform and saw him then, and stopped; and her face lifted and even in the shadows he had a view of its slim, pale pride overcast by some emotion he couldn't make out. Her body was straight, her shoulders round and well-formed. He had noticed her infrequently on the street, yet he never had spoken to her; but it was his sudden conviction now that she was an exile from the East like himself. She had a carriage and a manner, and these things betrayed her. She had come here, as he had come, to catch this fleeting sight of a lost world. For a moment he thought she meant to speak; instead, she turned to her horse and rode along the tracks, bound back for her small homestead west of town.

He went slowly up to Faro Charley's, into the noise of the saloon's forming crowd. When he reached the bar his own bottle and glass waited there for him, and he had one quick drink and stood awhile with his body slack, waiting for the liquor's warmth to loosen him up. A man, he morosely considered, made his own hell and kept the fires of punishment alive by refusing to forget. He should never have gone down to watch the train; it didn't help to remember what his life had once been. He filled the glass again and emptied it. He saw himself in the bright flash of the back bar's mirror, a broad and burly shape—and dropped his eyes, not caring to see more. He was still young, but there was the settled bitterness about the corners of his long lips that was not young.

A rider came out of the night and

(Continued on page 66)

To chase a COLD away

1. Cleanse the system
2. Combat acidity

Sal Hepatica does BOTH!

"DON'T let a cold linger," warn modern physicians, "especially at this time of year!" To help your system fight off a cold, they recommend:

1. **Rid your system of wastes**
2. **Combat the acidity that encourages a cold**

And Sal Hepatica does *both*. First, Sal Hepatica cleanses the intestinal tract—quickly, thoroughly, gently. Second, Sal Hepatica does what no ordinary laxative can do—Sal Hepatica brings about a definite alkaline (anti-acid) reaction, to help your system get rid of acid and build up a normal alkaline reserve.

Unlike ordinary laxatives

When you realize that cold germs seldom take hold in an alkaline system, you see how important Sal Hepatica's anti-acid action is, in routing a cold. For ordinary laxatives are not designed to combat acidity.

So whenever a cold threatens, take two teaspoons of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. In addition, get plenty of rest and quiet (go to bed and call a physician if your cold is too severe)—watch your diet and drink plenty of liquids. That is the scientific way to fight colds. Get Sal Hepatica today.

Sal Hepatica
[ORIGINAL]
Effervescent
Saline Combination
CAREFULLY BLENDED
WELL BALANCED
LAXATIVE & CATHARTIC
BRISTOL MYERS CO NEW YORK

THE MINERAL SALT LAXATIVE THAT ALSO COMBATS ACIDITY

TUNE IN! Fred Allen's "Town Hall Tonight." Every Wednesday Night, over NBC Nation-Wide Network.

The Watchman

By MacKinlay Kantor

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

UNDER his left arm, in a little holster, he carried the file. It was not an ordinary file. During his last day in the prison shop, Benny Hackett had managed to secure that file without detection. Working with painstaking energy, scraping the sharp triangular sliver for hours against wet concrete, Benny had converted the file into a razor-thing of devilish sheerness.

Crouching in the black gondola, drenched by the rain which had blown over him for hours, he smiled calmly: the set and unpleasant smile of a man who has planned to do something, and knows that the moment of fulfillment is not far away.

It was well past three o'clock; the freight train ought to be pulling into Newtown at any moment.

This would be the second murder committed by Benny Hackett. The first was a very sad affair: he had been a boy of eighteen, and even after nine years he could not tell just how the thing happened. It was a mistake, heartbreaking and horrible, but Judge Cope had piled misery on misery. He could have given Benny a year's imprisonment and then suspended sentence. But instead he gave him ten years' imprisonment, and did not suspend sentence at all.

For nine years, Benny Hackett had not read a letter from his family or friends. The letters which they sent he returned unopened. They stopped sending letters.

But Benny did not forget Newtown or the life from which Franklin Cope had sent him away. Mentally, night after night, he went over the avenues and paths of that village. He counted the inhabitants; he measured the very gardens, flower by flower and inch by inch. And forever, rising from the welter of people whom Benny once loved, loomed the tall figure and stony face of the old judge.

The judge had only two ambitions: to rid the world of criminals—like Benny, for example—and to persuade the selectmen to put up a marker within the corporate limits of Newtown at the spot where various ancestors of Judge Cope had risen to smite the British. In neither of these ambitions was he likely to be successful.

And, thought Benny Hackett, he must not go beyond the brow of the hill. He must stop at the home of Judge Franklin Cope, and do what he planned to do, and then he must go away. Because not far past the brow of that hill was another house. A man and a woman lived there, and they were Benny's parents. Benny must not go too close to them; if he did, he might falter in his plan.

Soundless lightning shot across the sky. It showed Benny the long parade of cars rocking ahead of him. And more than that—the black outline of Lavey's Hill. Just beyond the river bridge, he swung to the ground.

HE FELT his way over the fence and dropped down amid the bushes of Judge Cope's lawn. Again that pastel shimmer illuminated the sky, and he could see that the window of the judge's bedroom was open. He knew that it was Judge Cope's bedroom. You cannot live in a place like Newtown until you are eighteen and not know just where your neighbors sleep.

Benny sped across the lawn. All this had been practiced for centuries. He knew just how the windowsill would feel under his hands; he had known, all those years, with what silence he could draw his body over the ledge. The laggard curtains touched his face but made no sound.

He was in the room . . . and the judge was sleeping, a few feet away. He could hear the regular breathing, the sigh of a resting organism.

His ears would tell him where lay the head of this sleeper. There had been only one flaw in this plan: the possibility that the judge might, during the intervening years, have moved himself to another room. But Benny's first moment in the room told him that there could be no mistake. His hand brushed a swaying web of elastic which hung from something on a chair . . . suspenders . . . man's clothing. Judge Cope still slept in that bed.

Benny Hackett was beside the bed. His hand grasped the file. Heavy breathing beneath him—his arm would come up, like this, and then go down—go down and—

The lightning flicked a flood of lavender across the world. Involuntarily, as Benny lifted his arm for the blow, his eyes sought the open window. Just beyond the low fringe of bushes a man was coming toward the house. He was a big man, bareheaded, and he was running purposefully as if he knew what stood beside the judge's bed. And he carried a gun in his hands.

Benny Hackett sucked in his breath. If he waited a second more, his escape would be barred. He didn't have a gun. There wasn't a chance for him to shoot his way out of there.

In one silent plunge he went through the window. He vaulted the side fence and dove headlong into the black tangle of Wickton's grove. He tore the thickets like a tiger. He threw the sharpened file far away from him; now there was no evidence of murderous intent. Barbed, dead branches raked at his clothes and sliced across his hands and face. . . .

The world went out from under him. Even as he sprawled forward down the sickening incline, the awful realization possessed Benny Hackett's brain: he had not ever planned a getaway like this. He had forgotten the old quarry beside the river road. He tried to cry out, but existence vanished with a single blinding flash.

SOMEONE was washing his face.

Benny opened his eyes. It was dawn, a clear dawn in which the wet woods tingled, alive and green . . . "Mr. Dorn." His lips shaped the name of the man—an old neighbor.

"Sure. Sure . . . Benny. I recognized you, right off, as soon as I wiped your face; I thought you was dead. What happened?"

"Fell—fell—" whispered Benny. "Fell off the old quarry, I guess. I—I was—"

Dorn nodded. "Coming home, wasn't you? We heard you was about to—get out. Here, Benny. Let's see if you can walk."

With Mr. Dorn's arm around him, Benny shuffled toward the neighbor's car. He ached; his body was a mass of bruises, but he could walk. It seemed, though, as if he couldn't think. He looked down at his half-clenched hand . . . oh God, he thought, I didn't kill him. Thank God, I didn't—

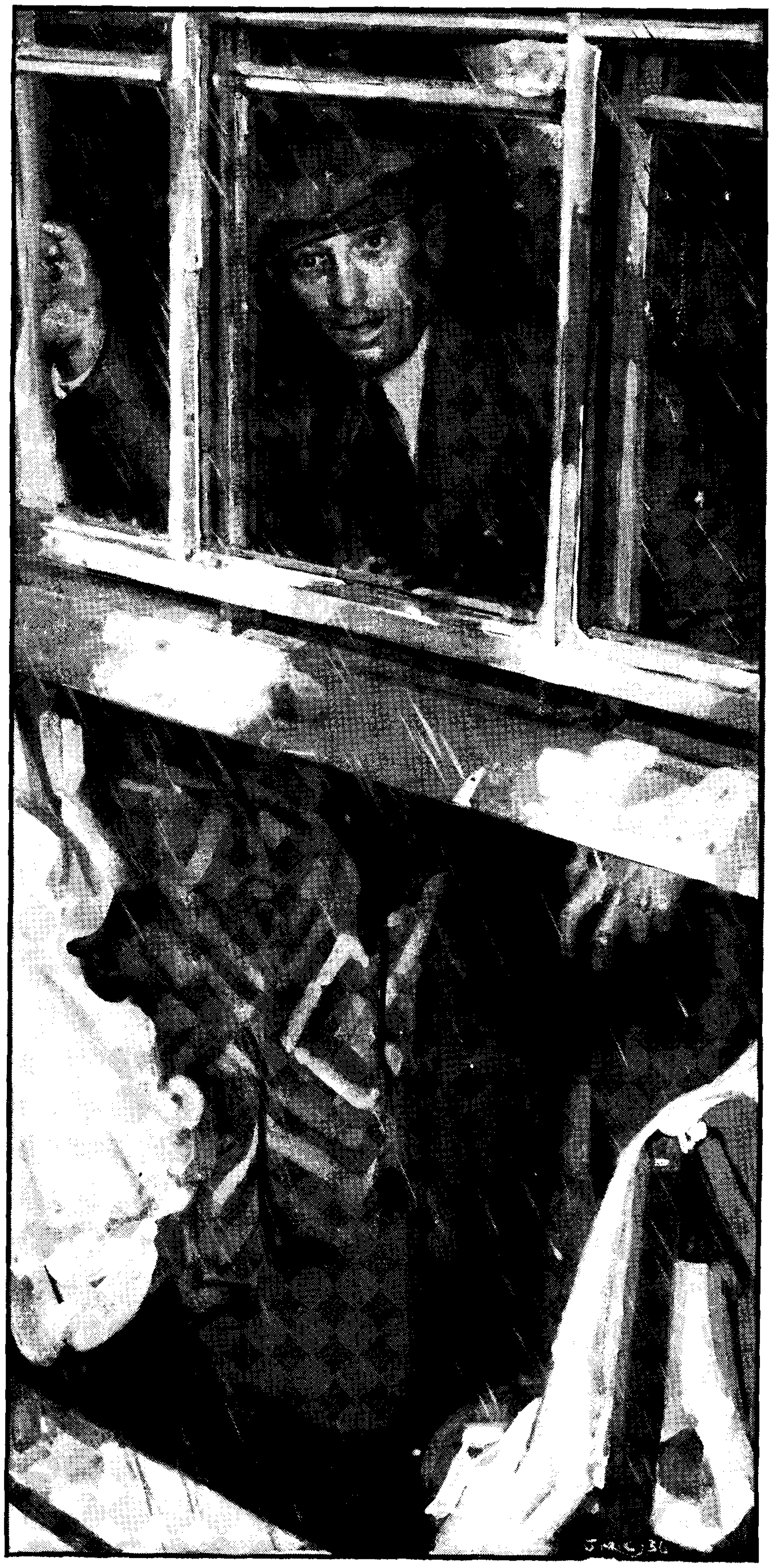
The car bumped slowly up the hill road. It turned sharply to the right, at the highway above the hill.

Benny didn't dare look to the left. "Wrong way," he muttered. "Here. My folks live—"

Mr. Dorn shook his head. "No, Benny. Your folks moved, two years ago. They—well, they live up in Judge Cope's old house. They bought it. The judge died three years ago—"

And then, in dizzy mist that swam around him, Benny couldn't understand anything. Even when they stopped in front of the house where his father lived, and Mr. Dorn was helping him from the car and trying to point out something to him.

"Right there," he was saying. "See? Right beside the fence. Up on that granite block, in the bushes. With a gun in his hand. That's the statue of the Minute Man, that the old judge always wanted to put up. He left the money for it, in his will."



Benny sucked in his breath. If he waited, escape would be barred

ILLUSTRATED BY
JOSEPH M. CLEMENT

Now in effect SPECIAL SUNDAY RATES

for Long Distance telephone calls

AND

REDUCED PERSON-TO-PERSON RATES

after 7 every evening

The Bell System now extends to all day Sunday the same reduced rates which have been in effect on long distance station-to-station calls after 7 p.m. each evening. The reductions apply to most calls on which the day rate for three minutes is more than 35 cents, and range from about 10 per cent on some of the shorter calls to 40 per cent or more on distant calls.

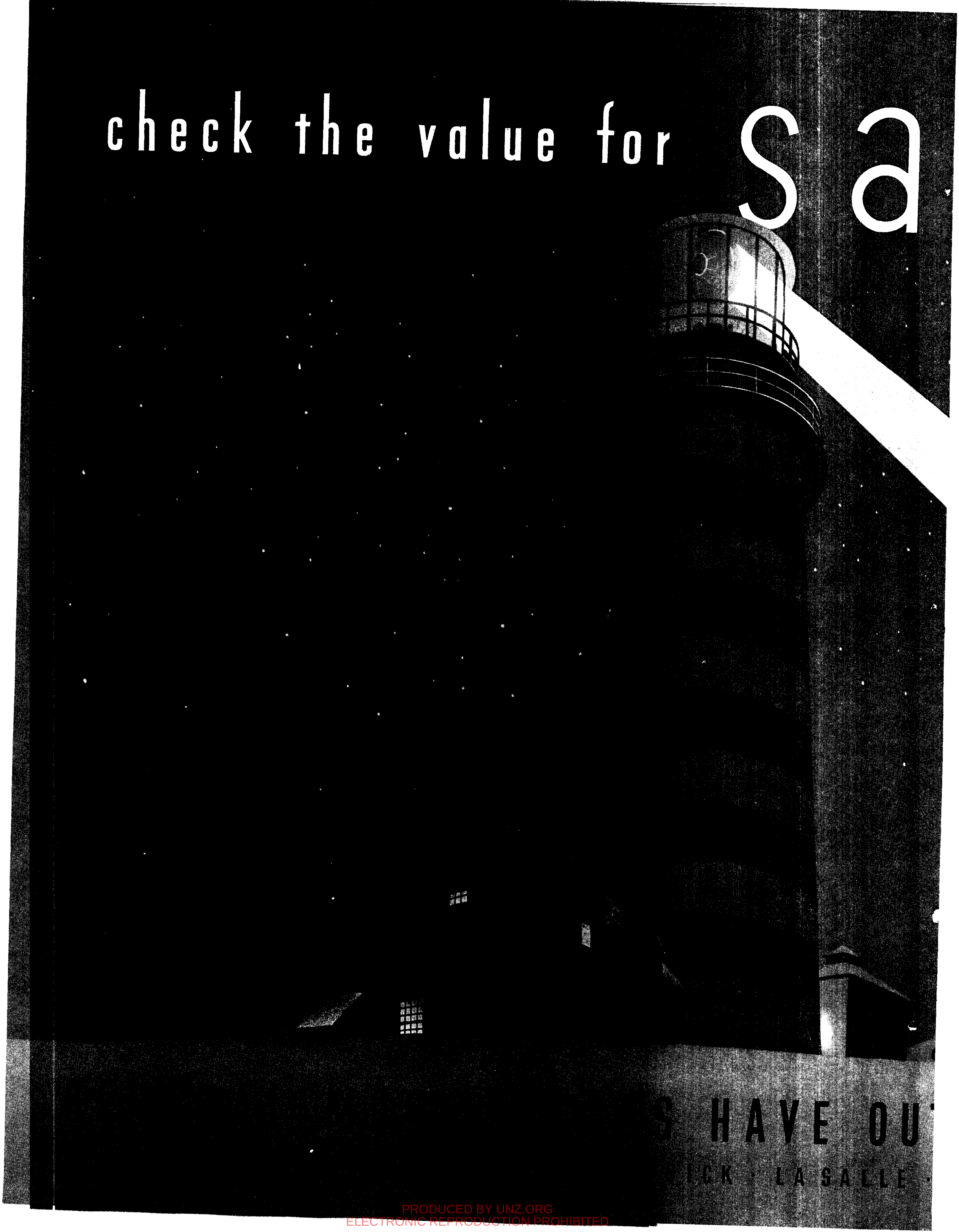
The Bell System also now offers reduced rates on person-to-person calls every night after 7 p.m. and all day Sunday. They apply, in general, on long distance calls on which the day station-to-station rate is more than 35 cents. The discount on most person-to-person calls is the same in money as on station-to-station calls between the same places.

In both social and business affairs, these new Sunday and night rates offer you a broader service at a lower cost. They widen your telephone's usefulness.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

TYPICAL THREE-MINUTE RATES

FROM	Station-to-Station			Person-to-Person		
	Day Rate	Sunday and Night Rate	Reduction	Day Rate	Sunday and Night Rate	Reduction
New York to Philadelphia	$ .50	$ .35	$ .15	$ .75	$ .60	$ .15
Pittsburgh to Cleveland	.70	.40	.30	1.00	.70	.30
Chicago to Cincinnati	1.20	.70	.50	1.60	1.10	.50
St. Louis to Chicago	1.25	.75	.50	1.65	1.15	.50
Detroit to Boston	2.55	1.40	1.15	3.25	2.10	1.15
Washington, D. C., to Kansas City	3.50	1.90	1.60	4.50	2.90	1.60
Miami to Boston	4.50	2.50	2.00	5.75	3.75	2.00
Denver to New York	6.00	3.50	2.50	7.50	5.00	2.50
Washington, D. C., to San Francisco	8.50	5.00	3.50	10.75	7.25	3.50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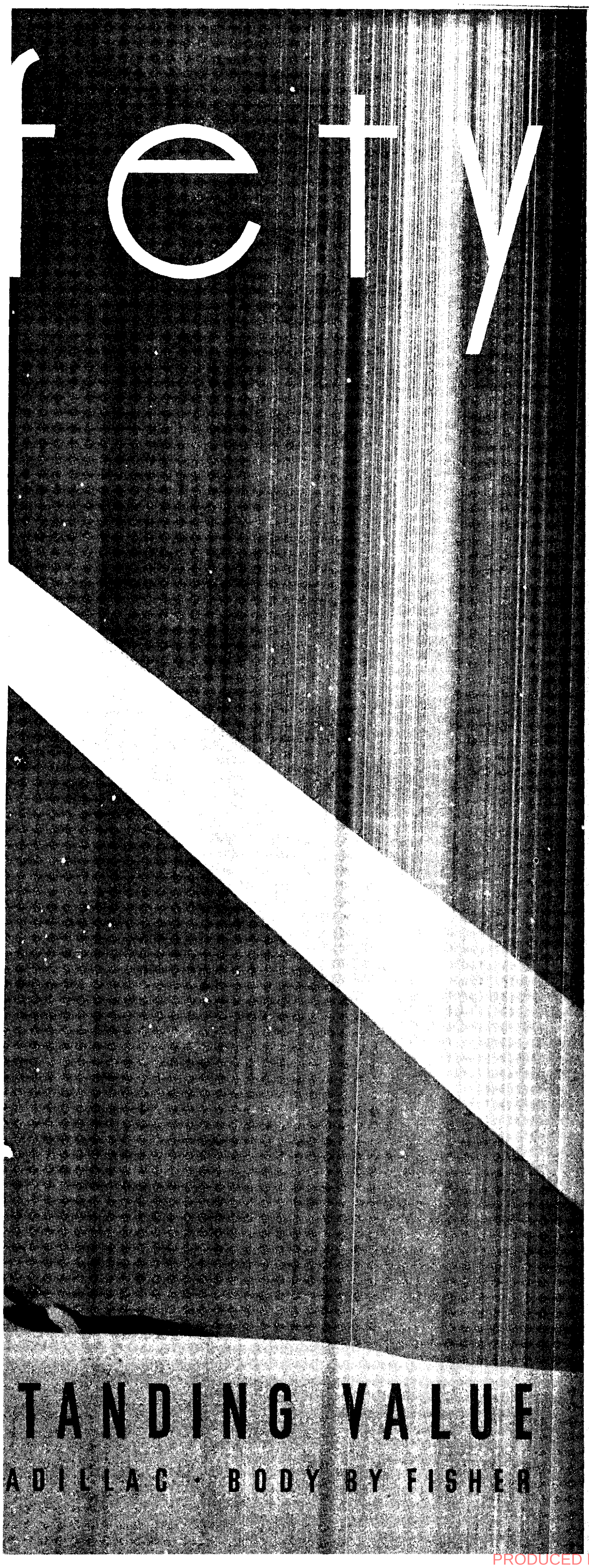


GM
GENERAL
MOTORS

Safety is an important part of General Motors value. In fact, it has been a first consideration in every element of design.

Every General Motors car provides you with brilliant performance... but performance with safety... the safety of swift, sure brakes and of positive, easy control.

Each is notable for the surpassing comfort of its Knee-Action ride... but Knee-Action also results in the greater safety of smooth roadability, easier steering, and absence of lurching or swerving on uneven roads.

Bodies by Fisher may be chiefly known for style and beauty... but their solid steel Turret Top has introduced a new and pronounced element of protection and their No Draft Ventilation guards health, as the whole sturdy construction shields life and limb.

Thus safety is revealed in detail after detail, from massive frame to clear-view vision.

Whatever car you may be considering, check it for safety! Nothing could be of more vital importance to you and your family.

And, in doing so, check it for these four fundamental factors of safety...

KNEE-ACTION ✓

for safety and comfort

TURRET TOP ✓

for safety and durability

HYDRAULIC BRAKES ✓

for safety and easy operation

BODY BY FISHER ✓

for safety and luxury

You will find that only General Motors cars give you all four of these features!

New General Motors cars may be purchased on the new GMAC 6% Time Payment Plan

General Motors Concert every Sunday evening over NBC Red Network, coast-to-coast

Faster than the Wind

By Robert D. Fanta

WIDE WORLD

Spills are an inevitable part of the novice's training in the swiftest of winter sports

Give an iceboat a wind of fifty miles an hour and an expert skipper will make her do a hundred. Magic? No, just one of the thrills of this unique sport. Here are others that will leave you anything but cold

THERE are certain sections where ice is merely something to put into a glass so that a pleasant tinkling sound will result when the soda is added. In other sections ice is thought to be a household necessity designed to keep the butter from melting and the fish from spoiling. In the land where Rear Admiral Byrd spends his summers, ice is considered to be the last word in building material for garage or penthouse.

It may be news to the mass of ice users to learn that some people consider ice to be merely something which one sails over in a contraption which is known as an iceboat. In such centers of culture as Red Bank, New Jersey; Poughkeepsie, New York; or Menominee, Michigan, iceboating takes the place of golf, bridge and kindred time-killers as the chief relaxation of the tired businessman.

There are two classes of iceboating fanatics. The first, and in some ways the more sensible class is that group which sails iceboats because at the end of the trip there is always a hot toddy. Iceboating must of necessity be indulged in during freezing weather and there is nothing like freezing weather and the sharp tang of ice spray on your face as you whiz along at sixty miles an hour to make you appreciate a hot toddy. It may seem like going far north for an excuse to drink a hot toddy, but any excuse is better than none, and anyway, like it or not, the hot toddy is an integral part of iceboating. That is, to this first group.

The second group of iceboating devotees consists of people who like to get from one place to another place very quickly indeed. An iceboat is the fastest non-mechanical method of transportation known to man. When you are clinging to the hull of an iceboat listening to the scream of your runners as they cut into the ice, feeling the rush of wind and the bite of the aforementioned spray—then you are experiencing a sensation of speed which you do not get in any other fast-moving vehicle, be it subway, train, airplane or motorboat.

When you are traveling sixty miles an hour while clinging to an iceboat you feel that you are going eight times that fast, and if you have a fondness for speed all other sports seem very tame and dull in comparison.

From Skis to Boats

Iceboating began way, way back in the dim ages somewhere in the northern countries. First of all, man walked. But he found it hard to make any time while walking across the frozen surfaces of rivers or while ambling across snowdrifts or down snow-covered mountains. Some bright little man conceived the idea of strapping the smoothed and flattened bones of animals to the feet and thus was born the first pair of skis. No one knows just how long ago this unsung hero invented those crude skis but there is one ski in the Nordiska Museum in Stockholm which is thought to be four thousand years old.

Now one day someone named Ull or Ole or Ragnar was skiing along carrying his pack on his back and his blanket under his arm. The wind unfurled the blanket and Ull or Ole or Ragnar grabbed for it desperately. He held on to it and then he noticed to his amazement that the wind had filled it out and that he was going along at a right smart pace without any effort at all on his part. So was the iceboat born. Later, sails instead of blankets were used and instead of putting the skis on the feet a rude contraption of logs thrown across a couple of ski runners was made.

Until the advent of the locomotive, the automobile and the airplane, the iceboat, sailed under favorable conditions, was the fastest way of getting from one place to another. There was a time when the expression "fast as the wind" epitomized the ultimate in speed. An iceboat taking its sole impetus from it is faster than the wind. In fact, an iceboat can sail three times as fast as the wind.

Once it gets started, it actually leaves the wind in its wake, provided some talented hand is at the tiller. Actually the iceboat merely uses the breeze as a steppingstone to go places. There is this little-known fact about sailing to consider: The wind on the wide expanse of sail which does the pushing creates but one third of the gross speed. The vacuum on the other side of the sail draws the boat along and provides two thirds of the speed.

If you care for a technical explanation listen to Nathaniel Herreshoff, the British sailing mentor. He knows as much about the technical side of sailing as any man in the world.

"To travel over a hundred miles an hour in a forty-mile wind," he says, "can be done, of course, only under ideal conditions. The wind hits the sail at an angle, forming a wedge—the wind on one side and the runner on the other. To escape this pressure wedge the iceboat takes the course of least resistance, which is forward."

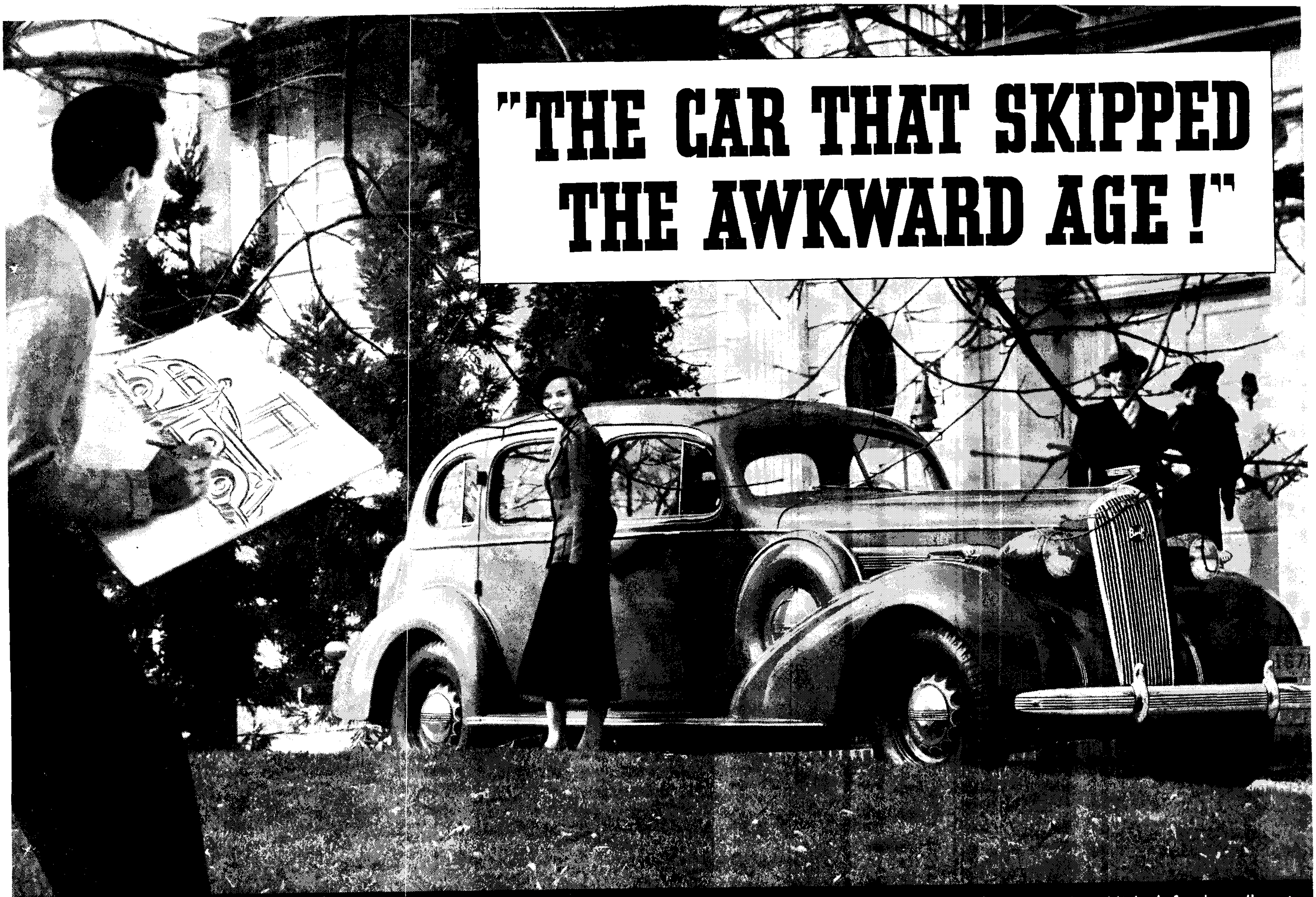
The wind is a mysterious element as well as a captious trickster. The speed of an iceboat is, of course, dependent not only upon the speed of the wind. In a fifty-mile wind on rough ice, with the boat handled by a novice, a speed of fifty miles an hour might possibly be attained. On smooth ice, with an expert handling the tiller, a speed of a hundred miles an hour is not only possible but is to be expected.

The first time any unusual speed was recorded by an iceboat was in the late nineties, when the Scud III ambled along at a 107-mile-an-hour clip at Shrewsbury, New Jersey. A few years later Commodore Elisha Price covered 1.2 miles in 28 seconds while sailing Walyer Content's Clarel. This run was made over one leg of the Shallow Point course, now the home grounds of the Long Branch Iceboat Club.

About this time people living along the Hudson River discovered the sport of iceboating. They took it up assiduously, and it wasn't long before disgruntled engineers peering out of their locomotives on trains which ran on tracks bordering the river were forced to watch

(Continued on page 32)

"THE CAR THAT SKIPPED THE AWKWARD AGE!"



The ROADMASTER, series 80 six-passenger sedan pictured above has 120 horsepower, carries a list price of $1255 at Flint, Mich.,★ fenderwells extra
All Buick prices include safety glass throughout as standard equipment

THEY'RE a critical lot, those old time Buick owners, and it means a very great deal that you see them going around now with their faces wreathed in smiles.

They have watched and wondered while car styles evolved through what seemed to be abrupt and painful stages — hoping for a streamlined car they could call beautiful, and mean it!

Then came the 1936 Buick—and streamlining blossomed forth full mature, satisfying, all trace of awkwardness gone, all ungracefulness artfully avoided!

Nowhere in the long sleek winning loveliness of this great car is there a single instance of straining for effect.

Nowhere, from tapered fender to tasteful interior, is there a suggestion of the inept hand, the groping taste.

Buick style is the welcome style of experienced artists, demonstrated again and again in that deft repetition of the fundamental motif which is the foundation of all true beauty.

Buick style is streamline style and gives full benefit of air-slipping efficiency; yet no hard angularities spoil this flowing grace, no harsh demands of function make this form unbeautiful!

But why should we tell you that Buick is beautiful as well as big — lovely to look upon as well as luxurious to ride in? Your own eyes bear grateful witness.

And for once the size of your purse puts no limit on the style you may enjoy. Buy any Buick — and you buy a car that has skipped the awkward age.

★$765 to $1945 are the list prices of the new Buicks at Flint, Michigan, subject to change without notice. Standard and special accessories groups at extra cost. Convenient new

GMAC 6% TIME PAYMENT PLAN

FOUR BIG REASONS WHY "BUICK'S THE BUY!"

SILENT, OIL-CUSHIONED VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE, WITH POWDER-FLASH POWER

"TURRET TOP" BODY BY FISHER, WITH YEAR-AHEAD STYLE

PERFECTED HYDRAULIC BRAKES, WITH TIPTOE-PRESSURE ACTION

KNEE-ACTION AND TORQUE-TUBE DRIVE, WITH TRUE FREE SPRINGING

Buick 8

★ ★ ★ ★

**WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT
BUICK WILL BUILD THEM**

GENERAL MOTORS CONCERTS, *Sunday 10 to 11 p. m., Eastern Standard Time, N B C Red Network — Coast to Coast — Symphony Orchestra with Famous Guest Artists*

Faster than the Wind

Continued from page 30

tiny iceboats running away from them. Under ideal conditions an iceboat could actually outrace a train on the Albany-to-New York run. It is true that the iceboat would have a straighter course, for the tracks, following the contour of the shore line, occasionally curve, with a resultant loss of time for the train. Undoubtedly very high speeds—higher than the records indicate—have been attained by Hudson River craft, but unfortunately it is seldom that a stop watch has caught these really phenomenal runs.

The highest recorded speed yet attained and the mark which stands as a world record (unless it has been lowered since the writing of this article) is the one set by John Buckstaff when he whizzed Douglas Van Dyke's Debutante III along at a speed of 124 miles an hour. This was in the Stuart International Cup races, one of the two big annual iceboating regattas. The other is the race for the William Randolph Hearst Trophy. Buckstaff also in Debutante III hung up a world's record for a four-mile course—two miles dead to windward and two back, five times around—negotiating the distance in thirty-nine minutes and forty-four seconds. He hoisted 629 feet of sail in these record attempts and this expanse of canvas necessitated the taking on of an extra man to handle the winch which controlled the mainsail. Both events were held at Menominee, Michigan, which is a sort of godmother to the sport.

The Flying Dutchman's Conqueror

On January 12, 1935, young Carl Bernard of Madison, Wisconsin, sailed the Stuart cup defender Fritz on Lake Mendota to a new distinction for racing iceboats. He made good his right to hold the Stuart trophy, iceboating's highest award, which was won the previous year in a slow contest over a wet and foggy course. Bernard sailed the Fritz in three twenty-mile races, and each time he romped across the finish line with a wide margin over the former titleholder, Flying Dutchman. This would prove less spectacular if Bernard had not outsailed John Buckstaff, the Oshkosh gentleman who holds the speed record. Bernard's silver collection includes the Hearst international cup of some thirty-two years' vintage, world's championship emblem, and the Northwestern Iceboat Association's championship for two consecutive years.

Winning cup races isn't as easy as it may appear. Bernard did not have an easy time with the Fritz. It wasn't a case where a ship was thrown into the limelight following her maiden voyage, nor did she enjoy a mushroom growth's popularity into the sport's first division. Through a series of contests lasting over a four-year period, during which time she raced selected boats and experienced a crack-up, the Fritz finally found her stride to earn her way as a cup defender. With swift grace she sailed in all weather and was found to be as sturdy in a heavy wind as she was nimble in light airs. Though she was designed by her owner, Fredric Jungbluth, as a contender for cup honors, it took the master helmsmanship of the youthful Bernard to find her winning ways.

The father of iceboating and the man who was the first really to study scientifically ways and means of combating surface friction and wind resistance was John Buckout of Poughkeepsie. His creations, known as the Hudson River type, were widely sailed in New England and the Middle West. Later, his son George went further in developing the iceboat to its present state. One great development for which he gets credit is the use of wire side-stays instead of boards. The gaff-rigged sail plan, however, was not changed from Buckout's original designs until the heavy spar gave way to a lighter Marconi rig. Weight, of course, is a vital factor in the building of iceboats and now the boats are designed along airplane lines, streamlined to the utmost with the same grade of spruce used where wood is necessary that airplanes use, and with the runners having aluminum tops over stainless steel inserts forming light but sharp, strong runners.

Still it was not until just a few years ago that a new type evolved. The transition was made, more or less, by accident. Almost five years ago Starke Meyer's Paula, 250-square-footer of the Northwestern Iceboat Association, was rebuilt with a reversed steering arrangement. The rudder was moved from its conventional stern position and built in the bow. Steering cables were wired back to the cockpit, where a handsome wishbone tiller was fitted. Others looked at his plan and asked: "How in the world do you expect to sail backwards?" But little did they reckon with the canny ice pilot. Mr. Meyer's invention looked like a freak. The Paula's mast had an extreme after rake and with his sail design omitting the foresail, his ship looked like something Rube Goldberg had concocted. Instead of the overhanging basket cockpit, the Paula's seating compartment was built into a wide center timber, isolating the pilot, allowing him to sit upright instead of in the old prone position. That was the beginning of iceboating's new deal. The Paula was used as a pattern for an entirely new ice craft.

"When we say we check everything, we mean everything!"

ADOLPH SCHUS

The Birth of the Skeeter

Before the next season's waters hardened, the germ of Meyer's idea spread like wildfire. The result was a swarm of little ships called skeeters, all bow-steered. Without going into the intricacies of the sport, the shifting of the rudder placed the helm blade in such a position that a skeeter could not be blown out of control. Previously, when a strong wind raised the windward side, the stern runner also was lifted and with the rudder off the ice, the craft spun around on its own center, which was disheartening in a race. With an overall length of twelve feet spreading seventy-five feet of sail, the skeeter is capable of carrying two riders down the ice lanes in any sort of wind. Thus with the load center forward, the bow blade is weighted down for steering comfort.

The skeeter is demountable and can be taken apart handily for week-end sailing, placed on top of a sedan or towed on a light two-wheel trailer. The price of the skeeter ranges from $125 to $185, while anyone adept with tools can build one in his workshop for fifty or sixty dollars.

To start the boat sailing the pilot pushes the ship and runs alongside until it gathers speed, then leaps into the cockpit. In stopping, the bow is pointed int the wind's eye, resulting in flapping the wind out of the sails. The boat is brought to a complete standstill by dragging a spiked boot to impede coasting.

The sailing of an iceboat is totally different from that of a water craft. Both are driven by the wind, to be sure, but there all similarity ends. The best sailor who has ever manned a wheel would find himself at a loss on an iceboat until he learned her peculiarities. The sheets are always hauled well in and the sails trimmed flat at all times. No doubt the steering of an iceboat is a novelty to an old sailor. She minds her helm so easily and the helm itself is so easily turned that at first one is filled with wonder. Yet when one remembers that there is no rudder plowing through opposing masses of water but only a hard, sharp piece of steel passing smoothly, it does not seem so strange after all.

It takes the utmost in skill to sail an iceboat before the wind. On the water, this would be quite simple. Novices find that winging an iceboat will give no headway. An iceboat that tacks without trimming quarters her wind as if a big sea rolled behind her. Ranging from a beam to a quartering wind, the iceboat sails her best with the wind at almost right angles to the sail. It would seem the greatest speed could be attained running before the wind, but the opposite is true in ice sailing. Sails are far more responsive on ice than on water. The speed is greater, with sails mounted on sharp runners sailing on a marble-hard surface with almost no resistance, than that of a partially submerged hull being forced through water.

The Last Word in Thrills

Iceboating has long been considered one of the pastimes that provide the last drop that is to be had in the way of thrills. The pinnacle of excitement is "hiking," as the raising of the windward runner is termed. Bounding forward with terrific speed, the careening position the boat takes seems to satisfy one's lust for thrills. When the force of the wind raises the windward runner "hiking" is paramount. For boat and rider to sail almost vertical, leaning against space, outspeeding a stiff breeze, is a joy of a lifetime. It can be done with perfect ease and control on the part of the pilot by hauling the sail flat, and the drumhead canvas takes advantage of every wind gust to tilt the boat.

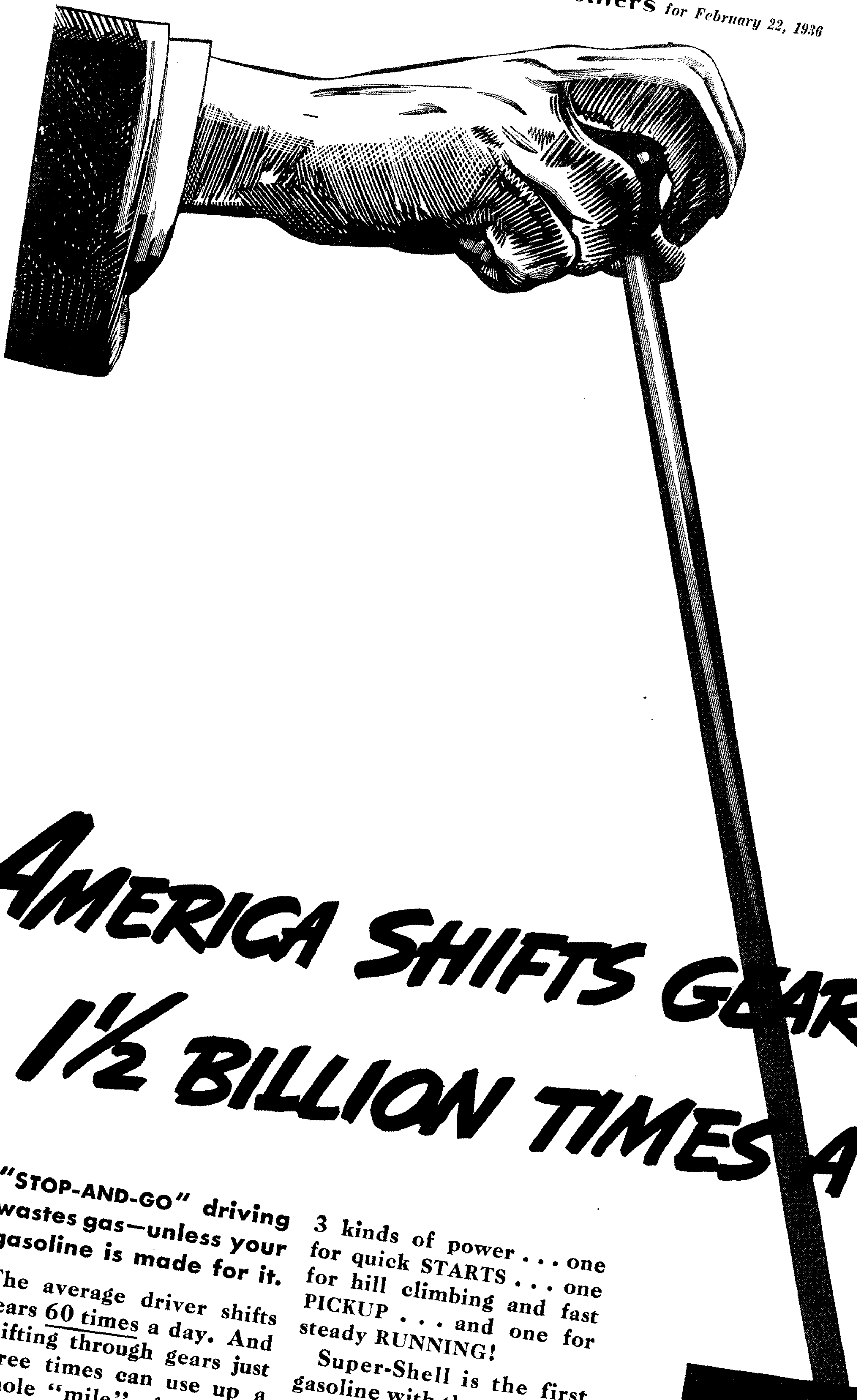
Perhaps the least expected thrill is spinning and it sometimes is more conducive toward the negative appreciation of the sport. Spinning involves no headway, and whirling about in a wild circle throws the occupants out on the ice.

Races of major importance are held on the North and South Shrewsbury rivers for the North American pennant, at Orange and Lake Hopatcong in New Jersey, and at Lake Placid and Lake Saranac in New York. The St. Lawrence River between Quebec and New York state, where the Kingston provincials race the Cape Vincent Americans for intersectional awards, is an ardent iceboat community. In the Middle West, Wisconsin is the headquarters for the Stuart and the Hearst international races and the circuit background for the annual five-day regatta of the Northwestern Association, which embraces iceboat clubs from six surrounding states.

Both the Stuart and Hearst cup race contenders are required to sail twenty miles over either a triangular or a windward-leeward course with a turn every two miles. The maximum time limit is 75 minutes. The Stuart cup regulations make no mention of the amount of sail to be carried, but 450 square feet is the greatest spread in the Hearst cup class. There being no minimum restrictions, exception is being made for the skeeter to race, experimentally, as a light wind specialist.

Nearly always there are tense moments in racing when a false move, a mistake in handling sails, a fouled rope spells victory or defeat. A racing skipper must not only be an able sailor, knowing racing tactics thoroughly, but must have a sensitive tiller hand to determine if he is getting the best performance from his craft. He must know precisely how to tune up his ship on all points of sailing, and have a fair idea of the ability of rival skippers. He must know how to get about smartly in a light breeze or be passed by as if he were standing still.

Ice sailors enjoy action. Iceboating means living "three to the minute," as Stevenson put it, when you sail for the first time. And like many another sport, there's plenty of excitement involved in just watching. It leaves you strangely exhilarated if you're sailing, and entirely amazed if you're a spectator. If you crave speed in the wide open spaces without the danger of crashing into something and where the rules of yacht racing make one a gentleman, and gentlelady, too, iceboating is a regimented sport for health where the elements guide one to play the game.



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Life Begins So Soon

Continued from page 17

"Means nothing," Steve said explosively. "Competing against college boys! It's easy to win from children when they're playing a game and you're in deadly earnest. Because I've been a big-shot at Morrison doesn't mean that I'll clean up when I get out among men in a bigger world." His hands made a furious sweep. "No—that doesn't worry me. I'll take care of myself. I know that. I know I'm good for a three-bagger."

Everyone who knew him knew that too. The clean drive of his mind, urged on by this fiery need—oh, at least a three-bagger. . . . That wasn't what bothered him, he repeated, and his restlessness got more vehement. In the fall of his sophomore year Helen Herrick had come to Morrison.

"How do I know the way I feel isn't part of the same drive?" he said, tortured. "H. H. Herrick's daughter! Sure, I have to get to the top, nothing can stand in my way, climb by any foothold that shows up. How do I know I'm not using her to the same end? Upward and onward with Steve Abbott! By means of a girl!"

So for three years he had avoided everything that might bring them together, hardly speaking to her, withheld by a pride as fierce as his ambition. . . . Steve's outburst slowed to shyness. "Smith knows everything about me," he said, "but Smith doesn't know about her. Nobody knows but you."

"I think you're a terrible snob, Steve," Caroline said.

He grunted. "Sure. From the leading orphanage in Cook County."

"You are! If a girl means that much to a man, she's entitled to know it. Isn't it snobbish to think that anything counts except what he means to her?"

A SURPASSING gratitude was in his eyes, and Caroline was shaken by still another regret. That Helen might have fallen in love with Steve, with a man with this fineness, this white flame of character, and instead had succumbed to the waywardness of an unstable and dangerous boy!

"If only people's hearts had good sense!" she said hopelessly. "She's in love with Tommy. It's like being in love with an angry baby. Stand by, Steve. Maybe something can happen. Maybe she'll wake up. Maybe—oh, just maybe!"

"Don't think I'm not standing by." He smiled wanly.

"You should," Caroline said from the heart. "How crazy it all is! A hundred times I've wished you were in love with her—" she smiled too, "and decided you were too lofty and remote to glance at her. If something would only happen!"

"Or—" he grinned, "if it were a question of organizing an efficient system—if the executive mind could take hold." More slowly, "Or if it wasn't Tommy Pierce."

It would go hard with Tommy, she thought with sudden irrational hope, if anything happened to loose the catch of Steve's honorable restraint. In all this tangle of blind and desperate mistakes, this was the first hopeful element she had found.

"I don't think she's up to you, my dear," Caroline said. "All along I've known you were the best of us. But I'd be happier than I've been for a long time if I knew that Helen was going to marry a man and not a winsome boy."

He couldn't show her his eyes—the casehardened, impenetrable Steve was suffused with embarrassment and gratitude. They had talked for hours! Caroline went over to stand by the man who was her oldest friend and her newest acquaintance. She bent down to kiss his cheek.

"We can't do anything," she said. "That may be our worst mistake, but we're what we are and we can't. But don't be hopeless, Steve. Others can make mistakes too."

He covered her hand with his. "What did I tell you about senior spring? . . . Carol, Carol!"

"YOU aren't afraid of him, are you, Tommy?" Paula asked.

It seemed to Tommy Pierce that she drank danger the way men drank whisky, to give herself mastery and to make the world bright. Infinitely strange, she was strangest in her nerves' demand for sheer excitement. It made her come alive. It made her glow with this vehement vitality that captivated everyone.

But just as much a part of her was the cruelty she could use so deftly. Her taunt had stung him. "I'm not afraid of him!" he said.

Bright-eyed, sinuous, Paula clasped her hands behind her head, giving him the glance that was always tumult in his blood. "But you'd better be, and so had I." She was all calm and all intoxication. "Do you think Gene Fifield is a man who won't pay off his injuries? Then you're wrong—he's as rancorous, as malevolent as any scorned woman ever was. Or—" her lips were mutinous, "or do you think he thinks it's just a little thing to lose me, Tommy?"

"He doesn't know anything. You've thrown him over, sure. But he doesn't know about—us."

"No? In a college town everybody knows everything. If there's anyone who isn't discussing us now, they will be in another week. Still more, a jealous man who hates you and watches me like a cat. After all, he's in love with me."

Tommy groaned. "I feel as if everybody was watching me. When I come here I feel eyes staring at me out of the bushes, peering under the blinds. At the cabin the other day—Paula, we've got to be more careful."

"Yes, I'm sure you're not in the least safe. Better drop me, Tommy."

"Why do you say such things?" He saw her eyes warm, and helplessly knew that she had wanted to produce this very tumult. "You're inhuman! Why won't you let it be just you and me? You love to raise hell."

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ED DECOSSY

"No." Paula was matter-of-fact, except for the brilliance of her eyes. "No, Tommy. . . . You're an adorable boy, and the way your hair curls makes my fingers restless even at this distance. But you have to be a man too. We have to face facts, Tommy, facts and their consequences. You run from facts but there are lots of them for us, my dear, and they must be faced. Here's one: my husband. I'm still nominally married."

That gave him a sharp relief. He could be assured again and flippant. "I'm sure the estimable Maurice is too absorbed in hating the estimable Eugene to bother about me." He laughed delightedly. "Why isn't that our clue, dearest? Whoop up that battle. Let them destroy each other. Then you win two ways."

But Paula would not rise to his mirth. "I grant you Maurice is unbelievably stupid," she said contemptuously. "But Gene Fifield is far from stupid. Suppose he lets Maurice know? What happens if he takes that whim? Where do you stand then?"

In an instantaneous flash he saw a possibility that had never suggested itself to him before, the worst of all.

"It mustn't happen!" he said hoarsely.

HE BEGAN to stride about, turbulence growing on him. "I'm on probation—they can keep me from my degree. I owe the Year Book fourteen hundred dollars. I owe—Lord, Paula, I don't know how much more I owe, maybe a thousand dollars. That doesn't matter. I can handle it! I can take care of it! But it mustn't get known. There mustn't be anything public. They could fire me from college. They could send me to jail. Fifield's committee! And then this! To set Maurice on me, drag everything out." He stopped in the middle of the floor and blazed at her. "He's got me in the hollow of his hand! He must not find out!"

Paula's eyes were drugged. "I know that. He must not find out. But suppose he does?" She paused. "Perhaps you see at last that there's reason to be afraid."

"It's terrible." He was almost screaming. "Paula, it's fiendish."

She said with a sharply indrawn breath, "I'm not worth it?"

"You're worth anything that can happen!"

In an ecstasy of torment, he took her in his arms. The same intensity made her radiant and, even as her rapt smile rewarded him he understood that she had had to produce this chaos in order to glory in it. The heroic declaration wrung from him, all was serene with her, the world was bright and dangerous and she could be at ease.

But she had one thing still to say. She drew away from him and was almost frivolous. "We've mentioned all the interested parties but one. You never mention her, Tommy."

"Don't!" he pleaded.

"You make me afraid she may be more important than I thought."

A force which he knew to be only the outgrown code of conventional people drove him to refuse her. But there she sat, the most beautiful woman in the world, the most enchanting, source of his manliness and hope. After all one must be a free man. One must break through the cowardly conventions of the petty. One must dare greatly.

He said, daring greatly, "Don't you see she may be the solution to everything?"

Her smiling lips lost their tightness and became yielding, completely assured. She had the wisdom of time and eternity, he thought, as old as the earth, as new as tomorrow. "I wondered if you realized that. No, I merely wondered if I could make you say it."

"You know you can make me do anything."

BUT no one could sustain the pitch of such heroics, and the afternoon was nearly up. He had to go. At the door he said, with mock terror, "I wonder what Gene is crouching behind to stare at us through binoculars." But a few minutes later that terror seemed far from silly. It was quite possible that Fifield had been doing just that. Tommy felt the old uneasiness return, an obsessive notion that he was being watched. Away from Paula, too, other fears swept up. Maurice Traggas! His mind began to riot with appalling images.

He was walking fast, heedless of where he was going, staring at the pictures in his mind. Traggas, his name in the papers, a courtroom, all the world denouncing him. Fifield and a faculty committee sitting in judgment. . . .

He was still quivering with such alarms when he called for Helen after dinner. He suggested a movie, which would allow him to be silent, but Helen refused, saying she just wanted to walk. He apologized ironically for not being able to borrow a car tonight. She said she was going to make her father let her keep her car at college. That stung him as a reproach. Turning toward the river along which they had walked so much, he was contemptuous of her. No movie for her, no indeed! She wanted him to make love to her. How demanding she was, and how flat and monotonous her raptures! How Paula had remade the world for him!

He became aware that Helen was crying. Walking at his side, she was tensely holding herself in and trying to give no sign, but her breathing was uneven and she kept stumbling. It was weak to let a girl's tears affect you but he felt tenderness wake in him. "Why are you crying, Helen?" he asked tenderly.

No answer. She walked on, desperately trying to suppress her sobs, which came the harder for his having spoken. At last she murmured brokenly:

"Why shouldn't I? When I don't know what's happening?"

(Continued on page 39)

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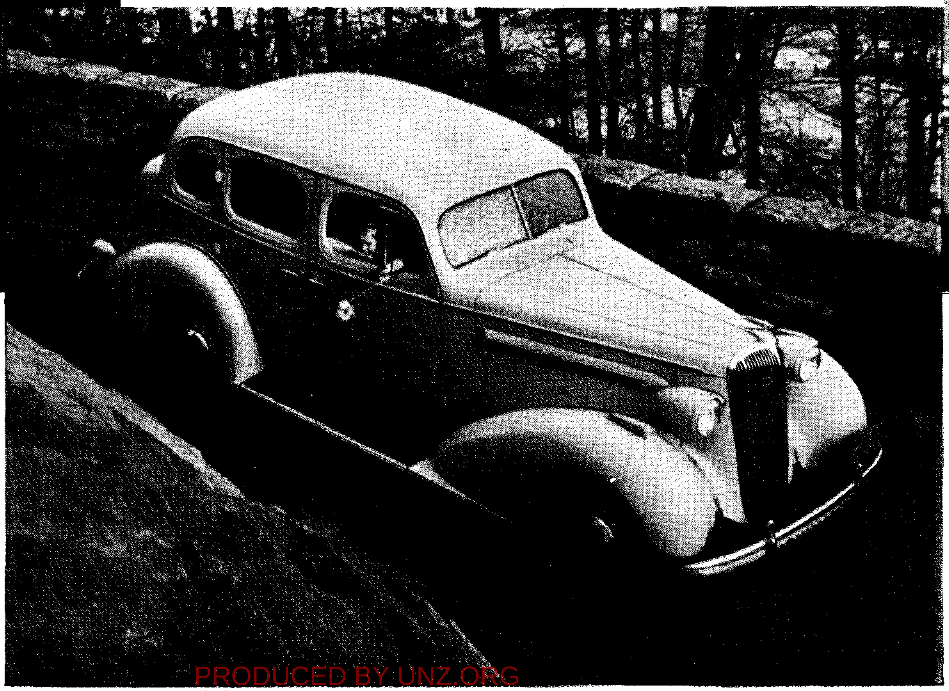

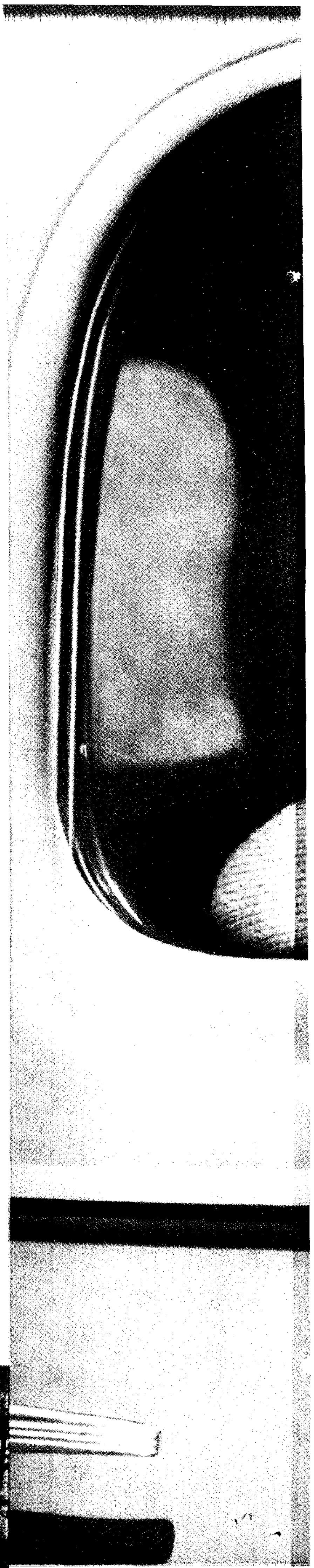

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Life Begins So Soon

Continued from page 34

Her hand reached for him—a schoolgirl trick. But it did something to him. Suddenly he saw her as he had seen her two months ago and knew that she was sweet and tender, lovely as youth, adoring, true. He saw himself as damned, weathered by the world's iniquity, unfit to brush his dark fatality across this loyal trust. But capable still of being splendid!

"Helen," he said tragically, "we can't go on. You've got to give me up. I'm not up to you, dear. I'll only bring you ruin. You're too darling—I won't let you break your heart over me. You've got to kick me out."

Her hand dropped away. One small sob escaped her, then she said with dreary hardness, "All right, Tommy. If that's what you want."

She fumbled at her blouse. She was unfastening his pin. So it was over, the once sweet dream. He had done the splendid thing—he had been generous and noble. He had gallantly shielded her from doom; he had proved the greatness of his soul . . . and—and he had betrayed Paula. Paula! This would close the last chance of salvation, it would plunge him and Paula both into chaos and unthinkable disaster.

"It's not what I want!" He became sheer incandescence. "I won't give you up, Helen. I thought I could. I ought to, I ought not to let you risk the danger I mean to you. But I'm human, I'm a man, and I love you." He gathered her in his arms. "I won't give you up! We can fight our way out together."

SHE was crying again, but in an ecstasy of relief.

"Nothing matters now," Helen was saying. "Why have you let me agonize so long? But oh, dearest, it breaks my heart to see you so troubled. Anything is better than secrets. It's the two of us—you must tell me what's been wrong."

"No. It's got to be me alone." His voice sang and throbbed. "The whole world is against me, but nobody can help and nobody must know what's happening. I've got to do it alone. You've got to make your choice. You've got to send me away. Or you've got to trust me—utterly. It's up to you, dear. Which shall it be?"

"Which can it be?" she said. "When I know you're in love with me?"

"Don't be impulsive because you're in love," he said magnificently. "Every man's hand is against me. That means against you too. You may have to trust me when every bit of you disbelieves. You may have to stand by me against the whole world."

It was so easy! He had only to speak to her, to touch her cheek, and she was helpless. "Tommy, Tommy! Isn't that what I want most?"

"Be sure! Suppose I phone you and say we're being married in half an hour? Don't say it unless you mean it, Helen!"

"Tommy," she whispered from the high peak of her exaltation, "don't you know by now that you can do anything you want to with me?"

The world was shot with lightning and victory. It had proved, after all, to be a world he could master. No one could oppose him. Nothing could stop him now! But she must not wear her subjection like a badge for everyone to see. He must make her canny, crafty, tight-mouthed, opaque. He must teach her secretiveness. And guile.

"This was a night when I had to stay in," Caroline said. "You come along with your fine speeches and your city ways and make me violate the regulations of Morrison University. Is that being a dignified professor, Dave? It's the ventilator for me."

"If you've had half as good a time as I have you won't weep over the regulations of Morrison University."

Half? She'd had twice as good a time. All evening there hadn't been an allusion to Maurice or Tommy or Paula or Helen. He had come looking for her at six o'clock and carried her off to dinner. A long, delightful meal, with Dave's concern for really fine food, and talk that had its own intimate rhythm. Then, driving along the Brookfield road, they had passed a garishly lighted five-cent dance hall and he had insisted on going in. Any shreds of faculty decorum that might conceivably have clung to him were brushed away on that crowded floor in the midst of garage mechanics and shop girls having a noisy good time. It was on the Dean of Women's blacklist, of course, which made it the more enjoyable. But most of all, their dancing! It was really true, that blissful moment at the Formal. They danced together as if they had been born for it, a complete concord of body and mood, an enchantment both of them had been reluctant to break.

"It etches away my age," Dave said. "I feel like a college boy."

"You'd better—I need a college boy to hold the ventilator grating." She made him stop the car down the road and keep close in the shadow with her. She stopped where an alley led back and pointed to the corner. "There are three kinds of good-nights at the Gamma house," she whispered. "If it's legal but just a date, you shake hands at the door. If it's a legal but heavy date, there's the big oak. If it's illegal, whether date or heavy date, you go up the alley. Come on—tiptoe and sh!" They crept through blackness. "The theory is that, if seen, we're the cook and her boy friend." Past the Gamma garbage cans with an assistant professor of chemistry! She stifled a giggle. "For the Gammas, romance is all mixed up with garbage. Here we are. Stoop down and help." She fumbled for the catch and swung the grating out. "You hold this—I have to hang by my hands."

She thought with a now familiar embarrassment that there was a part of the established ritual which it was just as well not to allude to. She whispered "Good-night, Dave—this gives you the thirty-third degree," pulled up her skirt, backed into the embrasure, found the traditional handholds, hung from the sill and dropped through darkness. An alarmed whisper reached her as the grating softly thudded back, "Good heavens, Carol, are you alive?" "Of course—you aren't the first undergraduate who's held it for me. Stick to the shadows going out and I'll see you tomorrow," she whispered back.

SHE felt her way through the furnace room and up the service stairs. Pushing open the door of her room, she found a light burning under an inverted wastebasket and half a dozen of the sisters lying around in assorted postures and various stages of undress. Flat on the floor, her knees high, Betty Stevens said, "We've got to oil that grating—if I could hear it squeak up here I'm sure you woke Priscilla. The faculty certainly knows its stuff, girls. Look at the chapter beauty's eyes shine!"

"Darling," Caroline said blithely, "does that repulsive layer of cold cream mean that a new Deke has been phoning the Gamma house?"

Betty subsided, muttering, "If you had my skin you'd have too much charity to make wisecracks." Helen, hugging scarlet-pajama calves on her bed, pleaded, "Run these bums out, Carol. They're boring me. They don't know anything."

Caroline kicked off her shoes and pulled her blouse over her head. "When I get my pajamas on I'm going to wake Priscilla and ask how many of you signed in."

They got out, giggling and silencing each other.

"They're pretty silly," Helen said from a great height when they were gone. "Giggly little girls! They're so darned young they make me sick."

THE unconscious comedy of that tugged at Caroline's laughter. But she looked at Helen and at once all the exhilaration of the evening with Dave left her. Something had happened! The anxiety and bewilderment of the last weeks were gone from Helen, the strain had left her face and she looked—well, how did she look? Serene, exalted. More than that—resolute. As if she had reached a crossroads and made a final decision.

Had Tommy made good on his wild promises? Inconceivable. Had he, then, at last faced his responsibility and told Helen everything? That was even more inconceivable. Besides, full knowledge would give Helen desperation, not serenity. What could it be?

"You must have got in early," she said.

"Quarter to ten. Tommy had a lot to do. . . . Aren't you going to bed?"

No doubt Tommy had a lot to do! Looking at Helen, thinking of Paula, remembering Tommy's all but maniac excitement, Caroline quivered with a wish to stop it now. Now and forever. Tommy would break Helen's heart. But she glanced again at Helen, preoccupied, looking far away, so pretty that it hurt.

Tears blinded her. Dave, she thought frantically; Dave's got to tell me what to do—I can't take the responsibility myself—what a coward I am! She heard him whispering intimately through the ventilator. With a swift impulse, she touched Helen's forehead, switched off the light and got into bed. Tomorrow! Dave would decide for her.

"You're sweet," Helen said sleepily from across the room. "I've hated you a lot. I don't now. I know you think a lot of me."

Helen musing in the dark, ignorant of everything, ignorant especially of Paula. Caroline shuddered. But it would all be settled tomorrow. Settled how? Whatever happened, Helen would be hurt unbearably. "You're the only girl I can stand," Caroline said shakily, "I'm your older sister. I'm strong for you." She was crawling with the thought of Helen when she should be transfixed by the truth about Paula.

"Hang on to that. Remember it. I'll want to know you thought it and said it."

"I know." Helen yawned. "Let's go to sleep. But I'd like to know you thought well of me if I went away."

Went away! That could mean only one thing. Caroline leaped out of bed and made for Helen, fumbling for her shoulder in the dark. "Are you going away?"

"Don't be silly!" Helen's voice was startled. She sat up. "Stop shaking me! Go back to bed."

"Are you going away?" Caroline repeated fiercely. "Have you got any plans for getting married?"

"No!"

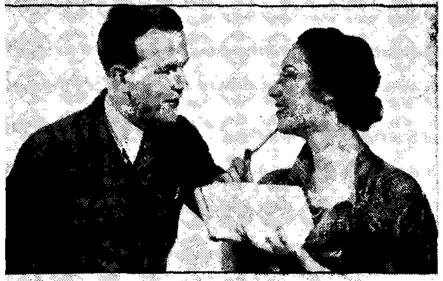
There was exasperation and anger

(Continued on page 42)

HER HUSBAND THOUGHT MONEY WAS ONLY FOR MEN

By the Doctor of Family Finances

- *HUSBAND*—Darling, I don't want you to bother your pretty head about bills!
- *WIFE*—But I *want* to! I think I can save us some money.



- *HUSBAND*—But women aren't supposed to know anything about money matters and business.
- *WIFE*—Give me a chance! I'll show you! Please, Jack . . .

SO HE DID, AND

- *HUSBAND*—Grace, I owe you a thousand apologies. You've cut our expenses 20 per cent!
- *WIFE*—Would you like to know the secret of my success?

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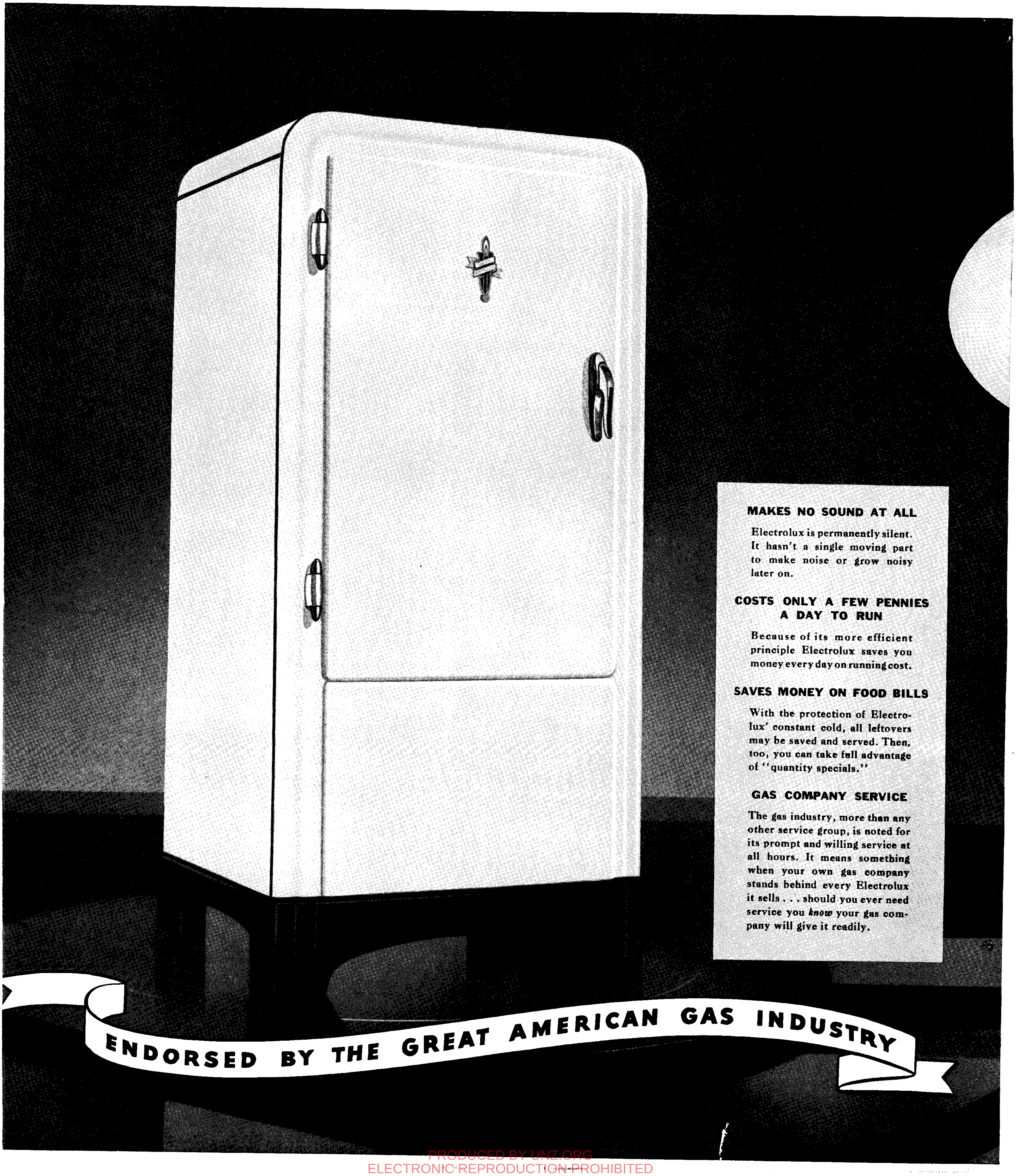
ENDORSED BY THE GREAT AMERICAN GAS INDUSTRY

MAKES NO SOUND AT ALL

Electrolux is permanently silent. It hasn't a single moving part to make noise or grow noisy later on.

COSTS ONLY A FEW PENNIES A DAY TO RUN

Because of its more efficient principle Electrolux saves you money every day on running cost.

SAVES MONEY ON FOOD BILLS

With the protection of Electrolux' constant cold, all leftovers may be saved and served. Then, too, you can take full advantage of "quantity specials."

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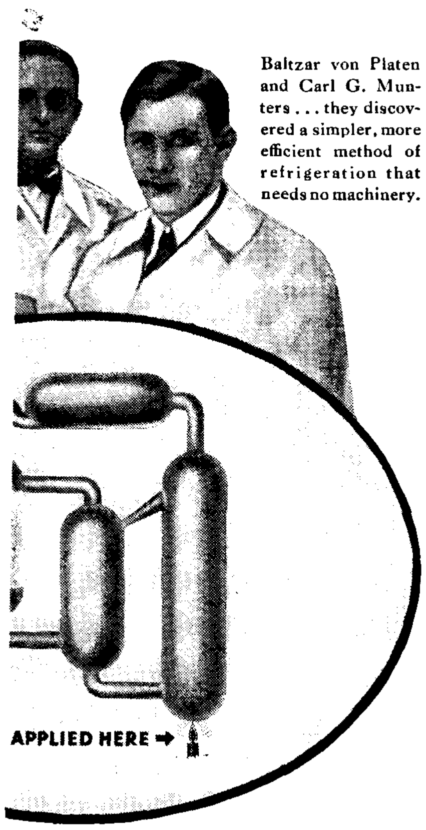
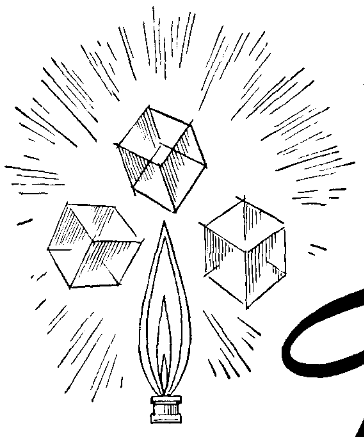


Baltzar von Platen and Carl G. Munters . . . they discovered a simpler, more efficient method of refrigeration that needs no machinery.

NO MOVING PARTS—This simplified diagram shows why Electrolux needs no moving parts. Parts that do not move cannot wear. This means more years of service . . . less loss through depreciation.



The flame that freezes

Read why only ONE refrigerator can offer permanent silence . . . how this silence explains the whole miracle of Electrolux performance—an entirely different operating method with exclusive advantages for all owners

---

WHEN the men who now manufacture Electrolux paid 5 million dollars for a students' remarkable discovery, they bought more than just another refrigeration idea. By this purchase they were able to offer every home in America a basically different freezing method whose obvious advantages are enthusiastically acclaimed wherever Electrolux goes into homes.

Even today, after ten years, it still seems like a miracle that a refrigerator can run with no moving parts, in permanent silence, giving constant cold . . . yet that is exactly what Electrolux does. The unchanging laws of nature serve man's genius in a new way. The tiny "flame that freezes" runs Electrolux without force or friction. It circulates a simple refrigerant which, by being alternately heated and cooled, quickly freezes ice cubes or desserts and produces constant cold.

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USES NO WATER
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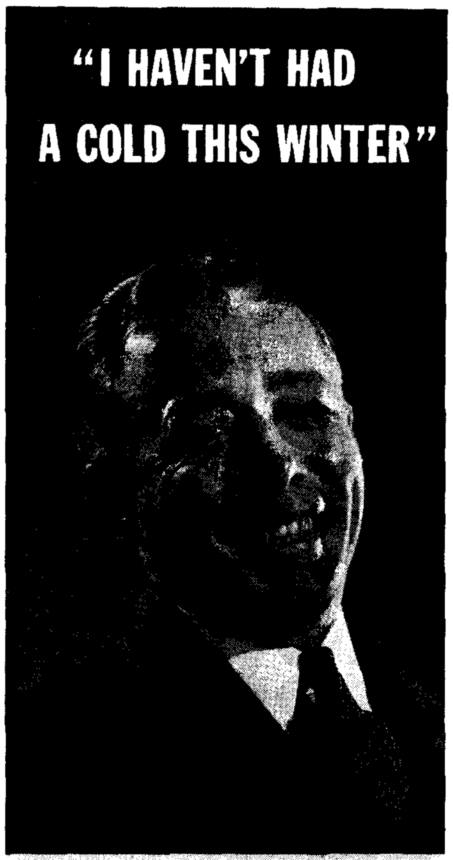
IT RUNS ON KEROSENE

Where there is no gas, Electrolux offers the same modern refrigeration that it gives to thousands of fine city homes. A glow type kerosene burner replaces the gas burner. Otherwise this Kerosene Electrolux gives identical service in every important way. Let us send you more information. Servel, Inc., Electrolux Refrigerator Sales Division, Evansville, Indiana.

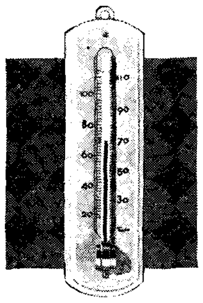
New Air-Cooled ELECTROLUX

THE SERVEL *Gas Refrigerator*

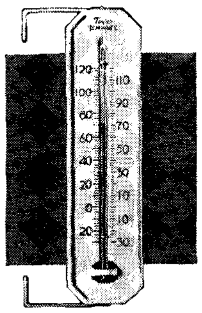


"I listened to my doctor
HERE'S HIS ADVICE..."

"DRINK PLENTY of water, get plenty of sleep, go easy on starchy foods, strong on citrous fruits, *and above all things, guard against sudden changes in temperature."* That advice on temperature is vitally important—dashing from a warm room to a cold one is an easy way to start a cold. Don't risk it—put a Taylor Indoor Thermometer in every room. Then you can keep them the same even temperature; warm enough to prevent getting chills. Look for the name Taylor on *every* thermometer—it means *tested* accuracy, and full value for your money. An inaccurate thermometer is worse than none at all. If your dealer can't supply you, write direct to Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester, N.Y. Plant also in Toronto, Canada.



TAYLOR INDOOR WALL THERMOMETER, No. 5126, walnut finish, ivory enamel or silver lacquer back, relief-line brass markings. Permacolor tube with magnifying lens. 6" model shown, $1.*



TAYLOR TEMPRITE OUTDOOR THERMOMETER, to indicate the outside temperature. White enamel, black figures fired in for permanence, Permacolor tube, adjustable mounting brackets. $1.*

**Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada*

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INSTRUMENTS

IN INDUSTRY, other types for indicating, recording and controlling temperature, pressure and humidity.

Life Begins So Soon

Continued from page 39

and some amusement in the syllable. Why couldn't she see Helen's face? She sounded honest, she had no guile. "Are you telling me the truth? Why do you say such things? Tell me!" Beneath her urgency she was all but praying: Dave, Dave, tell me what to do!

"Caroline!" Now it was Helen who blazed up. "I won't stand for this! I'm not getting married. You're crazy—have I said anything about marriage? I'm going to, of course. The sooner the better. I'll marry him any time he says. Or—" she said fiercely, "or not marry him, if that's what he says. But he hasn't asked me—we haven't got any plans—you're acting like a fool—you're seeing things."

"He hasn't said anything about running off?"

"He has not! It's not your affair anyway. I won't talk to you. Go to bed."

Suddenly the thought of Tommy marrying Helen was grotesque. Marriage was the last thing in his mind. Tie himself to Helen while Paula existed? She must be hysterical—of all mad ideas, that was the maddest. But that realization made everything more complicated still. What was the key to this inextricable tangle? . . . She lay awake, shivering with dismay. She could find out—and she would! She would confront Tommy—well, when? Tomorrow? If Dave said to. Dave must decide. She had no ground beneath her now, she had been carried out on a flood that swirled in darkness.

FOR some hours she struggled with tumbling images of the last two months, watching the parts of the story come together and take grotesque shapes, reproaching herself with stupidity and cowardice, trying to think what might lie ahead and what her responsibility in it must be. She kept coming back to Dave. She could not imagine how he would resolve things into order and hold back the perils her mind was building up. But he had strength and stanchness; he was the source of courage; when you went to him for help he did not fail you. The sky was gray when at last the troubled images withdrew; she fell asleep remembering that in another dawn, after another night of tumult, she and Dave had smiled at each other.

She woke late. Helen was gone and breakfast had long been over. She went downstairs, the night's anxiety coming back with new force. She would go to Dave at once. But a letter on the mail table postponed that visit. It was a curt note from Dr. Fifield summoning her to his office at eleven o'clock. His face rose in her mind, bringing with it all the tawdry things she knew about him. What could he want? She had handed in her senior thesis ten days ago. She had heard nothing from it. In the circumstances, she had expected to hear nothing. Certainly the thesis was not on his mind now.

She had just time for a cup of coffee at the corner. She went to Whitman Hall, aware of quicksands and determined to be on her guard. He opened the door to her knock, a small bearded man looking as if he had not slept for a long time, and she noted that he latched the spring lock when he closed it. He said, "Sit down, please," waving to a chair beside his desk. He studied her with antagonized eyes, his forehead all sternness, and Caroline waited alertly. Outside, a bed of scarlet tulips in May morning; inside, a preposterous, repellent little man who was trying to awe or frighten her.

"Miss Fanning," he said abruptly, "do you want your degree from Morrison?"

"Of course." So it was immediately a threat. What about?

The point of his nondescript Van Dyke quivered. She remembered Dave calling him weak and vindictive, ordering her to have nothing to do with him. Well, here she was. He might be vicious, but his vindictiveness would be a timorous kind, a weak man snarling enviously. . . . He was scowling. To impress her.

"I am a member of the faculty committee on student discipline, Miss Fanning," he said pompously. "I must ask you some questions about a student whom we are investigating. I want you to tell me what you know about Thomas Pierce."

There it was. The circle was complete and neither she nor Dave need have any more doubt about one part of it: Dr. Fifield was moving against Tommy. She clamped an iron control on her tremors. She must be calm and clear. "I don't know anything," she said.

"Come, Miss Fanning. You were engaged to marry him, last December."

"Yes, but I don't know anything about him since. Do you want to know about that? Just what do you want to know, Dr. Fifield?"

He ostentatiously set out a scratch pad in front of him and poised a silver pencil. "What kind of person he is. What his habits are. What he does with himself. Who his associates are. How he has occupied himself during the last month, since he has been on probation. And anything else you may know."

"But you see, I haven't had anything to do with him since December," Caroline said. "I've seen him here and there. At the Gamma Formal, at Mrs. Traggas' party a while ago. Just as I saw you at both places, Dr. Fifield."

She had hoped that the allusion would bring him up short, and it did. He abandoned the judicial attitude. He laid the silver pencil aside, fixed his eyes on her, and said softly, "We had better be clear about this, Caroline. It's not only that you know Tom Pierce. You are intimate with Mrs. Traggas. You have a relationship with her husband that my committee might find highly interesting. And your association with Dave Bingham might richly reward inquiry. I'm interested in them all." Suddenly he shouted, "Will you talk about Tommy Pierce and Paula?"

CAROLINE stood up, said "No," unemotionally, and turned toward the door.

Fifield leaped to grasp her elbow and turn her back. His beard worked spasmodically. She pushed his hand away. His small eyes showed her why Dave had called him feline. "You little fool," he said, "don't you know I can expel you from Morrison in disgrace? Plagiarism in the thesis you wrote for me would cost you your degree. And what if my committee calls on you to explain these long spring evenings you spend in the woods with Bingham, or Traggas, or both of them? I want to find out what you know and can help me prove. If you don't help, I'll disgrace you."

Not feline. Her own word was better, ophidian. Small, shorter than she, he had a venomous repulsiveness. Caroline loathed it but could no longer fear it. Paula's discarded lover, betrayer of Maurice, a little man beaten half to death on the lawn of the country club, stooping to match himself against a college boy, making threats to a girl who studied in his class!

"I don't need your course to graduate," she said calmly. "But if you accuse me of plagiarism, you will have to prove it. I'll make you prove it. And if you accuse me of—those other things—David will make you prove them, and so will Maurice. Do you think you can intimidate them?"

She turned the threat on him and triumphantly saw him give way. He was weak—he could be defied. Anger left his face. He said, "You must understand I'm driven out of myself, Caroline." He looked out at the tulips and his whole manner changed. He turned to her, one hand outstretched, pleading. "Be compassionate. You must see that I'm in torment. If I abase myself to ask your help, surely that must strike some human pity in you." Whether sincerely or with a fine histrionic sense, he was speaking in a husky whisper that reeked with feeling. "I must know everything. I've got to have proof. Tell me what you know about Paula and Pierce."

"I don't know anything." He had been contemptible trying to coerce her, but this was more shameful still. She was seeing, concentrated in a few minutes, the whole Fifield. "I don't know what you're talking about. And you needn't explain."

SHE was seeing the whole Fifield—one phase had not yet been shown. She turned to the door and he moved round to intercept her again. And now his pinched, bitter face showed still another change. A kind of queasy gallantry radiated from him and he made his voice caressing. "Would you be so indifferent to me if I were freed of—complications? Remember there can be more agreeable circumstances, Caroline. You can't pretend to be ignorant of the impact you have always had on me. Think how pleasant we could be to each other."

The words faded into action and, a preposterous intentness in his face, the faculty Don Juan tried to take her in his arms. Caroline's response was as involuntary as winking—she slapped his face, her arm swinging with the strength of a young, tennis-playing body. . . . Rushing across the campus she could see him holding his hand to his bearded cheek. Uncontrollable laughter rocked her. Virtue defended, she thought hysterically, sinister advance repulsed—we're hard on Gene Fifield, Maurice and I. Her mirth ceased at once. Fifield was moving against Tommy. And this agony of last night. She almost ran, turning up the path that led to Tate Hall and Dave's office.

It was only Tommy she was thinking of—Helen and Tommy in last night's feverish apprehension. Fifield and Tommy in whatever a jealous man could do to a youth who had played so completely into his hands, Paula and Tommy in this now certain menace of exposure. But she forgot Tommy when she had poured out the story of this morning's scene to Dave—Tommy became only a minor, unimportant issue. She didn't even have time to feel relief in coming to Dave. For his face got graver as she talked and at last it was white with alarm.

"Then Fifield knows about Tommy and Paula. Does he *know?* I don't—I only suspect. I'm morally sure, but I don't know."

"I know," Caroline said.

Dave didn't bother to question her or even make a reservation. "If you know, then Fifield can know too." He stood up and got his hat, making for the door. "He must be kept from going to Maurice. Maurice will kill him."

(To be continued next week)

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PRICE REDUCTIONS

Resulting from the 50% tariff cut now allow you to enjoy Canadian Club's six-year-old goodness, and still pay less than you've been spending for the other brands.

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If you took off today in a twin-motored Douglas for a round-the-world flight with landings in every country, before you again touched wheels to your home airport, you'd have tasted some 85 different kinds of foreign cooking.

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Hiram Walker

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AS YOU'RE SO INTERESTED IN PIPES, LAD, I'LL SHOW YOU SOME OF THE RARER ONES IN MY COLLECTION—IT BEATS ALL HOW MANY KINDS OF MATERIAL PIPES WERE MADE OF! ALMOST EVERYTHING YOU CAN THINK OF
YOU'VE HEARD OF THE CALUMET—THE INDIAN PIPE OF PEACE—BUT THERE WAS A PIPE OF WAR, TOO—AND HERE'S A BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE—BOWL AND AXE-BLADE MADE OF DARK STONE, RUDELY ENGRAVED—ON THE RIGHT AND LEFT ARE TWO BEARS—THE WOOD STEM IS CARVED IN A FLORAL PATTERN
AND HERE'S AN ODD PIPE—A CAPITAL EXAMPLE OF THE SKILL AND HUMOR OF THE ESKIMOS—IT'S MADE OF WHALEBONE, AND THE ANIMALS ON THE STEM ARE CARVED IN ONE PIECE WITH THE PIPE—PIPES LIKE THESE WERE ALSO MADE BY THE ANCIENT ASIATIC RUSSIANS
THIS PREHISTORIC MEXICAN PIPE OF TERRA COTTA IS FULL OF CHARACTER—NOTICE THE EXPRESSION OF THE FULL FACE LOOKING AT US OUT OF THE AGES! IT SEEMS TO BE ASKING A QUESTION—IF IT'S A QUESTION OF TOBACCO, WE CAN SURE ANSWER IT, LAD, CAN'T WE?
YOU'RE RIGHT—PRINCE ALBERT!
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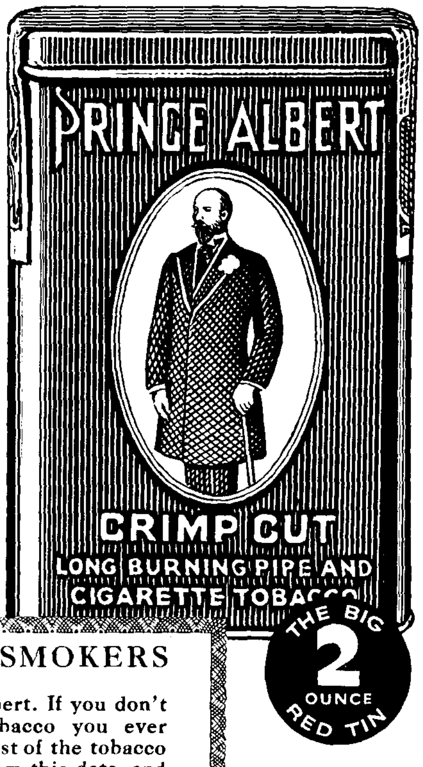
MEN, SHAKE HANDS WITH SMOKIN' AT ITS BEST!

Swing back the lid on the P.A. tin—tamp the golden-brown, fragrant tobacco particles into your pipe—and play a match across the bowl! That's a recipe for solid comfort that never fails! For you're smoking mild, smooth, top-quality tobacco—"crimp-cut" for cool smoking—its natural mellowness enhanced by the special P.A. "anti-bite" process. Prince Albert adds to life's joys—try it today! You risk nothing. Note the offer below. Prince Albert is great for roll-your-own cigarettes too!


PRINCE ALBERT
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LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
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OUR OFFER TO PIPE SMOKERS
"You must be pleased"
Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert.

Callingham's Girl

Continued from page 21

again. "You wouldn't fool me, would you?" he asked contemptuously. "I didn't leave any fingerprints because I tied a handkerchief around my hand.

"At six o'clock that night," he proceeded, "Penfold came to my apartment. Our boys were all there shooting craps. He told us as smoothly as anything that he was taking over our racket and us. He wanted Henderson kidnapped and killed. I didn't mind kidnapping Henderson because I had decided to be head man myself and I thought that Henderson had arranged the protection for Callingham and that if I had him in my apartment I could scare him into throwing in with me instead of Penfold. So we tried to snatch Henderson but it didn't work. Some dumb fiddler got it all balled up."

"Did anyone tell you that Henderson was the protection for Callingham?"

"No. I just figured it out that way."

Henderson smiled. He found the idea funny.

"You're pretty smart, aren't you?" Davis said to Braggiotti.

"You don't have to be smart in a racket. All you need is the right higher-up and some good gunners. You dicks could do it yourself if you had a few good triggers."

"How many of your boys were in the kidnap car the night you tried to kidnap Henderson?"

"Only myself," Braggiotti said defiantly.

District Attorney Davis took out of his pocket a photograph of the man that Cantavo identified as the man seen at the scene of the kidnapping and also seen with Penfold in a taxi on Sixth Avenue. "Wasn't this man with you on the first night that you tried to kidnap Henderson?"

"Someone gave you a bum steer on that one, Mr. Davis," Braggiotti said. "That guy in the photograph was never with our gang. I never saw that guy but once in my life. He was the one that went into Callingham's house with Penfold the morning Callingham was murdered."

"You're sure of that?"

"You bet I am." Braggiotti seemed honest in his certainty.

"I HAVE a witness who will testify that this man in the photograph was at the scene of the kidnapping."

"That witness is just naturally a liar, Mr. Davis," Braggiotti said indignantly.

"This witness states positively that the man in the photograph was standing on the walk behind your car with a gun in his hand."

"Was that this gink?" Braggiotti said in surprise. "That's funny. On the night that we tried to snatch Henderson from—" Braggiotti hesitated again at naming anyone.

"From Rapport and Heinie Schmidt."

"Yeah. Well, on that night while the fighting was going on I saw a man standing in a doorway, looking interested. Penfold had told us not to leave any witnesses standing around. I was going to take a crack at him but I didn't have time."

"Did he look like this photograph?"

"How would I know? I was shooting at uniforms."

"Callingham was shot with a .45 revolver," Davis said. "Have you any forty-fives in your arsenal?"

"Sure we have. You'll find them up on East 82d Street. There's not a guilty gun among them."

"Who killed Callingham's butler?"

"I don't know who would want to kill him. He never knew anything about what was going on. None of our boys ever saw him. I only saw him for the first time on the morning Callingham was killed."

"Why did he tell the reporters that Mary Byran was Callingham's girl?"

"He told me he was trying to protect Amy Martin. He was a stupid old fool."

"Why would he want to protect her?"

"He was loyal to Callingham's girl."

"Who killed Amy Martin's maid?"

"I don't know."

AT ONE-THIRTY, Henderson stopped in at the Monroe. He smiled when he saw Cantavo. "I thought you were going to let the doctor hold your pulse for the rest of the night."

"My public wouldn't stand for it." Cantavo looked over the room full of dull faces. "They like to be bored to the accompaniment of noise."

"How is Marsten?"

"Okay. What did Braggiotti say?" Cantavo asked.

"He said that Penfold and a man from the West shot Callingham; that I took graft, and that you were a liar."

The head waiter gave Henderson a message: "Mr. Dinsmore wants to know if you'll come to see him right away at 1 East 29th Street."

"Dinsmore must have read the papers."

"What does he want you for?"

"Dinsmore is a federal man—a special agent—if you know what I mean. He's on the narcotic squad. I've been worrying about him. He always reports daily and he hasn't been heard of for four days. I thought maybe Rapport had found out who he was and put a bullet in him." Henderson rose from the table.

Twenty minutes later, Henderson walked into Dinsmore's apartment.

"The papers say you've arrested Penfold. Have you enough evidence to convict him?" Dinsmore inquired.

"No. We have a bullet and not the revolver from which it was fired. We have the murderer and not a witness. Where have you been the last four days?"

"I've been here. I've done something I shouldn't have done. I've got Amy Martin here. I've had her here several days."

"What's the idea?"

"I'm in love with her. She's sick. I didn't want her to be arrested. I didn't want her being questioned by a bunch of newspapermen. I knew she didn't kill Callingham."

"How did you know?"

"She told me."

"I'll have to arrest her. She'll be a plenty important witness in this case."

"You can't. Amy has pneumonia," Dinsmore protested. "She's dangerously ill. She has had day and night nurses and all that. She's in no condition to be questioned."

"I'll have to take a look at her," Henderson insisted. Dinsmore pointed to the door of the bedroom. Henderson went in quietly and closed the door after him. He came out immediately. "All right. Tell me," he said.

They talked for two hours, going over every small detail of Amy's story. Dinsmore had done a thorough job of cross-examination. Amy had known nothing of Callingham's business affairs. She had known only two of his friends and these two she had met at lunch at Callingham's house two months ago. Penfold and a man from the West who was called Jim by both Penfold and Callingham, and who was introduced to Amy in that fashion. She didn't know his last name. Dinsmore had assumed that this Jim was the man whom Cantavo had seen with Penfold in a taxi and whom he had seen on West 67th Street the night of his kidnapping and whose photograph had been broadcast as wanted. So Dinsmore had asked Amy in detail about the luncheon.

The man from California was rich, attractive, blond, nonalcoholic and liked Hungarian honey made from Acacia blossoms. Used it instead of sugar, in tea and coffee and on fruit. Callingham, the perfect host, had provided the Hungarian honey for him at both luncheons. He talked of bicycle races and ice hockey and travel in Europe; the stock market and cabbages and kings. He showed a diamond bracelet to Amy and told her that he had bought it for a girl in the chorus of some show—he didn't say what girl or what show. He preferred gangster motion pictures.

"I hope his face with 'Wanted' above it hasn't spoiled his love of the theater."

"There's not much by way of a clue in any of those items, unless the honey might be one."

"I never heard before that bees were of different nationalities," Henderson said.

"The only honey I ever ate," Dinsmore said, "tasted like the bees ate sunflowers. We might phone some of the stores that deal in fancy imported groceries and see whether everybody eats Hungarian honey or only the better classes."

"Maybe we can locate the chorus girl with the Western spender."

"I sent a wire to Tim Grady in San Francisco, describing this bird, Jim. I thought he might know someone that would answer Amy's description. I received six names from him." Dinsmore handed Henderson a list of names. "As you will see, only three of them look like possibilities."

Henderson read the list carefully:

James Ventor. Los Angeles lawyer; not prominent in any way. Pays small income tax but has dough. No one knows source. Went to New York City three weeks ago. Returned two days ago.

James Lewis. Retired lawyer; hair nondescript, brilliantly educated. Knows fast social crowd. Fairly reputable. Political power. Left San Francisco six weeks ago on way to Riviera.

James Gettling. Los Angeles lawyer. Disreputable. Represents bond thieves and gangsters. Whereabouts unknown. Has been away from San Francisco two months.

THE next morning Henderson went, himself, to the four best-known stores that sold imported groceries. The first two stores at which he inquired carried Cephalion honey, Greek-hymettus honey, Jamaica honey, wild rose honey from Smyrna, wild thyme honey from Syria and Dalmatian honey. They did not carry Hungarian honey because there was no demand for it. The third store had it in stock, although there were only six customers for it. It was a nuisance and, of course, profitless for them to deal in, but the six customers were old and valuable ones. About two months ago, however, a seventh customer had been added to their list of purchasers of this honey. Her name was Cissie Crane and she lived on Riverside Drive. The salesman showed Henderson the address. "It's just above 72d Street," he said.

Cissie Crane might be James Lewis' girl. Henderson went to the telephone and called Sergeant Brainard at the 68th Street station. He was so pleased with events and so preoccupied with his success that he unconsciously whistled a melody as he walked out of the door and down the street.

Heinie had just returned from the Tombs, where he had seen Sandy. "The dirty yellow-bellied coppers. I hate them." Heinie was on the verge of tears.

"Why do you find them so distasteful?" Cantavo inquired. "They've been pretty good to you."

"Sandy is a good guy."

"You riddled him with bullets one night recently," Cantavo reminded him.

"Sure. But we was both working that night." Heinie lighted a cigarette. His hands were trembling. "When Sandy comes out, will you give him a job, Bill? If he learns to play a flute up there?" Apparently flutes were the only musical instrument of which Heinie was cognizant.

"I hope you're not going to ask me to buy the flute. I don't want everyone in Sing Sing down on me."

"No. Just will you give him a job?"

"How long is he in for?"

"Ten years."

"Sure." Cantavo thought it safe to comfort him. By the time Sandy had been there ten years he would have lost his zest for music. "How are you making out for friends, Heinie? Have you located any of your older ones? Nice ones?"

"Sure. I'm doing swell. I go to bed every night after work at 3:30. Haven't been out late once."

"What do you do with your days?"

"I go to the shooting gallery and shoot the clay pigeons." He added hastily, "I rent a gun, you know. And I have dinner every night, if I don't get there too late, with a girl I know on 112th Street. She cooks a good steak."

"You'll have to give her up, Heinie."

"She's a good guy, Bill."

"Of course, she's okay, Heinie. I was only kidding."

TWO hours later, on his way home to dinner, Henderson stopped in at the 68th Street station. Sergeant Brainard and Patrolman Ferguson were there.

"I sent Maloney up to that Cissie Crane's apartment on Riverside Drive," Brainard told Henderson. "No one was home but Maloney found a .45 revolver, a man's clothing, and two letters addressed to James Lewis."

"You told the officer to wait there till someone comes in, didn't you?"

"I did. Maloney reports that the maid in the Riverside Drive apartment expects the Crane woman and a man named Ferguson back at the tea hour." And he asked in derisive amusement, "What would the tea hour be?"

"That is the hour set aside for getting drunk, comfortably, at home, instead of doing it in a bar with your foot on a rail. Did Maloney send the .45 down to the Ballistic Bureau?"

"He did."

Henderson phoned to the Ballistic Bureau. "Swell," he said as he hung up. "I'll go along up and wait for Mr. Lewis myself," Henderson told Brainard.

Henderson was admitted into Cissie Crane's apartment by the maid. Maloney was standing hopefully at the door with a newspaper in his hand. He threw the paper on the couch wearily, and pointed to two trunks in the room. "I guess Lewis is getting ready to go somewhere. Maybe he's run out on us."

"I think you'd better wait downstairs inside the front door, Maloney. The elevator boy might tip Lewis off that we're waiting for him, if he hasn't already done it."

Maloney descended in the elevator and stood by the door.

A half hour later Cissie Crane, a dainty, feminine little brunette with an impertinent, laughing face came into the Crane apartment accompanied by the man whose face had been so well advertised on the screen a few days previously. They both stopped in surprise as they saw Henderson. "You look like your photograph," Henderson said to the man.

"My name is Ferguson," the man replied courteously. "What can I do for you?"

"The law is going to be obstinate," Henderson told him. "It is going to in-

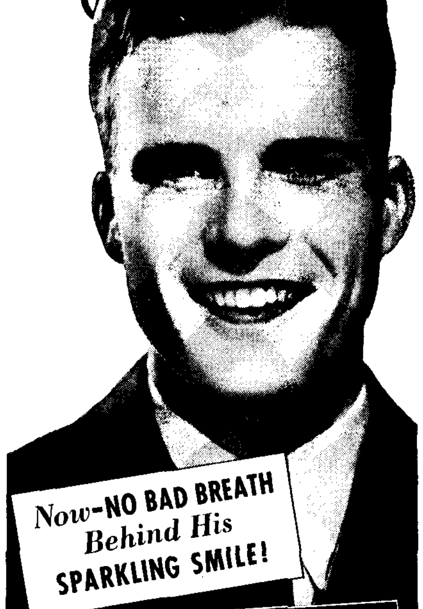
(Continued on page 46)

ALL RIGHT—OUT WITH IT! WHAT DID I DO WRONG TONIGHT?
SINCE YOU ASK ME...HERE IT IS! YOU SIMPLY MUST SEE THE DENTIST—ABOUT YOUR BREATH!
THE DENTIST! WHAT IN THUNDER!
HE TOOK HELEN'S HINT
BILL, YOUR WIFE IS RIGHT. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THE CAUSE OF MOST BAD BREATH—AND MAKES TEETH SPARKLE, TOO.
RIGHT, DOCTOR! COLGATE'S FOR ME!
COLGATE'S SURE IS OKAY! MY MOUTH NEVER FELT SO CLEAN AND FRESH!
AT THE NEXT PARTY
DEAR, YOU'RE MUCH TOO POPULAR...I'VE HARDLY SEEN YOU ALL EVENING!
DON'T BLAME ME, HONEY... BLAME COLGATE'S!
NEVER HAD ANY TOOTHPASTE THAT MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN, EITHER!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

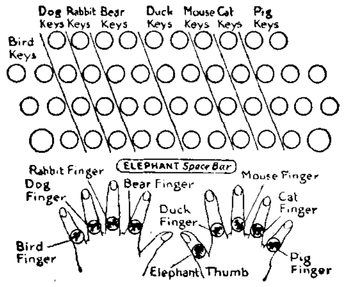
MAKE *sure* you don't have bad breath! Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes *all* the decaying food deposits lodged in between the teeth, along the gums and around the tongue—which dentists agree are the source of most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

Thus Colgate's makes your teeth cleaner, brighter—assures you a sweeter, purer breath. Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate's. If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, New Jersey. We will gladly refund TWICE what you paid.

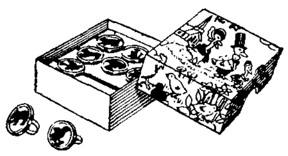

Now—NO BAD BREATH Behind His SPARKLING SMILE!

20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢
Good Housekeeping Institute
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

THIS is the IDEA of the ANIMAL KEYBOARD



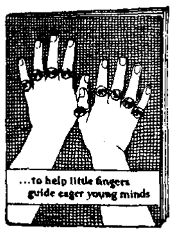
THIS IS THE ANIMAL KEYBOARD. Keys bear the usual letters. Also animal pictures. These divide keys into groups corresponding to the different "animal fingers."



THESE ARE THE FINGER RINGS. Which, when slipped on fingers, identify each finger with its own group of animal keys.

My CORONA Typewriting Book

THIS IS THE BOOK OF PLAY EXERCISES. Which train each "animal finger" to its proper group of "animal keys". Touch-typewriting becomes fun for 6-year olds!


...to help little fingers guide eager young minds

THIS IS THE BOOK WHICH DESCRIBES THE "ANIMAL KEYBOARD" CORONA. Sent FREE.

And the most potent idea of all: *You may buy an Animal Keyboard Typewriter in any of three Corona portable models for about $1 a week.* Dealers, department stores everywhere. Or—use coupon below.

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(Continued from page 45)

sist on calling you James Lewis. I have come to arrest you for the murder of Walter Callingham."

"Won't you sit down?" Lewis asked. "You've made a mistake. I never heard of a man named Callingham."

"Maybe the .45 we found in Miss Crane's bedroom will testify differently. You're making a liar out of an awful lot of witnesses, including Penfold."

"You can hold me for a material witness if you want. Penfold shot Callingham. I didn't."

"We'll just charge you then with the murder of Callingham's butler."

Lewis hesitated in bewilderment. "I wonder if Penfold might have killed Callingham's butler?" he said.

"Your gun with your fingerprints on it says he didn't."

"I suppose I'll have to go along with you, Inspector."

"Yeah. I feel that way about it, too," Henderson replied.

HENDERSON was in Cantavo's apartment talking over the Callingham murder.

"We've found Jim Lewis, our man of mystery. We've also found the forty-five-caliber revolver from which the two bullets were shot that killed Callingham and his butler."

"Did Penfold kill them both?"

"No. Penfold shot Callingham. Lewis shot Garetti because he didn't want him talking to the reporters."

"Amy is a cheap little mutt," Cantavo commented. "She knew that Mary's name was being dragged through the mire and she didn't say anything in her defense."

"You can't be too harsh on Amy. She was terrified of being arrested and going to jail. She had neither money nor friends."

"Why did Rapport want to see Amy Martin so badly?"

"Jernegan is a drug addict, you know. He buys his heroin from Rapport. He was desperately in love with Amy Martin. Rapport thought he could wring dough enough out of Jernegan by threatening to tell Amy he used drugs."

"If you knew that Rapport sold drugs, why didn't you arrest him?"

"We could prove that he sold marijuanas, but we hadn't the goods on him about the heroin and morphine. Dinsmore got him dead to rights just a few days ago."

"Why did you want *my* fingerprints?"

"In talking to Penfold, I asked him if he was acquainted with Callingham. He said he was not. Dinsmore told me he was a close friend of Callingham's. I naturally wondered why he had lied. So I put a detective as a butler in Marsten's house to get both Tim's and Penfold's fingerprints. You happened to be there the afternoon he took the prints, so in a spirit of thoroughness he sent yours down to headquarters, too."

"WHY were you so damned secretive about everything?"

"I didn't want you running over and telling Tim and Penfold all the news I didn't want them to hear."

"I think all detectives are half-wits," Cantavo said good-naturedly.

"Solving a crime isn't so much a smart job as a patient one. Someone forgets; someone makes a mistake; someone confides in someone who, in turn, confides in someone else; someone accidentally stumbles on something or hears something; someone gets scared and squeals or gets mad and wants vengeance; or sometimes the criminal just walks in and gives up. Once in a while we do a spectacular bit of deduction or induction, but usually we just bungle through."

Rosie and Graham came into the room.

"What happened to our date at the Gannett last night?" Rosie asked.

"Why don't you and Rosie get married?" Henderson asked.

Cantavo was embarrassed at the question—embarrassed that he had not been able to deceive Henderson about his love for Rosie—terribly embarrassed because he wanted so desperately to marry her. Rosie would never be in love with him. That was impossible. She was much too lovely a person to be wasted on a person like him.

"Don't be stubborn, Bill," Rosie said playfully. "You know you're going to fall in love with me eventually. Let's just get married now and quit worrying about it."

"You wouldn't kid a poor fiddler who's so in love with you he's half crazy, would you?"

"I've been saying 'yes' for months," she replied.

"What about a beaker to bind the bargain?" Henderson suggested.

"Sam!" Cantavo called loudly, "the same old thing."

"Managing you will be easier with Rosie to help." Graham thus gave them his blessing.

"No spirit of reform around here." Cantavo hastily objected. "Your job will be harder. You are to see that Rosie doesn't interfere with my noisy clothes, my hours, my diet, my business, my golf, my beer and my nights at the Gannett."

"I'll be with you at the Gannett," Rosie reminded him. "After we have finished work every night, we'll step out hand in hand."

"We'll step out together, sweetheart, but not after you've finished singing, for you're not going to be singing. You're going to sit home and read the papers and rock the cradle. To fill in the long, empty hours, you can compose an occasional song."

"You mean I've lost my job? Then when will I see you?"

"Between five and seven o'clock every afternoon. It sounds like a very sorry future for you."

"I think it sounds beautiful. And some time when we're old and gray, when we're sitting by the fireside on a rainy night, will you tell me about the Callingham murder? I haven't been told a single thing about it yet."

"You can read all about it in tonight's papers. For on that rainy night when we're old and gray and sitting by the fireside, we'll be listening over the radio to some foolish new harmonies and rhythms, written by some young squirt with no reverence for the fogey music that we've been brash enough to call modern."

"Maybe that young squirt will be young Bill Cantavo," Rosie said.

"That would be beautiful."

"Bill, may we have a quiet wedding, with just Tim and Mary and Inspector Henderson and Graham?"

"And the band?" Graham suggested.

"And Dinsmore?" Henderson inquired.

"You've never heard a wedding march played until you hear Dinsmore's hot saxophone at work on it," Cantavo told them. "And now, will you and Graham get out of here? I want to tell my girl how much I love her."

ELEVEN-FORTY-FIVE! The Broadcast. "Give it some swing, boys—we're on the air!"

Sh! A tense silence enveloped the orchestra. Over the microphone someone announced, "You are listening to the NVA Broadcasting Company. Bill Cantavo, the King of Jazz, is on the air." Bill Cantavo, as always, was stirred with emotion. The swellest job on earth is being an entertainer, he thought proudly.

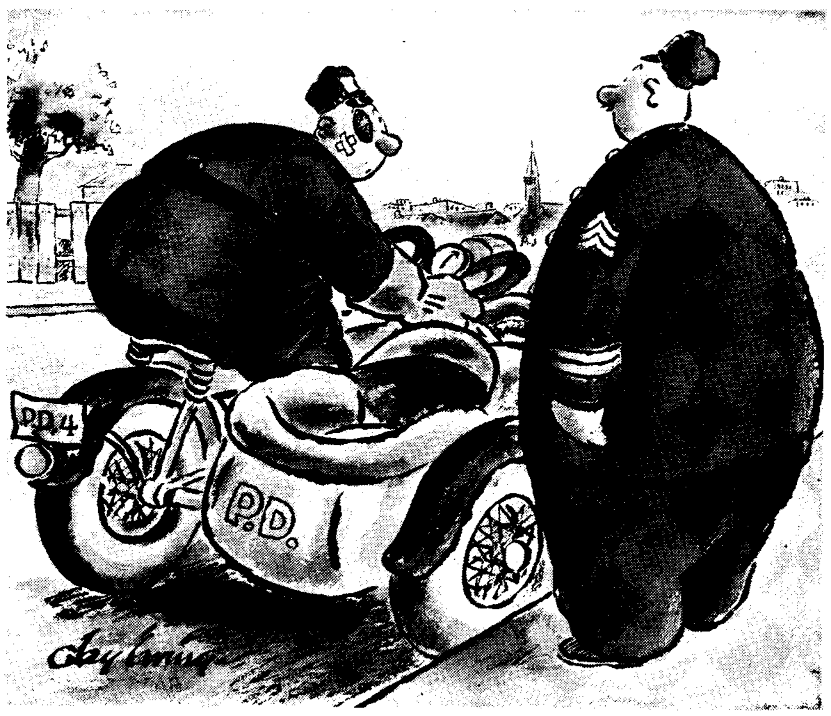
Cantavo left immediately after the broadcast, to call on Rosie. He stepped out of the Monroe onto Broadway into a fury of moving light and color. The four top stories of a building appeared and disappeared in spectacular splendor.

At the corner, a wan little woman, standing beside a baby carriage, was timidly awaiting her chance to brave the traffic. In the carriage the baby slept, indifferent to the menacing confusion around him. What had he to fear? He was with his *mother*, wasn't he? With his wan, beaten, bewildered little mother! Cantavo helped her across the street. The most touching thing in life is the valor of the defeated.

Tomorrow he was to be married. No longer would home mean rooms filled with familiar furniture. Tomorrow—a palace or a hotel, a train car or a bench in the park—any place at all where Rosie was would be home to him.

An overwhelming happiness surged through Bill Cantavo. He thought of the confident baby he had helped to cross the street. Yes sir. The Creator had been hitting on all four when he thought up babies.

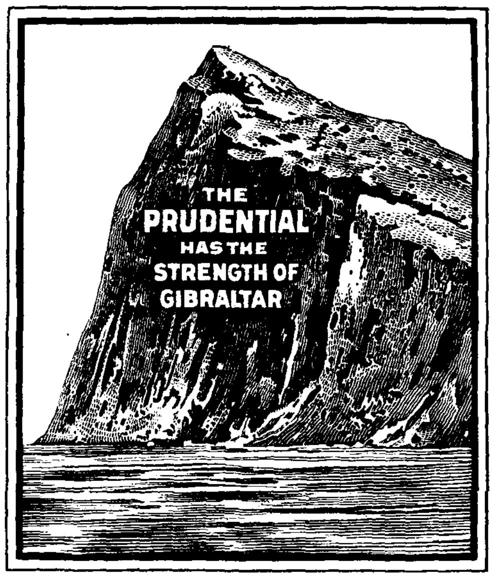
THE END



"The wife found a blond hairpin in the sidecar this morning . . ."

JAY IRVING

A word with those who have no children



You who are without children need to make special preparation for your later years

You will require life's essentials and comforts after you have ceased to earn

There is one way to be sure of the necessary dollars—buy them in advance from our Company We have sound plans for married couples, single men and single women

GET OUR NEW BOOKLET OF SUGGESTIONS

from local agent,
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THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

Edward D. Duffield, President. **Home Office, Newark, N. J.**

You're better prepared for winter –

If your general resistance is good!

Last winter did you have the experience of feeling fine until the very *end* of the season, and then coming down with some winter ill?

This happens to many people. They manage to get along for a few months on the reserve they stored up during the summer when they led a healthful, outdoor life. But they do nothing to replenish that reserve. The result is that by the end of winter, their general *resistance* is low.

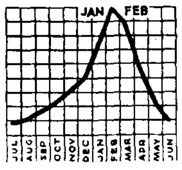
Don't take this chance yourself! Prepare ahead for the last few weeks of winter. Start now to build good general *resistance*.

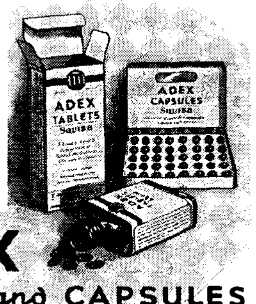
One of the easiest, pleasantest aids is offered by Adex. Each Adex capsule furnishes 6,600 units of the important factor which helps to build up general resistance, Vitamin A. In every capsule, you also get extra Vitamin D—1,320 units—to help make up for lack of sunshine at this season.

Squibb obtains the vitamins from healthful, *natural* sources—fish liver oils that are known for their high vitamin content.

Start with Adex today and keep it up *regularly*. That's how they benefit you most. Now, in either capsules or tablets, at any reliable drug store. And remember—Adex is prepared exclusively by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists to the medical profession since 1858.

The increase of common ills during the winter months is graphically portrayed by this chart prepared from figures of U.S. Public Health Dept.





ADEX
TABLETS and CAPSULES
SQUIBB

The Widow's Choice

Continued from page 19

"He said he didn't doubt it, the crew of 'savages' we was."

"Savages! Savages? And then what, Sammie, then what?"

"I regret to say, Capt'n Josh, that along about there I lost my patience and busted him on the snoot."

"Forget the regret, Sammie. Forget it. What'd he think o' that?"

"I dunno, Capt'n Josh. He didn't turn around to tell me."

"Meanin' he run away?"

"Run, Capt'n Josh? He flew. The last I see of him he was goin' to the west'ard like a gull afore a gale."

"Huh!" Old Josh smiled. "I'd relished to see him, Sammie, I cert'nly would. But what'm I goin' to do for a cook with the vessel on her way to the banks?"

"Jud there," said Sam to that, "was assistant chef in a big restaurant in Boston afore we come aboard here."

IT WAS no use my telling Josh that Sam was joking, that all I did in that restaurant was to wash dishes. "Besides which," I added, "I shipped to go as a dory man and not to go cook."

To which Josh said:

"I know what you shipped for, Jud, but here's a crew o' men out to sea and no cook. I could o' course waste a lot o' time puttin' the vessel back into port somewheres and ship a cook from one of them employment places. But what kind of a cook? A good shoregoin' cook mebbe, but a seagoin' cook? No. Now, Jud, you must've learned something in that restaurant kitchen, an' don't you think you owe something to your shipmates now?"

I didn't see where I owed them something, and I said so, to which Captain Josh said: "But somebody aboard the vessel has to go cook, and why not you?" After about another hour's argument, I said all right, I'd go cook, and God help 'em—to which they agreed, some in pretty loud voices.

"That bein' settled," said Captain Josh, "what d'y'know, Jud, about makin' cream o' tartar biscuits and raisin bread?"

"Not a damn' thing."

"Nawthin'? Well, don't let that discourage you. There's a cookbook layin' somewheres around the galley. S'posin' you read into it for directions and ingreejents and try your hand at makin' raisin bread tonight."

I tried my hand that night at mixing a batch of raisin bread. I let it raise as the book said, and got up in the middle of the night almost to bake it. I'm hauling eight plump loaves of it out of the oven just as Sam Pryor comes off watch. I cut a slice off a loaf and Sam cuts a slice. I try a bite and Sam tries a bite. We look at each other.

"Mis-trials would you call 'em?" I said to Sam.

"Worse than that," says Sam; so I take all up on deck and dump them over the lee rail.

In the morning, after breakfast, Sam comes to me and says: "The crew ain't yet talkin' of takin' you up on deck and heavin' you over the side, but don't despair, boy, they'll get around to it afore this trip is much older." To which I said that I shipped to go in a dory, and whoever wanted to go cook in my place could have the berth right then and there—which stopped the growling, and moved old Josh to saying that all I needed was a lesson or two in makin' bread and cream o' tartar biscuits, and he knew just the person in a port to the east'ard who'd be pleased to give me them lessons.

He doesn't name the port, which leaves all hands guessing what port he has in mind.

"Whatever port it is," says Sam, "you can put it in the log right now there'll be a widder somewheres to wind'ard. That old sea gull knows a legible widder in ev'ry port between Eastern Point and Sin John, Newfoundland."

We proceed to the east'ard with me telling the crew they'd get no more cookbook experiments. Canned goods and hard bread from then on, I said; they said that's all right with them too, adding that they hoped that port of the skipper's wasn't too far to the east'ard.

After three days of canned stuff and a fair wind we make St. Pierre in the French Islands off the Newfoundland coast. A great place, St. Pierre, for Newfoundland fishermen to run in herring against the law—their law. Also a man doesn't have to be wealthy to buy a drink of good liquor there.

Captain Josh arranges for a herring baiting to be put aboard in the morning, then leads the way with me through the rough paved streets of St. Pierre. As we walk along he says: "This Mrs. Huntley, Jud, that'll be givin' you them lessons is a widder woman. Her husband used to be a herrin' bait runner from Newfoundland afore he died of pneumony. But don't you mention about him to her. The last time I put in here she was still grievin' for him. She's a fine-lookin' buxom kind, about forty years old. She used to do the cookin' for this boardin' house off our port bow. Stand by."

He rings the doorbell of a roomy-looking house. It is answered by a buxom enough woman, but she's a French woman, and she knows about as much English as we do French. After about ten minutes of Josh and the woman yelling at each other, and me luffing in every now and then, we make out that there is no Mrs. Huntley stopping there any more. One time, yes, but now no!

"Curious," murmured Josh. "She told me she'd be waitin' here for me when I put in to St. Peer on my next run to the salt banks."

WE HEAR a voice behind us saying: "What's the trouble, Captain Bradley?" It's a man maybe forty years old, a keen-looking man with a very pale face.

"How'd you know me?" asked Josh.

"How does anybody here know the skipper of any Gloucester vessel that puts into St. Pierre? It's all over the port before you're fairly ashore. I heard you asking for Mrs. Huntley. She's moved from St. Pierre, and she's not Mrs. Huntley now. She's Mrs. Parsons now. Elroy Parsons, who one time sailed out o' Gloucester. Know him, do you?"

"Know Elroy? I've knowed him since—and the Widder Huntley married that late autumn mackerel! It's what Sam says, Jud—there's no dependin' on 'em. Where's she now?"

"They're livin' over Placentia Bay way. It will probably be from one of Elroy's Newfoundland jacks that you'll get your herring tomorrow morning."

"Hmm! Well, I'll take 'em just the same—if they be good herrin' o' course. But who're you if it ain't bein' too personal?"

"Why, no, Captain. I'm Scads Malone. You maybe heard of me. I was skipper of the rum-runner that tried to slide a cargo of brandy into Saint Johns one night; and went to jail for it. I was let out two days ago and landed here last night."

"I remember about you," said Josh. "Kinda careless, wasn't you? But looka here. Know a good seagoin' cook, do you, that wants to ship for a salt fishin' trip to the Grand Banks?"

"How good a cook will he have to be?" asked Malone.

"If he can make raisin bread and cream of tartar biscuits he'll qualify," I put in. "And I hope you know one before there's a mutiny on the Cynthia."

"Raisin bread and cream of tartar biscuits, Captain? Here's your cook right here," said Malone.

"You? I thought you said you was master of a rum-runner?"

"I was, but for a year before I went master I went cook of that same runner, and if you think I'm talking scupper gurry, then take me aboard and try me out. I wouldn't mind a share of a good salt fishing trip and spending it in Gloucester. And the trip would bring me my strength back. Being a year in jail with poor grub don't do a man any good."

"Come aboard tonight," said Captain Josh.

MALONE came aboard that night and next morning at breakfast he had Josh eating raisin bread and cream of tartar biscuit till he was blue under the gills. He went up the deck ladder singing:

"O the Liza Jane put to sea one day
A fine ebb tide and the day Friday—
But the danged old tide set her bow askew
And the Liza Jane she began for to slew.

"O hi diddy o, she'd afairly flew
If she on'y coulda sailed the other end to!"

We took our baiting aboard, had a last drink of St. Pierre cassis and resumed our course to the salt banks; and for the rest of that summer and fall it was the usual run of bank fishing—days of good hauls and poor hauls; days when there'd be such a sea and sky and air that Sam and myself in the dory would have only pity for people who had to make a living ashore. Then would come the days of high running seas and roaring gales, and the wet white fog bearing down, and the pair of us would wonder what craziness possessed us when we took to bank fishing for a living.

As a cook, Malone was good all the way. He knew more than mixing pans of bread and biscuits. And he went light on the canned-goods stuff. His only mistake was when he gave us fried fish for breakfast three mornings running. We had to tell him that Gloucestermen were on the banks to ketch fish, not to eat them. After that he varied his fries with chowders and didn't let 'em come along too frequently.

The day came when we used our last hogshead of salt and stowed our last kentle of fish. A good trip. Every man and dory safe aboard, and 300,000 weight of fish below—mostly cod. "Set the watch and lay her course for Gloucester," said Captain Josh, and he jigs and sings:

"O the Liza Jane with a blue foremast
And a load o' hay come driftin' past.
Her skipper stood aft and he said: 'How do?
We're the Liza Jane and who be you?'

"He stood by the wheel and he says, 'How do?
We're from Kennebunkport, from where be you?' "

We go driving across the wide Grand Banks, past the North West Bar of Sable Island, reach across to the Nova Scotia shore and so along till we turn Cape Sable, when it's west half no'th and drive her, boy, for Gloucester.

(Continued on page 50)

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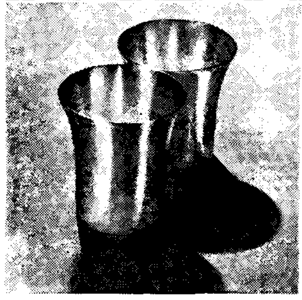

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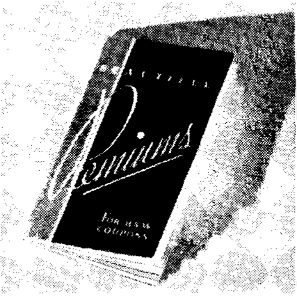

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The Widow's Choice

Continued from page 48

It's the night before we know we're going to be in Gloucester. Sam Pryor and myself give over the deck watch and go below for a mug-up. Malone watches us and says: "Don't fishermen ever do anything else but eat when you're not standing watch or sleep?"

"Why should we?" says Sam.

Captain Josh comes below and he has a mug-up. Sam eyes him. "What's wrong, Capt'n Josh? Here's the vessel within a fair wind and a short night's run of Gloucester, a big trip of fish below decks, and you're lookin' gloomy. What's wrong?"

Josh takes a fine healthy bite of apple pie and says: "I'm feelin' gloomy, Sam. I been thinkin' o' the Widder Huntley goin' and gettin' married after sayin' she'd be waitin' for me. And the man she married, Sam! Elroy Parsons that went hand with me on'y a few years ago. And I've had deckloads o' better hands—a dang site better hands. What d' y' make o' her marryin' Elroy, Sam?"

"What would anybody make o' it, Capt'n Josh? Elroy, bein' in and out o' Saint Peer, knows all about you callin' on her and when you put out to sea, he heaves-to alongside her and says how about her doin' the cookin' for him and her with the pair of 'em for the rest of their lives? An' she looks him over and he's sound and healthy and able to support her, besides bein' ten years younger than you—"

"Five, Sammie, five. I ain't concedin' Elroy Parsons a day more than five years, Sammie."

"Call it five. Anyway, she's got him safe moored alongside and all she'd know of your whereabouts is that you're all the time sailin' for the Grand Banks. And no knowin' you won't be lost afore you ever get back. A fish on the hook is worth four or five nosin' at the bait. All widders know that, Capt'n Josh. And she bein' a widder o' course she takes Elroy and you act surprised."

JOSH has another wide bite of pie and says: "Mebbe I shouldn't be surprised, Sammie. But what about the Widder Markey in Gloucester?"

Malone, who has been smiling at Josh, loses his smile and says sharply: "The Widow Markey? What Widow Markey?"

"The one whose husband was rum-runnin' and was lost at sea? Mebbe you knowed him?" said Josh.

The Malone smile came back. Then he laughed right out. "I knew Markey, yes, but he never was lost overboard."

"He wasn't? The widder told me herself he was."

"She did? Well, he wasn't. He disappeared but he wasn't lost."

"He wasn't lost? And he ain't come back home yet? You s'pose he don't want to come? There's something, Sammie. S'posin' Markey won't come home, ain't that desertion under the law?"

"That's what, Capt'n Josh."

"Meanin' she can marry agin?"

"If he stays away long enough."

The thought brightened up Josh. He gulped down the last of his mug of coffee, and up the deck ladder into the cool night he goes singing:

"O the Liza Jane got a new main truck—
A dang fine thing but it wouldn't stay
stuck.
Come a breeze one day from the no' no'
west
And the gosh-danged truck come down
with the rest.

"O hi diddle die—a breeze from the west
Who'd athunk the truck would've stuck
with the rest?"

We make Gloucester by the middle of next morning. Josh goes ashore to see about a price for the fish, and saying to the crew: "Stand by to take off the hatches and h'ist the fish ashore when I come back."

Malone comes up on deck. A cook doesn't have to hoist out fish. He is all washed and shaved and dressed in the suit of clothes he brought aboard in St. Pierre. He looked like one of those before-taking illustrations in the patent medicine ads then, but now he's deep tanned from his summer on the salt banks and about twenty pounds heavier, and he's full of bounce swinging himself from the vessel to the wharf.

Sam looks him over admiringly: "You look like a vessel just off the ways after a spring cleanin' and paintin' and re-riggin'—where you bound, boy?"

"Shh-h!" He grins at Sam saying: "I'm comin' back, but not right away."

BY AND BY Josh is back, saying: "Don't take off them hatches yet. I'm waitin' for a better price, and meantime I'll be runnin' up the street to tend to a few errands."

"And if anybody comes along and wants to know where you're gone what'll I say?" yelled Sam.

"Say it's none o' their danged business," shouted Josh over his shoulder. And up the wharf he went singing:

"O the Liza Jane left port one day,
With her hold full o' squash and her
deck all hay.
Two years back with her sails all set
She put to sea and she's sailin' yet.

"O hi diddle die for a good old craft
She'd sailed very well with her bow on
aft."

Some of us grew weary of doing nothing aboard the vessel. "Let's go up the wharf," says Sam, "and meet Josh. I wouldn't be surprised but he'll have a story to tell us."

By and by Josh heaves in sight. "You propose to the widder again?" hails Sam when he's near enough.

"You mean the Widder Markey, Sam?" Josh heaved a sigh like a man come up from under a capsized dory. "Do you know who was there before me? And sittin' into the kitchen with his feet in the oven like he'd never left?"

"Mussolini?" says Sam.

"It was Malone. And do you know who he is? He's Markey. And she knew he was in jail all the time."

"Huh! There's for your widders, Capt'n Josh. Knew it all the time but never let on to you she wasn't a widder."

"Now, Sammie, you ain't blamin' her for not tellin' the world her husband was in jail, are you?"

"Sure. It was only rum-runnin'. Who cares for that after the way a lot o' bankers been behavin'? But that's a widder all over. Well, how'd you and Malone get on with each other?"

"Fine, Sammie, fine. Why shouldn't we? He's comin' t' cook with me reg'lar."

"That lets you out, thank the Lord, and thank the Lord, Jud," says Sam. "But, Capt'n Josh?"

"Yes, Sammie?"

"Ain't it about time you begin passin' up widders?"

"Mebbe so, Sammie, mebbe so. In the meantime tell the crew to take off the hatches and stand by to be h'istin' out them fish. I stopped into Duncan's and got a good price for them fish. Come on. And h'ist 'em out. The cod fust."

To Hell by Troopship

Continued from page 9

the slightest credible evidence that any white man has ever been emasculated in Abyssinia—in this campaign, or at the disaster of Adowa in 1895. Askaris, the black allies of Italy, were, and now are, so treated; while certain tribes, such as the Danakils, who fight under the Italian flag, take no prisoners.

The lowly Sannio emigrants were mercifully granted a few days' ignorance of the future, many sunny hours while coasting down Italy of the delight that mountaineers take in a placid sea. The storm of the departure night lifted just after dawn, and there was ponderous Stromboli to starboard, with the smoke wreath pinned to her cone by the morning wind, and Strombolicco, her rock cub, bravely standing in the dazzling blue sea beside her. Men who had known their first seasickness emerged on deck by hundreds, timid and wan, and the warm sun and the beauty of the tumbling coastlines of Messina Straits worked quick cures. The sun is the doctor of Italy. Easting down the Mediterranean the Sannio rode with a list to starboard, because every man of the 2,010—2,011, counting Tony—sat all day on that side to catch the winter sun now deep in the south. In the Red Sea, headed almost due south, we listed to port in the mornings, to starboard in the afternoons, as our human cargo shifted with the sun. The idea of the sun as a possible demon cannot easily reach the average Italian mind; that is why, despite the sun helmets, which are soon lost, or just put aside, or set on tent floors—as I saw in one camp—and used as cuspidors, there have been thousands of sunstrokes in Africa Orientale.

You cannot help but love these people, for all their indifference to filth, and pity them for the centuries of oppressive governments which have accustomed them to the lowest standard of living among so-called civilized nations—and I do not except Russia, for I have seen both the Italian peasant and the moujik in their homes. You cannot forget, looking down on the Sannio into the animal-like fightings of 200 group captains at meal hours, screaming and cursing and pushing, sliding around on a deck glassy from slopped food, striving to get ahead into the passageway—wide enough for one man—wherein a mess of rations would be ladled into their tin pans, which they would carry to their waiting men if they did not slip on the way or have the bucket jostled out of their hands.

"Is Abyssinia Like That?"

But you will remember, too, the afternoon when you had come around the toe of the Boot and squared away easterly, with Mount Etna filling the sky behind the Sannio's taffrail. Beside you stood a man from Sicily, and he was crying, and he said, "You ought to see Etna in the spring, from a fishing boat in the Straits, when the fig trees, the orange trees, the lemon and chestnut and olive trees, which are planted in straight lines across her sides, at different levels according to the altitude they like, all come to bloom at once, Signor. Then Etna has a dress of colored stripes and ruffles, and the fragrance comes to you offshore all mixed, so that you are sick with happiness, Signor, and you put your hands behind your head and you close your eyes and lie down in the boat in the sun and forget all about the fishing!" After a while he asks, "Do you think there will be anything like that in Abyssinia, Signor?" and then you have to walk away in a hurry to get acquainted with the old Sannio.

Italy, mushrooming her tonnage for the raid on Africa, bought her ships where she could find them; and from the mudflats of the Elbe River, just outside Hamburg, Il Duce's scouts hauled this old freighter. As the General von Meter, through former years she had creased the farthest seas and dozed at wharves in remotest ports while the tides made their small talk along her plates; and her belly was sometimes gaseous from wheat, musty from cotton, or hauntingly sweet from the redolent things of the Orient. Now the Italians had given her back to the proper sex of ships, by naming her for a middle province of the Kingdom. If the Sannio wanted to risk her old heart she might do ten knots; even at eight she is windbroken, and there is a sigh from her funnels for the boon of a following sea. Yet, she is steadier under way than slim modern wenches.

Stowaway!

The Sannio pokes and rummages through the water like an old woman of the sea looking for a bargain in waves. Unkempt, untidy, downright filthy in a way that would make her former German owners, could they see her, wish she had rusted in peace; she is, nevertheless, prim. You feel that if she ever sinks there will be no parting hoydenish flick of her t'other end; rather, gravely and modestly she will spread her skirts and bob down like a bathing matron of the tintypes.

The purser came up and said, "We got someone for you! A stowaway. He is an American, from New York!" That is how I met Tony, and he told me what I have already told you; and of his first night aboard when, driven below by carabinieri, he faced the horror of 'tweendecks with hundreds of seasick mountaineers, so tightly packed they could not get out of their own way, and had to lie in their bile.

Tony undertook to canvass the ship for me and to our common delight he turned up "Americans" daily, almost hourly. There was Francesco Sannino, who had worked in a silk factory in Paterson, New Jersey; and Vincenzo Abino, porter of a hotel in Waterbury, Connecticut; and Giurlo Paulo, of Butte and Los Angeles and Tacoma; and Domenico Caoptorto, of 740 West Ohio Street in Chicago. Many others, too. Indeed, Mussolini's troopship and labor compounds and valley and mountain camps of invaded Abyssinia are no place for a sentimental visitor. You will encounter numberless men who relate heartbreaking stories of being trapped, conscripted; and each will say fervently in parting, "—if only I can ever get back to the United States!"

The Sannio came to Port Said and the entrance to the 104-mile sea-level canal through Biblical deserts that permits the Mediterranean to seep into the Red Sea. We tied up for port formalities, and launches gathered around like chicks. Each decorated with Italian flags, filled with screeching Italian girls, and young bravos holding up huge likenesses of the Duce and *viva* streamers with bombastic legends. Our poor two thousand, already fed up, five days wanting baths and good food rather than pep talks, nevertheless came to life for their last gay hours. One voice quickly took command of the show: it was not so melodious as rubbery, and instead of giving you visions of concert hours it made you think of a comforting bosom

(Continued on page 52)

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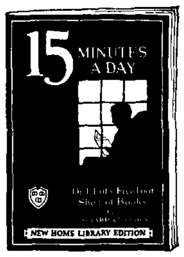

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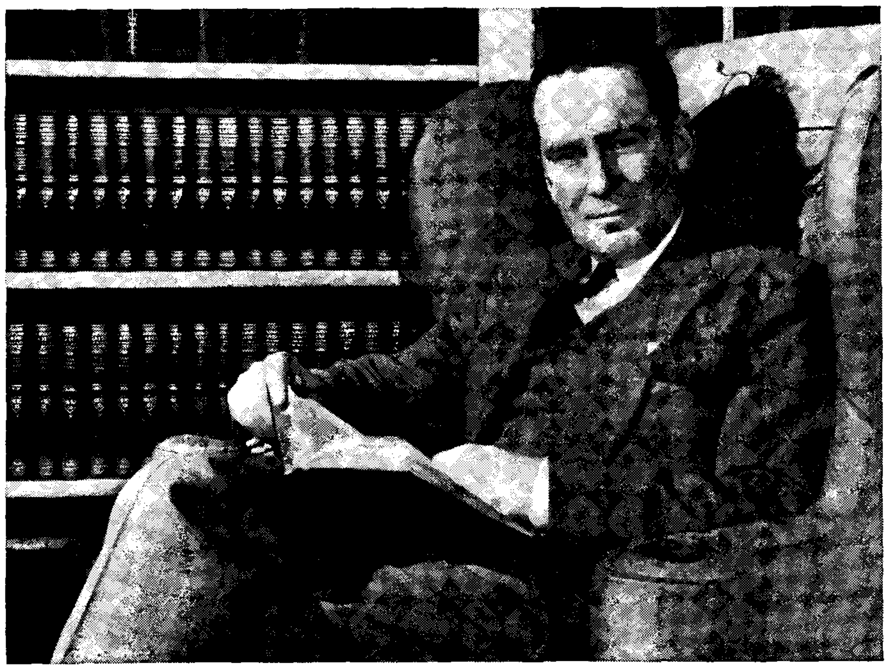

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CLIP COUPON ON TOP

(*Continued from page* 51)

upon which to rest your head. A thought which, if futile under the circumstances, nevertheless had its merits. So you eagerly looked for the owner of the voice. There she was. One launch had but two girls: the singer, a plump Sicilian in a dark suit, and a companion in a red shirtwaist and blue skirt whose sole contribution to the occasion was a shrill and incessant "Eh-yah."

The singer called out: "Hello, Sannio, my name is Marie!" We shouted, "Hello, Marie!" We did not know it then, but we were to have an awful lot of Marie. The voyagers on the Sannio, and on the other Italian ships which have made a traffic problem in the Canal these nine months past, do not know the background of the hoop-la at Suez. All these launches and bunting and decoration are paid for by the Italian consul at Port Said. The stentorian men and girls who, after the manner of American football crowd cheerleaders, goad the soldiers and laborers of every passing Italian troopship, work for so much an hour. Marie is known by name and experience to every Italian who has gone to Africa Orientale. Instructed by the baiters in the launches, our passengers shouted "*vittorio*" as we passed two British destroyers, which dipped their ensigns punctiliously to ours, but the men aboard them, sluicing decks, never looked up.

Tony and his friends rushed to find me to make sure I saw the scarecrows with red tarbooshes (fezzes to you) in the little truck gardens beside the canal. I was coached in the "Giovinezza" and Tony translated the sense of "*Faccetta nera*" for me. It's something about, "when you are in Abyssinia we shall be near you!" These songs, with that nerve-ripping one-two chant of "Du-ce" made up our entire repertoire, which palled even on our zealots before the end of the twelve hours required for the canal passage. Marie's contribution, however, was unique and exciting. The launches were soon left behind in Port Said waters, but as the Sannio reached the first signal tower—ten kilometers down—a car speeding on the highway that parallels the canal, within speaking distance of the ships, overtook us. The girl in the red shirtwaist perched on the fender and screeched "Eh-yah!" Marie leaned out of the tonneau and began to sing in her full voice: "*Faccetta nera, bella Abissinia.*" The men on the Sannio quieted and listened. Alone, and in clear tones which belled across water and desert, Marie went through six long stanzas and choruses. Once, four camels started up from a hitching place.

The Overworked Mercenary

Marie is paid for her patriotism; but this disinterested observer will attest that she earns whatever she gets. One day, jumping from the car to run to a vantage point, she was knocked down and badly hurt. In bandages and splints she met the next transport, and carried on. At Ismailia, halfway through, where on a lonely dune stands the monument to the British and French and Egyptians who defeated the Turko-German expedition that rushed the canal in 1916, Marie was joined by a flock of local Italians. Three British Tommies, spickly helmeted, rode on their bicycles in the van of the whoopers. They made you think of Kipling and Mandalay. Presently, each took an Italian girl on his handlebars and pedaled back toward Ismailia. Darkness was coming on. All those who followed the Sannio dropped out, save Marie and her companion. Marie's voice, as she scooted along a sand ridge in silhouette against the purplish red afterglow, was quite as fresh as it had been at six o'clock that morning. Our voices were reduced to wheezes. Now it was pitch black. We could follow the lights of Marie's car as she dashed along the desert to wait for us at favorable points to give us "*Faccetta nera*" again. Someplace near the Great Bitter Lakes we lost her. The laborers turned in, exhausted. At ten-thirty we tied up in Suez. A tug loomed dimly. Those of us on deck could hear a buzzing of voices. On a chance, someone wearily called: "Hello, Marie." We heard "*Faccetta nera!*" There she was, in a group of Suez Italians. She had used up the inhabitants of three cities, as well as the Sannio's two thousand odd.

When, near midnight, we drew away from Suez we saw the last of Marie, who stood in the tug and sang. Centuries hence, when Mussolini and his ambitions may well be forgotten, Marie will live on, I am sure, and her "*Bella Abissinia*" will echo, as one of the legends of this historic waterway. That night, as her receding tug came under a police launch spotlight for a moment, we saw its name lettered in white on the stern. It was "Lambert's Fannie."

The Breath of Africa

The Sannio's emigrants came on deck next morning to a desolate prospect, and in a patently altered mood. These men had been merry enough leaving Naples, happy in the chance to get work; to seek the rich opportunities promised to those who looked for them in a ripe kingdom of nectar and gold. It was just such men as these, I reflected, from the same towns, bearing the same patronyms, who approached the shores of the United States two generations before and sought—and many found—the Happy Valleys. Now the Blackshirts had told them that in Abyssinia, which the Great Duce had snatched from greedy and uncivilized enemies, they would find what their relatives had found in America. This morning, however, the first in the Red Sea, with propaganda left behind, the presentiment of something amiss lifted its head in every conversation. How could one take much cheer? In the world beyond our railings there was no vestige of life. The sea was lusterless, and calm as a windowpane. The dunes and the jagged mountains of both coasts were seared, bladeless, dead. It was as though molten glass had been poured among the craters of the moon and we had been transported there overnight by evil genii to lie trapped forever in the doldrums, with the sun a hot snake overhead. I went down and found a group of my friends sweltering under the sun canvas, soberly looking to the brown wastes of the Arabian desert.

"It stands to reason it will be hotter near the equator," said one.

"A sailor told me it is so hot in Massaua white men can't work at all in summer and only a mite in winter, and even with the blacks, who are used to it and work only at night, it takes four times longer to unload a ship there than in any other port," said another.

A third spoke up: "I wonder if Il Duce has ever seen Abyssinia, or Eritrea, and if he knows it is all right for us?"

That night few of the poor two thousand slept. If you put your head into a companionway that led down to the steel-jacketed hold wherein these men lived, there was a fetid and nauseous rush of air that made you think you had looked into an incinerator. All of beauty was overhead. Castor and Pollux bowed onto the stage of the night sky with eternal hope to do their celestial brother act and met their eternal disappointment, for Sirius came up, as usual, under Orion farther south and stole the heavenly show. "I want my boy and girl to grow up in America," said Tony, and then, abruptly: "It was nice to sit on the Hudson River boat, tied up at Albany for the night, and I could look up at the *American* stars like this!"

The Sannio ghosted along on her southing for the next two days. You could see and feel the seriousness, the apprehensions, of her pilgrims mounting. Some of them fought against the corruption; they washed a change of socks, or undershirt, with cupfuls of water from the deck tap; searched for a clean shroud or davit or spot of railing on which to dry them—and gave up. The deck was dangerous to footing now, as the encrusted grease and slops melted in the heat. Every peasant squeezed out upon the deck, for there was no breathing down in the hold; but out here there was little chance to stir for the hem of elbows around you. Men stood in the slimy puddles in their bare feet, for better grip. Some wore only their drawers; others, ludicrous and pitiful at once, walked about stark naked save for their helmets and sun goggles, their hairy, olive-hued Italian bodies glistening with perspiration, streaked with grime. I saw the steward in the officer's mess wipe his sweaty and unshaven face with a towel, which he then used to polish the tableware. In the galley for the peasants I saw cooks with blackened hands, obviously unwashed since Naples, fingering the bread and other food along to the distribution tables. Near the last day of our voyage a mild wave of intestinal disorder flushed over the Sannio—and the blessing is it was not worse. Few bothered to go to the railings to expectorate, and the roaches and flies settled like carrion. The Sannio herself was cooked in the Red Sea heat and when the mingled odors of quarters, men, engine-room, and galleys rose and went along with her on the hot dead air, even the upper decks were unbearable and you searched hard for a draft-cleansed corner. Now there was no singing.

But our real trial still lay ahead. The Red Sea in every part is treacherous, feared by mariners, with unexpected islands, and poor coastal lighting, and heavy shipping. The roadstead that leads to Massaua harbor is the worst stretch of this malevolent ocean; with uncharted coral reefs, shoals, and islets on every hand, and infested with tiger sharks. The afternoon we came into these waters we met the phenomenon which gives the Red Sea its name.

Sandstorm at Sea

Fevered offshore winds carried sand from the desert in great clouds, so that the Sannio was enveloped in a red fog: a dust storm at sea. The sun was obscured, but enough light filtered through to cast across the oily water a pathway that was the color of a gunbarrel rubbed with vaseline. All the rest of the surface was reddened by the settling dust. The foghorn began its measured complaint. The sea, quite suddenly, grew very rough. Nightfall brought tropical rainsheets and the Sannio, barely under headway, lurched and pounded violently. There was constant and vivid lightning, which seemed like having a pack of mad dogs snapping at us without barking. The officer passengers huddled in the little corridor outside the dining salon, and waited.

I made my way aft and looked upon the main deck. Carabinieri, braced against gale and rain, stood guard at the head of each companionway with loaded rifles. From below came the muted whimpering of a frightened mob. You knew that it was touch and go in this quarter; the light that should have been picked up at eight o'clock was missed. Those penned men, on the instant of a definite alarm, would flow out in unstemmable panic that would sweep the carabinieri riflemen into the sea. There would be a rush for the lifeboats; the Sannio carried *ten* for two thousand several hundred passengers and crew. There were, in addition, a few small life-rafts: boxes filled with cork and equipped with rope handles along their sides. Enough, perhaps, for two hundred men. You were supposed to cling to these until you were picked up. Trouble was, in these waters, you would not be picked up—not all of you, that is. One remembered that in shipwrecks near here in the past investigators found that many of those lost had not perished of fire or drowning; they had been killed by sharks.

The Sannio came through; but her captain was haggard next morning. In the night, the tempest had gone as quickly as it had come. There was only Massaua now, a day later, contemplated by a sober and thoughtful horde of rail-birds.

The Betrayal

The promised land! Sizzling and quivering before their bloodshot eyes, while the odors of sewage and tropic rot and death itself—instead of the pleasant fragrance of a garden spot—hung in the steaming air. The Sannio was presently warped against the stone wall that lines one side of Massaua's chief street, and serves as a wharf. Tony came to tell me goodby. He was to be placed in the brig, while the police checked his story and wired home for confirmation of his papers. I tried later, but could not see him again. But there were others, less durable, less happy-go-lucky, than Tony, and these wanted to talk.

One peasant wiped the sweat from his eyes and told me, "Honest, this isn't anything like what I thought it would be." Another said bitterly: "If Mussolini had ever seen this he wouldn't have sent us here!" That is the sentiment I was to hear most often in weeks to come, from Massaua to the front, spoken by workers and soldiers assured they were not overheard by officers or Blackshirts. But it never again sounded quite so poignant as it did that morning of disillusionment.

Something had gone amiss with landing arrangements. Most of the pilgrims on the Sannio were doomed to stand on her broiling decks, tortured by heat and flies, all that day. Ship's officers told me these slip-ups were the usual thing. The quiet peasants crowded to the landside railings. Below, a hideous cripple —a "spider child"—scuttled along, clawing upward, rolling its white eyes, begging for scraps of food. Lepers and beggars sat in the road and spat in the dust around them and picked their sores; they looked at us without interest and never lifted a hand to drive away the clouds of flies that sometimes literally blotted them from view. The few people in motion in the near-by streets dragged themselves past like characters seen in a nightmare; or a slow-motion picture. Buzzards walked in the street this winter day in the gateway to Italy's empire of dreams.

A young man beside me said: "This is what we have come to!" I saw that his eyes, raised now to the forbidding mass of highlands in the distance beyond Massaua, where lay shrouded the dark and bloody roads on which he and his mates were to work, were dimmed by tears.

That is the story of a voyage on the Sannio, a typical Italian transport, of which I saw many in Naples and in Massaua: some larger, better; many worse in all respects—all leveled by callousness to the lowest common denominator of decency. That is how Benito Mussolini sends his crusaders to carry the civilization of Italy to the ancient and benighted mountain land of the King of Kings.

Sweetheart:

Please forgive my being so cross last night. It wasn't your smoking a pipe; it was the smell of the tobacco that irritated me. I'm sending you a little peace offering—a swell mixture I got from the boss's humidor. Do give me a ring soon.

As ever, Dorothy

Dear Dorothy:

If you like your boss's rare, old Kentucky Burley Tobacco, you'd better go out with him instead of me. When I can afford to keep my pipe in the style to which you are accustomed, I'll drop around to see you...but don't hold your breath.

Sincerely, Bill

Dear Bill:

You don't deserve another thought, but I can't help telling you the tobacco I sent you costs only 10 cents for a full size tin. It's called Union Leader—my boss sent me out for some today. If you work real hard, you may be able to buy it some day. Good luck!

Dorothy

TELEGRAM:

DOROTHY DEVOE, CITY WILL YOU MEET ME AFTER WORK TONIGHT AT THE USUAL PLACE STOP AS EVER BILL

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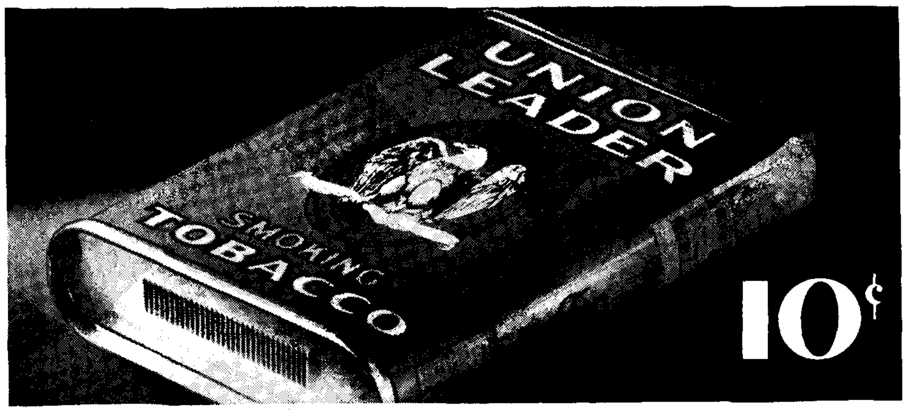

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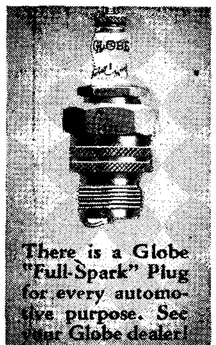

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Movie Menace

Continued from page 11

and see the town's most distinguished citizen.

"The photographers!" Al cried. "Where are they?"

It turned out there were no newspaper photographers in Hilldale, so they raced back to the studio of Mrs. Pinkham, the town photographer. Al ran up the stairs to her gallery over the post office and she promised to get right out there with her tripod and her bellows camera that she used for banquets.

As they swung down South Elm Street toward Annie Casey's house, Al looked ahead.

"Ah!" he said, with some satisfaction. An old yellow roadster was parked in front of the house. He grinned and thought, "By this time Young Feed Store has been torn to pieces and thrown into the alley."

The high school boys and girls were beginning to fill the yard in front of the little white house. Cars were arriving, one bearing a sign "The Hilldale Gazette." The reporter was here.

LUKE pulled up behind the yellow car. Luke and Al jumped out and the mayor followed. Al thrust the flowers into the mayor's arms and the three, hats in hands, walked up on the porch and rang the bell.

Al stood in front. Remembering her state of mind when he left her, he wasn't sure that the committee wouldn't be greeted by a bucket of water or a flower pot.

The door was thrown open. There stood Violet Dawn. Al was relieved. He quickly started his speech. "Miss Dawn, your home city welcomes you." He looked around to make sure he was speaking loud enough so the reporter could hear. "I have the honor to introduce the Honorable Michael J. Finnerty, Mayor of Hilldale, who—"

Annie Casey smiled a simple homespun greeting. "Why, Mr. Finnerty," she cried, "I don't have to be introduced to you, do I?" She giggled gleefully. "And dear old Luke Morton." She seized their hands, then stepped to the edge of the porch. "Hello, boys and girls," she cried. "My, it's good to be home. It will just break my heart to leave you all. I wish I could stay here forever and ever."

Al's knees sagged and his jaw dropped and he swayed against the side of the house for support.

"Won't you come in?" She held her arms out to the crowd.

With an effort, Al straightened up and stopped the rush toward the porch. "I'm afraid," he said, "the house won't hold you all."

"Ah," Annie assured them, "but my heart will!"

The mayor made his speech, presented the flowers and Luke took him back to the grocery store.

Annie led Al into the parlor. "Mr. Gotch," she said, "I want you to meet my oldest, dearest, sweetest friend, George Adams."

George, who had been sitting on the sofa, beaming at nothing in particular and gurgling, "The old George Adams luck!" rose quickly and extended a hand.

"Uh," Al murmured, blinking his eyes. All these goofy developments were getting him down. "You're—you're George Adams? With the yellow car?"

"That's me," George said, with some pride.

Annie, who was standing close to George, squeezed his hand. "This is *the* George Adams, Al. The boy I always was crazy about."

Al swallowed. He ran a finger around the inside of his collar. "Well—uh—what about—what about me? I thought—er—" He gave up. "I've got to have some fresh air. Excuse me." He gently closed the parlor door behind him as though a funeral were going on.

Violet's mother, a tiny Irish woman, wearing an apron, was in the hall.

Al stammered, "Wha-wha-what's happened, Mrs. Casey? When I left she hated everybody in town and was going to leave on the next train. Now—"

Mrs. Casey chuckled and waved an assuring hand. "Aw, ga-way with you city folks. You don't know my Annie like I do. I quieted her."

Al looked at her with genuine admiration.

"I just told her George Adams was sweet on Betty Detwiler and that she was going to drive him right into Betty's arms." She laughed.

Al shook his head, not comprehending. Then hopefully, he asked: "Is it true?" He glanced toward the parlor.

Mrs. Casey shrugged her shoulders.

George opened the door of the parlor and stood with his back to the hall. Annie Casey's voice could be heard, cold and stern: "If you take Betty Detwiler to my performance, George Adams, I'll —I'll do something—something terrible!"

"But, listen, Annie," George pleaded. "I invited her. She's a nice girl and—"

"You call her up and tell her you've got to be backstage to help me. Tell her you won't take her." Now she was standing close to him in the doorway, her lips in a straight line, her eyes flashing.

"Doggone it, Annie, don't you see how it is? I love you, but I invited her and—"

"Call her up and tell her!"

"Aw, shucks," said George and picked up his hat and overcoat and strode out of the house.

Al timidly went into the parlor. "Say, look, Violet," he pleaded, "I'm going insane. Will you please tell me what this is all about?"

Violet dropped into a chair and looked up at him, smiling. "Don't worry, Al. I think you're wonderful." Her mouth hardened. "But do you suppose I'm going to let Betty Detwiler go around this town thinking she can take George Adams away from me? Me, a great picture star!"

Al protested, "But you don't love the guy! Are you going to marry him just because—"

She jumped up and patted his cheeks and kissed him. "You're sweet, Al. But you don't understand. I'm just going to break it up and put Betty Detwiler in her place. You're a dumb old press agent."

ALL of Hilldale was gathered at the Empress Theater in reserved seats at a dollar and ten cents each and standing room at fifty cents. It was the most exciting thing that ever happened there.

George Adams, breathing heavily, sat in an aisle seat in the front row. Between his knees, with one end on the floor, was a thin package, nearly three feet long. His hands clutched it nervously as he stared at the velvet curtain. He heard a voice questioning him.

"What say?" he asked, not turning his head. "Beg pardon?"

Betty Detwiler, spic and span and bright-eyed and lovely in a new blue and white dress, leaned her shoulder against his and asked softly, "Aren't you going to tell me what's in it?" She reached over and felt of the package.

George shook his head. "Maybe I won't give it to Annie. I'm pretty much upset. Maybe I will give it to her. I don't know.

I want to—I was thinking it might fix everything when I made it. Gee whiz, Betty," he looked at her with admiration, "how can you keep so quiet and cool? You're the only person in town that's quiet and cool. Seems to me since Annie got here, everything has gone looney. I—" He shook his head again, hopelessly. He thought, "If only I could be quiet and cool! Should I go back and see her now? Or should I wait? Or what? She must be awful mad at me. Wonder what she'll do? I've got to stop it, whatever it is." He groaned aloud.

The four-piece orchestra, brought in for the important occasion, started to play. George remembered that Violet had told him how the performance was to go. Violet's appearance was to precede the picture. She first was to come out in a simple evening gown and greet everybody. Then she was to retire, and while the orchestra played, she would change to what she had called "a gala gold supper dress," and was to sing the song she sang in the picture.

George hadn't seen Violet since she gave him the orders to break the date with Betty Detwiler. Last night, while the big reception in Violet's honor was going on in the I. O. O. F. hall, he had driven his yellow roadster up and down the country roads, then through town and past Betty's house, a dozen times. And finally, in spite of Violet's threats, he had taken Betty to the show. And he had brought along a package for Violet that his instinct and his impulse told him might help.

The velvet curtains drew back. George felt the theater shake with applause as Violet Dawn came from the wings. Her lips were tight. George moved uneasily.

Violet held up a hand, stopping the applause. "Ladies and gentlemen," George heard her begin in a cold tone, "your reception is charming. We Hollywood stars are inclined to become bored with this sort of thing, but I must say I am rather glad to be back. It is good to see the same people—a little older, of course—wearing about the same things." She looked down at Betty. "Some are a little more plump, but it's so homelike and rural and such a relief from the smartness and beauty of the cinema capital."

If George could have been in the wings he would have seen Al Gotch tearing his hair and crying, "She's nuts again! Right back where she was when she got here! Mad at the town because they didn't meet her at the station! That isn't what I told her to say! They'll kill her!"

George whispered to Betty impulsively, "That's not so! You, Betty, for instance. You're more beautiful than ever and have prettier dresses than—than she has, by golly."

Violet continued: "It rests me, the dull, unambitious country atmosphere of Hilldale. But I am proud to find among you one ambitious man who is bound to rise to the heights in the literary world—my old friend." George felt the burn of her eyes as she looked down at him. Now she was unfolding a tiny piece of paper. "I treasure this gem that he sent me. It is so beautiful I must share it with you." She took a deep breath and read:

"Oh, Violet Dawn
It won't be long
Until you're Mrs. Adams.
And someday, maybe,
We'll have a baby
And he will call me Daddums."

GEORGE, red-faced, heard a roar of laughter. It rose, died down, rose again. The audience had forgotten its resentment at Violet's snooty remarks. "George Adams—Daddums! Wow, what a joke!"

George noticed now that his arm hurt. It was Betty, holding on.

"Sit tight, George," she whispered. "Sit tight."

Somebody behind him guffawed and slapped him on the back. After years, it seemed, the audience quieted. Violet, posed like an avenging angel, stood there smiling grimly down at him.

Backstage, Al Gotch had collapsed into a chair. "Hell," he murmured, "hath no fury like a woman scorned."

"And now," Violet was saying, "if the orchestra will play for you I will

(Continued on page 56)

The Invisible President

By Sax Rohmer

In a room suffused with amber light, its lofty ceiling pointed like the crest of a minaret, sits Dr. Fu Manchu, the evil genius of the world, maturing a new and more sinister plot. The insidious doctor has chosen to subjugate America. His agents are everywhere. His far-flung net is closing, with the presidency caught in its meshes. But between us and destruction there is always Nayland Smith.

With bated breath and visible nervousness, we announce the beginning of Sax Rohmer's newest serial in

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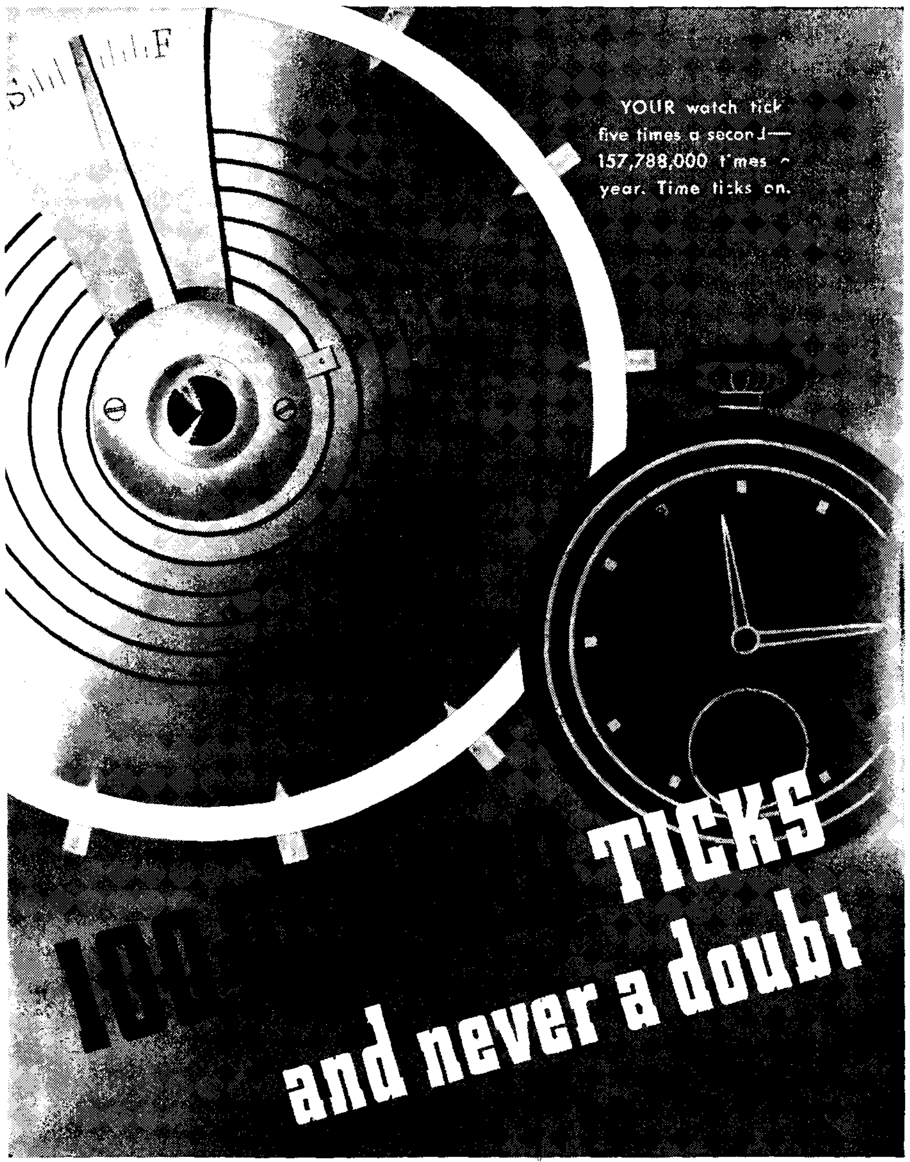
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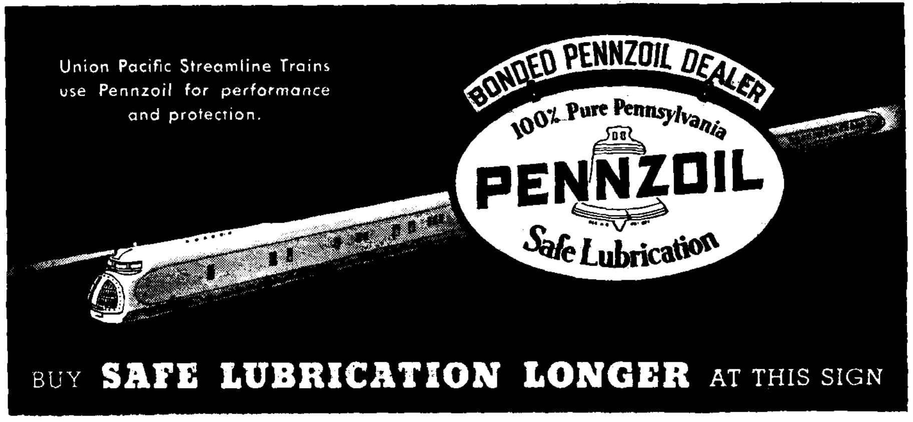
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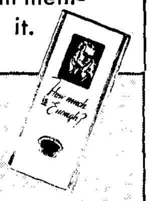
American Life Insurance Companies reject more than 300,000 applications a year, totaling over one billion dollars. Most of these applicants consider themselves in the best of health.

If you knew that *you* were going to become uninsurable tomorrow, would you buy more life insurance today? If your answer is "yes," do you know just how much you would buy?

If you are interested in finding out for yourself just how much life insurance *is* enough, mail coupon for the booklet "How Much *Is* Enough?" published by The Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company. The record of this 79-year-old Company has been so satisfactory to its policyholders that each year over 50% of its new business comes from members previously insured in it.



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(Continued from page 55)

change my costume and sing a little song from my latest starring vehicle." She smiled and bowed off the stage. A few people clapped. The rest were busy chattering with their neighbors, half chuckling, half indignant.

"Don't mind, George," said Betty.

"She knocked Hilldale," said George, dully, forgetting for the moment the ridiculous poem. "She knocked Hilldale. I'm going back!"

Betty tried to hold him. He pulled away and, his eyes lowered, ran the gantlet of spectators—some laughing, some furious at Annie Casey—as he hurried back up the aisle, carrying the package under his arm.

In front of her dressing-room he spied Violet and Al Gotch. Al was waving his arms and telling her something.

"Come in, George," said Violet in a hard voice and she closed the dressing-room door behind then. "Well—" she began, her eyes flashing.

"I've got something—" he said, as he started to unwrap the package—"I'm a little late—I should have given it to you before, but—"

THE orchestra played the same tune three times. George, striding down the aisle, head up, returned to his seat. Betty had twisted a handkerchief into bits. She looked up questioningly, but his face was turned toward the stage and she said nothing. Evidently something of tremendous importance had happened.

Violet Dawn was making an entrance. She had not changed her gown. Her eyes were red. She stepped to the front of the stage and her voice choked as she held out her arms pleadingly and said softly, "I've been such a fool. Won't you be my friends?"

The audience was as silent as death.

"I'm just Annie Casey," she went on, her voice little more than a pleading whisper. "Honest. I'm just Annie. I love you—I really love you, and I want you so to love me."

The startled audience was not quick to forgive.

"I wanted to come back and have you like me, to make Hilldale proud of me. But I—I—Hollywood makes you see things wrong. And I always want to see them right, as Hilldale folks do." She looked over the audience. "Please, Mrs. Martin and Mary Starr and Mr. Grosskopf and—and—please, Betty Detwiler and—and George. Please forgive me and be my friends. Annie Casey of Hilldale is asking you. Won't you?"

She knelt down and whispered to the orchestra leader, then rose. Her choking voice started and the orchestra picked up the strain:

"'Mid pleasures and palaces though we
may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place
like home."

Now the whole audience was singing. Women were dabbing their eyes with their handkerchiefs. Men were clearing their throats. Instinctively they rose to their feet and George's baritone voice was leading them all. When the song ended they sat down, moved as though they had sung the Doxology. The theater was as quiet as a church.

Tears were streaming down Annie Casey's face.

"Bless you," she breathed as she threw back her shoulders and lifted her face. "Bless you forever and ever."

THE old yellow roadster stopped in front of Senator Detwiler's house.

"Won't you come in?" Betty asked, hesitatingly.

"Let's sit here, Betty," George said. "I want to talk."

"Well,"—Betty settled herself—"it's about time. You haven't said a word since you went backstage to see Annie."

"Betty."

"Yes?"

"I'm like Annie. I've been a fool."

She did not answer. Evidently she agreed.

"Here's something that will surprise you, Betty. I love you. I've always loved you. I just discovered it today. Will you marry a sap?"

Betty laughed happily. "That's no surprise, George. I've known it for months."

"B-b-but—"

"Kiss me. Of course, I'll marry you."

He kissed her. Then he drew back. "And you know it's all over between Annie and me?"

"Of course. Let's talk about us." She snuggled closer. "If you'll tell me what was in that package, I'll tell you something you don't know."

He laughed. "You first."

"I got Father to tell Luke Morton to bring Annie Casey back here."

"*You?*"

She nodded. "I knew you never would look at me seriously until you got her off your mind and I guessed that you'd find her out. Now, what was in the package?"

"Betty!" he gasped. "You fixed—you worked—you got—"

"What was in the package?" she insisted.

"A piece of wood."

"A piece of wood?"

"Yep. I sat all day thinking things over. I discovered I loved you and the more I thought about Annie the madder I got. I started whittling and the first thing I knew I had a paddle and I said, 'Somebody ought to spank the spoiled brat,' and I knew she was mad at me and I thought she might do something crazy and I was all mixed up and thought I'd better do it before the show— Do you follow me?"

"No. But go on."

"WELL, I didn't and then she read my poem and said mean things about Hilldale so I went back and loosened the paper around the paddle and said, 'What's that on your dressing table?' and as she turned away from me I—"

"George! You struck a woman?"

George shook his head and grinned. "I lost my nerve."

"Oh," said Betty, a bit disappointed.

"She looked around and saw the paddle and yelled and backed against the wall and I said she was acting like a kid and needed a spanking. I told her how everybody in Hilldale had admired her and wanted her to be a success and what was this stuff all about, anyway?"

"What did she say?"

"She said now that she thought about it she didn't know and she started to cry and said I was right and what could she do and I said go out and apologize and sing Home, Sweet Home." George sighed. "So," he said, "everything's all right." He took Betty's face in his hands and kissed her. "I should have brought the paddle here. Somebody ought to use one on me."

"Give me time," Betty laughed and pulled his freckled nose.

IT WAS very late when George in his old yellow roadster sped toward home and as he drove he sang a gay song:

"Oh, Betty Detwiler
It won't be long
Until you're Mrs. Adams.
And someday, maybe,
We'll have a baby,
And he will call me Daddums."

"Funny," he said with conviction, "how you can take a poem you think is pretty good and polish it up and it comes out just perfect. The old George Adams luck!"

Richard Stone's Wife

Continued from page 13

countenance the hand of Richard Stone had marked the signature of pain; but this inscription was softened now by repose, and the shadows below her eyes and the tenseness of her mouth had not obscured the natural sweetness and beauty of her face. It was a pity to invade this momentary peace, and I turned away softly. But a branch snapped, and she woke at once, sitting up with the habitual fear leaping to her eyes.

"Richard Stone isn't here," I said quickly, and saw the relief on her face. "We're staying out in the woods for two or three days, and I came back for food."

"Yes," she said, only half assured.

I did not sit down at first, wishing to make no gesture that would disturb her, just as a man will not approach a frightened animal too closely until his presence is no longer strange. The lake water lay bright and still at the foot of the sunny bank, and the smell of pines was sweet.

"I am glad you found such a warm place in the sun," I said. "When I was a boy at Cape Cod, we would swim in the morning, and often the water was cold. I would sit on the porch steps afterwards and let the sun go through me until I had that warm, crinkly feeling, like cloth that has been drying before a fire."

She said, with hesitation, "It is pleasant to remember those things."

"And I think we remember more and more of them as we grow older," I said. "So that we are able to lead many lives, recalling what we did and felt before, in different years. Then we can string all the pleasant memories together to make a kind of golden chain of days."

"Yes," she said.

"That day in the Mohawk Valley would be one of them," I said, "when you and George and I and some girl you knew ate sandwiches and drank a bottle of wine cooled by the river."

"Yes, I remember."

"George went swimming in his underwear."

"It was red and yellow underwear, too."

"*Purple* and yellow," I corrected her gravely. "He insisted that it was 'purple and fine linen.'"

"Yes, of course," she cried, and smiled. That was the first time she smiled. It was as if sunlight fell for an instant upon the shadow of her face. Even to me, not especially sensitive to other people's sorrows, it was extraordinarily moving.

"That was fun, that day," I said.

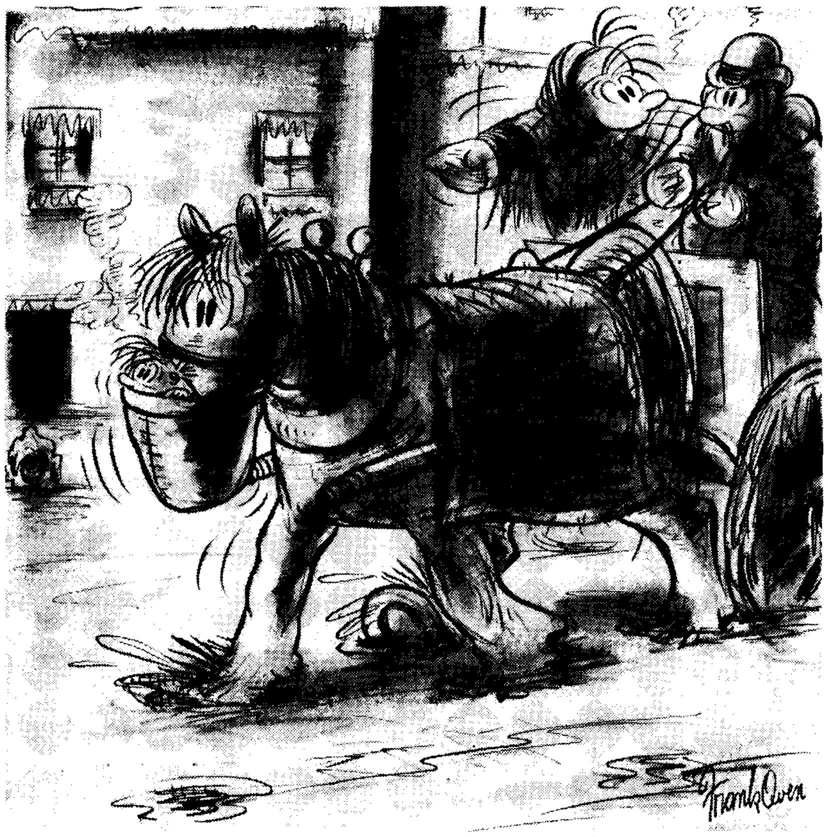
I went away a moment later. I did not think there was more that I could do then, and I did not want to spoil, by too much effort, our momentary understanding. From that time, I think I was set apart in her mind from the prison which Richard Stone had built for her. On half a dozen occasions, perhaps, we were alone and talked a little, with growing friendliness; and sometimes in the harsh intermittent silence of the meals she would look at me with a question in her eyes.

AUGUST ran into September, and the maples began to burn, and the wind was louder in the forest. We had made progress. There was now no question about a deposit of gold in the northeast corner of Stone's land. From the way the rock lay, I judged there was not very much of it. But the concession had some value, and two men came out from Montreal to inspect our findings. They named a price; Richard Stone named another. They argued in our cabin while Ferney and I waited outside. I did not know what the final price was, but the

(Continued on page 58)

Philbert By FRANK OWEN

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



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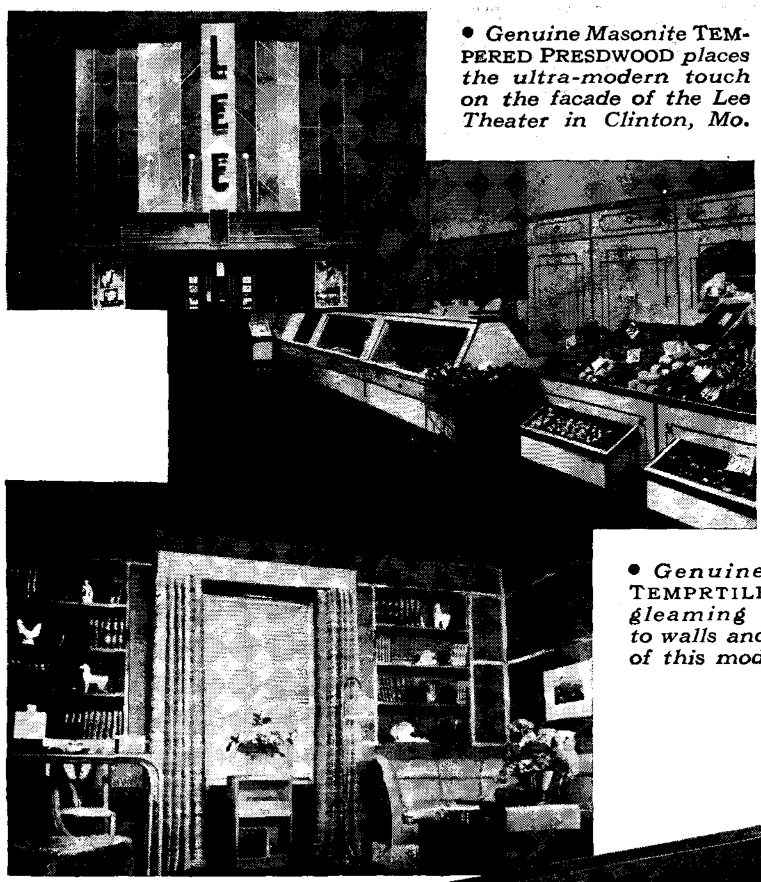

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FOR SALE BY LEADING LUMBER DEALERS EVERYWHERE

(Continued from page 57)

two men went back to Montreal to draw up the papers. I heard Stone tell them at the canoe that the property was his wife's, and that the check for the subsoil rights should be made out to her.

I speculated as to how much she would see of it. Probably he wouldn't even tell her the concession was sold until he had the check and told her to endorse it. I decided impetuously to tell her myself, and I followed her that evening when she went down to the lake for water.

"I suppose you heard the news," I remarked. "Those two men bought the mining concession on your property today."

She looked at me without answering.

"The check has to be made out to you," I continued. "I'm glad it's your property."

"Everything is his," she said.

"The land's yours. The money is coming to you."

She spoke in the voice of one who is trying to explain patiently. "He doesn't let me have money."

I filled the bucket for her, and we returned along the path. "You can deposit it yourself in a bank," I said. "It's yours, and you'll need it later. We'll be leaving here soon."

She seemed to respond to that. Her body shivered, and she murmured: "Yes, I must leave here soon. I must not stay here."

"That's right," I said. "You must stick to that." I looked at the slender shoulders, the small delicate hands. If Richard Stone left this woman here again, it would be because he knew she would die; it would be a safe way of getting rid of her. "I should like to be your friend," I informed her. "I'll help you in any way I can."

Once again there was that expression as of warm sunlight on her face. "Thank you," she answered. "You have been kind."

I WAS eager to get away from the place by that time. So I was pleased when Stone told me: "We'll be quitting in two or three days—as soon as the Montrealers return with the papers."

"That suits me," I replied. "I've had enough."

"I'm glad you appreciate what I've done for you."

"You made a good bargain. You got the services of a geologist free. And I suppose you got a good price for the concession."

"Good enough. I either make money out of a property quick or I dump it."

"You're not leaving Mary here this winter, are you?"

His eyes narrowed.

"Say," he whispered, "hasn't your kind of life at least taught you to mind your own business? Careful, Cole, careful. Keep away."

I went back to the cabin with a sullen heart and got some bread and bacon and coffee out of the food box. I would go away for the day and try some shooting. The ducks were flying south now, and at the head of the lake I could get a shot at them and follow up along the shore. The air was clear and cold, and the eight-mile tramp stirred my blood. By noon my spirit was out of reach of trouble. I shot a brace of ducks in the cove and four more as they moved down.

When I got back, I found Ferney in our doorway, with a malevolent grin on his face. There was a sound of sobbing from Stone's cabin.

"What's up?" I asked.

"That woman."

"Well, what about it?"

"He's going to leave her here, and she don't like it. You got some duck?"

I hung them on a nail and put the gun in the cabin. The sobbing was quieter.

"Yes, quite a row," Ferney said. "She kept yelling she wanted to go away. But what does he want her for? This is the best place for that kind of woman." He chuckled. "When they're bony like that, they're no good anyway."

I put my foot on his shoulder and sent him sprawling. "Next time you'll get it in your face," I said.

He didn't utter a word, but pulled himself straight and closed his face up, like a gargoyle in dirty granite. The sobbing had ceased. Richard Stone came out, looking dark, and went toward the lake. I sat on the ground against the cabin. The little camp seemed to hold its breath. I felt as if we were waiting for something—something that would clear the scene of this brooding hate and misery—some melodrama that would flash like a sword across our suspended minds, and kill or, perhaps, cure.

AND in a way that was what happened. Mary Stone came out of the cabin with a little brown hat on her head and started blindly down to the lake that was the one road home. For a moment I think something had snapped in her mind, for otherwise she would not have had the courage to face Richard Stone coming up the bank.

"What are you doing?" he said.

It was so still in the camp—even the wind had fallen quiet—that you could hear her thin voice: "I'm going home."

"Go on back," he commanded.

She tried to pass him, and he seized her by the wrist and turned her around. She began to scream and cry and pluck at his fingers; and he let go suddenly and struck her with the back of his hand. If he had only meant to knock her down, he did not need to hit so hard, for she was frail and had no strength at all. She fell in a heap at the foot of a tree, and the little brown hat rolled a foot or so on the ground.

I rose and walked toward him. "That was a mistake, Stone," I said.

He measured me with his glance and loosened his shoulders under the woolen jacket. "I said this morning that your life should have taught you not to interfere," he said. "Do I have to teach you now?"

We were only three feet apart. His eyes were like little chips of rock.

"If you can," I answered.

His hands went up, and I was in fast, knowing that my only chance, and it was slim enough, was speed. I caught him once on the cheekbone and once in the belly before he rocked me back on my heels with a blow to the chin. He stepped after me quickly, smashing my fist back into my face, his eyes gleaming, and working his left on my body. Then Ferney shouted at us, "Men coming," and Stone turned, and we saw the canoe of the Montrealers approaching the bank. Ferney's face was blank with disappointment: since I couldn't knock Stone down, he wanted to see Stone knock me down.

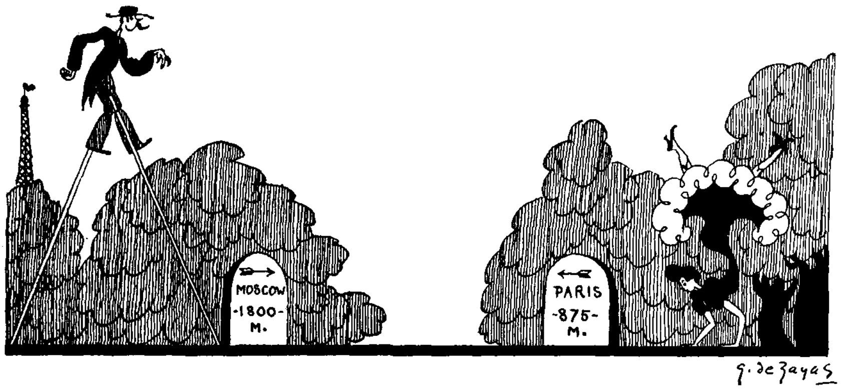
"Carry her inside," Stone ordered him, and went down the bank.

I pushed Ferney away and picked her up. She was as light as a child in my arms and looked at me in that questioning way, and then closed her eyes and relaxed. Inside the cabin I placed her on the bed and suddenly, without thinking, I stooped and kissed her pale, flowerlike face. I did not mean to take advantage of her and was instantly disturbed that I had done so; but she opened her eyes and smiled. "That was kind of you," she murmured. "I'll remember that. It's one of those things you said to remember."

"I'll get you some water," I said.

The papers and the check were signed that night, and the Montrealers slept in our cabin and went on to the northeast property the next day. As soon as they had gone, Stone came to me. "You'll leave now," he stated. "Before we re-

(Continued on page 60)



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Two of the most famous hikes on record were made without touching the feet to the ground. In 58 days in 1890 Silvain Dornon walked from Paris to Moscow—about 1,800 miles—on stilts; and in 55 days in 1900 Johanna Hasslinger walked from Vienna to Paris—875 miles—on her hands.

The most spectacular and costly trek in history took place between 1922 and 1924 when 500,000 Moslem Turks in Greece and 1,500,000 Christian Greeks in Turkey were returned, under an exchange agreement, to their respective countries. This compulsory intermigration took a toll of 300,000 lives through disease and exposure and cost more than $100,000,000.—*By J. J. Kyroghlou, Salonica, Greece.*

The universe is the only thing that cannot be reproduced accurately in a miniature model—*on any scale.* This impossibility is shown by the fact that, if the earth were represented in such an imaginary model by a one-inch ball, the nearest fixed star would have to be placed more than 40,000 miles away.—*By D. G. Falconer, Santa Barbara, California.*

A physician who makes a physical examination, performs an operation or applies any prophylactic, diagnostic or therapeutic agent without the authority of the patient or someone lawfully qualified to represent him—commits a battery or a trespass, or both, for which, according to the circumstances of the case, he may be fined, imprisoned or made to pay damages.

The world's largest metal coins, in both size and standard value, were copper plates used in Alaska about a hundred years ago. They were about three feet long, two feet wide, weighed ninety pounds and were worth $2,500. —*By Andrew W. Robertson, London, England.*

A curious phenomenon of light is its photographic effect through a small hole. An excellent example occurs when the sun is partly obscured during an eclipse, and its light shines through small openings in dark rooms and the thick foliage of trees in the form of a crescent.—*By K. L. Buehler, Burlington, Iowa.*

Prison rules vary greatly throughout the world. In Belgium many prisoners serve the first ten years of their sentences in strict isolation. In Russia farmer prisoners are allowed a harvest leave-of-absence of four months. In Madrid inmates of the women's prison are permitted to have their babies with them, the institution maintaining a children's ward where their mothers can be with them for several hours each day.

The neutron, the infinitesimal particle of matter being used to bombard the nucleus of the atom in the hope of releasing its energy, is so heavy that a thimbleful of them would weigh about a million tons.

Paris is believed to be better protected against air raids than any other city in the world. Not only is it highly fortified, but its entire population can seek safety at one time in its 27,000 bomb-proof shelters and its 800 miles of catacombs and "sightseeing" sewers.

Railroad locomotives are no safer from motorcars than pedestrians. Several months ago in Kansas a car hit an engine and then, seven weeks later, hit the same one again; and recently in Delaware another engine, while trying to get across a highway, was struck by two cars—one on each side of it—at the same instant.—*By William E. Reed, Winterthur, Delaware.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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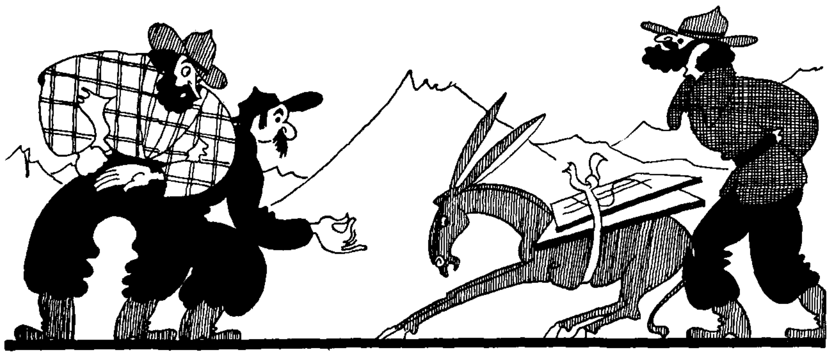

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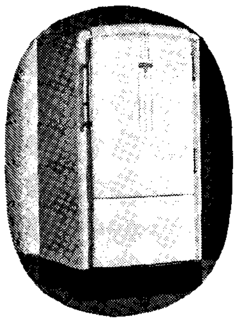

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EVERSHARP
•
RED SPOT PENCIL

Richard Stone's Wife

Continued from page 58

peat yesterday. Get your things. I've some letters to mail, and Ferney and I'll go with you to the mill."

He turned around without waiting for a reply. I packed my two suitcases while Ferney watched me with a fatuous grin on his face. But he knew better than to open his mouth. Outside, I looked at Mary's cabin. There was no sign of her. Stone came out, and we descended to the canoe. Not a word was said during the long day's paddling, nor during the evening's camp. I lay in my sleeping bag and stared at the gorgeous stars.

An easy arm's length away Richard Stone slept soundly, with Ferney snoring beside him.

With the first gray in the sky I woke him and said, "I want to get on." He cursed and lay still while Ferney and I rebuilt the fire and got breakfast. When it was ready, Stone pulled himself out of his bag in a black mood. "Give me my boots," he ordered.

I didn't move, and Ferney handed them to him silently.

"They're wet," Stone growled. "Why didn't you dry them, you damn' dirty Canuck?"

"I was getting breakfast," Ferney muttered.

Stone stretched out his hand to set one of the boots by the fire. Ferney was forking bacon from the frying pan, and—perhaps by accident, perhaps by design—a drop of hot grease fell on Stone's wrist. Without pausing in the movement of his arm, Stone swept the boot into Ferney's face. The latter dropped back, clapping his hand to his mouth with a cry of pain. The oaths poured from him so fast that he choked on the words; but he sat down after a minute and wiped his face and began eating.

Stone laughed. The food made him feel more cheerful. "You seem to be in a hurry this morning," he remarked to me with heavy sarcasm.

"It's the company," I said.

He chuckled. "That's gratitude from a man saved from the gutter."

"Someone will put a knife in you some day, Stone," I said; and, seeing Ferney's sullen face, I thought: And there's a man who would do it.

Stone shrugged his shoulders. "One or two have tried."

IT WAS midafternoon when we sighted the mill. To shorten the portage, we used a landing close to the dam, where there was a waterlogged timber with a stake in it jutting out into the water. We paddled hard across the strengthening current to the lee of the log, and I tied up the canoe. Ferney lifted out the two bags and Stone's packet of mail.

"Take them up to the mill and find out if there's a truck going to the station that can take you," Stone said. "I'll wait here. If not, we'll have to portage and go down the river in the canoe."

The path ran along the bank to the dam and turned right, to the mill. The roar of the falls was louder here than the machines. I stared at the sleek black water curving over the dam and breaking into great white spouts that hurled themselves at the rocks below. I remembered the first time I had seen it, on my way in, when its force jarred me because I was tired and had no fight in me. Now I liked it and found it soothing to the frustrated rage within.

Ferney was standing beside me, staring intently at the water. He gave a start when I spoke to him. "Give me the mail," I said, "and go on up to the mill. You can find out about the truck."

As soon as he had gone, I glanced through the packet of letters and found what I wanted. The envelope was addressed to a Montreal bank, and I pried the flap open carefully with my knife. It contained a check for the concession made out to Mary Hartford Stone. On the back she had endorsed it to Stone's account. I wondered whether he had had to do anything to her to make her endorse it to him, or whether she had just known what he would do. Anyway, that could be remedied. I tore the check in half and put the two halves in my pocket; the Montrealers would draw another one for her in return for the first. I was sure she was going to need money; beyond that, I was uncertain what to do. I had two plans, both vague enough: to find out if she had any relatives who could get her away, or to tell the police. There must be a law that protects a woman from a man even when she is married to him. If those plans failed—well, I could go back, whatever might come of it.

I TURNED and looked back to the canoe. Stone was lying flat along the seat with his head on the stern, a handkerchief across his eyes to keep out the sun. Even at that distance, his sprawling body gave an impression of brutal strength. In a fair fight, a man wouldn't have much of a chance. I was about to proceed to the mill when suddenly I saw Ferney descending the bank to the canoe. He must have gone around another way from the mill, so quietly I had not noticed him. I watched him curiously, wondering what he was doing.

Stone was apparently asleep. Ferney slipped the painter from the stake and guided the canoe gently along the log. Then he pushed it from him out toward the current. The bow swerved forward first, but as the current caught it, the stern swung completely around, and the canoe gathered speed rapidly. I shouted, and Richard Stone raised his head; he sat up with a jerk and grabbed for a paddle. But the canoe was racing for the dam only twenty feet away, and I saw the horror on his face as he tried in vain to turn it. It slid to the brim, hovered . . . and shot over. Ferney hurried up the bank, calling, and a man came out from the mill, and the three of us ran down below the falls. Splintered ribs from the canoe sailed past, but for the moment we could not see any sign of Richard Stone in the tossing spray. Then the body emerged slowly, bumping over a rock, pushed forward by the rush of water, and was washed to our feet. . . .

"I saw it from my window just as it hit the brim of the dam," the mill manager said. "I could see him plunge head downward in the falls. He didn't have a chance. He must have paddled or drifted too near."

I could feel Ferney's eyes on mine, and I met his glance, but I had to look away. I knew he was right, but I couldn't look at him.

"I told Stone he landed too near the falls," I said slowly.

"Yah," breathed Ferney. "He always landed too near."

There was a moment's silence. "Well, I'm going back to tell Mrs. Stone," I said.

"Yes," the mill manager nodded. "And you better get her out of here. I never could understand why a woman would stay in that camp alone."

"Yes, I'm going to bring her back."

"Does she have any friends down in the States?"

"I know of one," I said.

Business of State

Continued from page 22

every three dollars you had to pay in taxes was thrown away.

The whole state (with the exception of the politicians, who began to have nightmares) accepted the report with wholehearted enthusiasm. They knew the men who had done the investigating and they knew Sherrill. To understand the report which was made, to understand the respect and almost awe that the people of Ohio have for Sherrill, suppose we digress for a moment and get to know him.

To begin with, Colonel Sherrill is not a politician. He is a soldier—and a businessman. His peace-time exploits in the Engineering Corps were even greater than his war exploits—and those later earned both the Distinguished Service Cross and the Croix de Guerre, neither of which was given just because an officer looked well in a Sam Browne belt.

After the war Colonel Sherrill served for a time as Park Commissioner in the District of Columbia. A reform government was established in Cincinnati and they asked Sherrill to be its first city manager. Sherrill came to Cincinnati and found it a political jungle filled with hungry wolves—hungry despite the fact that they'd been overeating for years. The city wasn't much more than a shambles—another attraction on the burlesque circuit of one Rud K. Hynicka, girl-show magnate and a political boss who ruled by remote control from his New York office.

Sherrill made no promises and very few speeches. He looked at the city as he had once looked at Philippine jungles which had to be cleared and made livable. And calmly, methodically, coldly, he went to work. He introduced three hitherto unknown and very quaint qualities into Cincinnati city management. They were A—Efficiency; B—Discipline; C—The Merit System.

That's all. But within a year the records show that Cincinnati became the "best governed city in the country." The greedy hands which had been dipping into the pork barrel for years had been rudely cracked and the wails of the smitten resounded high over the Ohio Valley. But the good burghers of Cincinnati smiled contentedly and blessed the name of Sherrill.

Then Sherrill went back to civilian life and now is head of the American Retail Federation. That is Colonel C. O. Sherrill.

The Axe Falls

The new axeman had certainly shown that he could wield a wicked blade. Reports from the Sherrill Survey (as the Ohio Governmental Survey was called) started to be issued just four months after he began work. The first major report was on the State Tax Commission, and when the taxpayers read it they reached for the smelling salts.

"You can save $935,000 a year in the operation of this commission alone," the report said. "Cut your 1935 appropriation for the Tax Commission from $2,341,229 to $1,410,000. If you want more, pick up $800,000 in added revenue annually by reducing the absurd allowance for gasoline evaporation, in assessing your gasoline tax, from three to one per cent."

Eleven states which have a gas tax make no allowance for evaporation. Twenty-seven others allow only one per cent.

As anticipated, a great blow fell against personnel, not so much the number but the quality. The Survey had this to say:

"Evasion and abuse of civil service regulations in the Tax Commission are common. Of the 960 on the pay roll at the time of this Survey, only 391 were classified according to civil service rules. *Tabulation of salaries paid, and comparison with the industrial base for corresponding positions, totals up to* $176,682 more than private industry would need to pay. By and large, the responsible jobs are underpaid and capably filled, while the routine jobs are overpaid and ineffectively filled."

Jobs for the Worthy

Cincinnati's successful experience with businesslike administration exerted a noticeable influence in the reports. For efficiency, the Survey consistently recommended large doses of Cincinnati medicine—concentration of authority in one executive, chosen not for his ability to get votes but for his ability to handle the job.

Civil service was repeatedly advocated, and the Civil Service Commission was one of the few which the survey found was inadequately financed and constituted.

John Taxpayer watched eagerly for the Sherrill report on the Highways Department. He was not disappointed.

A possible saving of $2,000,000 was pointed out. Political patronage is the marrow of highway bones. Of personnel, the Survey said:

"All members of the staff, except the director, should serve under civil service rules. The administration of an operation of this size, responsible for the spending of such tremendous sums each year, requires reasonable tenure of office to avoid the inefficiencies that result from frequent changes in staff management."

The Highway Department employs between 9,000 and 11,000 persons, depending on the season and the proximity to election. It is the common practice to reward political service with a job on the highways. There is always room for a few more in a political pinch. When the administration changes, the highway boys take it for granted that it means them, too. They are the big campaigners—the big "little" contributors to the party war chest.

How revolutionary, then, to suggest that in the interest of efficiency the favorite son of Precinct B in the 15th Ward should undergo a test to prove his ability to hold a job! Didn't that Sherrill guy know nothin'?

The new State Office Building is tall and thin. Columbus wags call it the "silo."

It cost $6,000,000, and an explosion before occupancy cost another $750,000 for repairs. Spittoons in this lavish setting cost $75 apiece, which is quite a lot even for spittoons which are to be used by Ohio's best tobacco-chewing jobholders.

Friends of former Governor Myers Y. Cooper, in whose administration it was begun, often refer to his perplexity as he viewed its fifteen marble-clad stories. He was afraid there were not enough state employees to fill all floors.

Today, the swelling ranks of state employees not only fill Mr. Cooper's silo, but have overflowed into four other large office buildings in Columbus, and occupy quarters of varying dimensions in all principal Ohio cities.

The Sherrill Survey discovered that employees in some departments housed in the State Office Building occupied 348 square feet of space per person. One hundred feet is generous, it said.

(*Continued on page 62*)

Not just BRIDGES...
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George Washington Bridge... *majestic feat of engineering!*

How the Port of New York Authority gets things done *with* paper . . .

by **RALPH HENDERSHOT**
Financial Editor, New York World-Telegram

Mammoth feats of engineering... but they are much more than that—the George Washington Bridge, and other projects of the Port of New York Authority. They are among the marvels of the century.

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Other aids also are needed in carrying on this marvelous work—millions of pounds of paper for printed forms and memorandums to fix responsibility—and to maintain contact between one department and another. Truly, we live in a remarkable age.

* * *

Thank you, Mr. Hendershot. With the permission of the Port of New York Authority, we are proud to add that Hammermill Bond was long ago selected by them for scores of different letterheads and printed forms.

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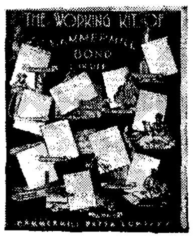

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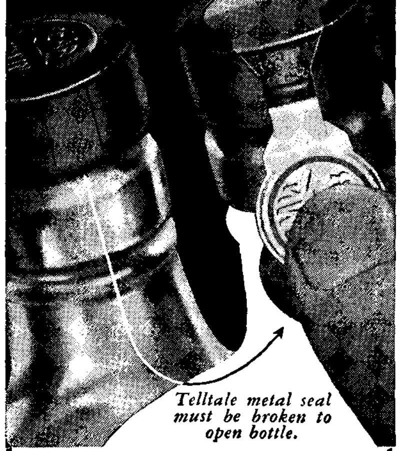

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Tom Hardy
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ANTI-COUNTERFEIT SEALS
ALUMINUM SEAL CO. NEW KENSINGTON, PA.

(Continued from page 61)

The Survey slashed hard at the lobby-inspired bureaucracy which has grown up in recent years, recommending unequivocally that the Boards of Cosmetology and Barber Examiners be among those to go as a "taxation of the industry and of the public which is wholly unjustified."

The Board of Cosmetology, or beauty operators' guild, was wangled into existence after Columbus had witnessed the fanciest bit of lobbying it had been treated to in its more than a century of watching the legislative mill.

The "beauty lobby," two hundred pretty girls, descended on the capital city to get the bill passed. The girls got their bill through the Senate pretty fast. But not so in the playful House, and the girls stayed on, and on, and on, probably at the expense of their hopeful sisters back home. The bill finally passed.

Ohio's liquor monopoly does $30,000,000 of business a year. It costs $2,750,000 a year to operate.

The Sherrill Survey told how the monopoly could be operated as serviceably for $539,000 less on the year. Since the savings would go toward the old-age pension fund, it is something worth considering.

Public Opinion Was Skeptical

The Survey found that:

There is a state purchasing officer, but he does only thirty-three per cent of the state's buying.

Press work on state printing costs fifty per cent more than a private business would pay.

The scattered accounting systems are plainly a muddle, and an up-to-date centralized accounting system would improve matters one hundred per cent.

The Department of Agriculture could operate on $85,000 a year less, by reorganization and elimination of waste.

The state fair, over which this department presides, has lost money every year since 1920. The total loss over the past fifteen years has been $1,100,000. Last year it lost $42,942. Fifty-five thousand passes were issued. Admission costs a quarter. One out of every six entered the grounds on an "Annie Oakley."

The Survey did not go into the schools, but found that $55,000 could be saved in the State Department of Education, which now has seven administrative divisions where it could do with one.

The story of waste and extravagance revealed by the Survey could go on for pages: $233,000 needlessly spent by the Industrial Commission; $389,000 by the Department of Industrial Relations; $211,000 by Purchasing and Printing.

The Survey examined in all 143 different state bureaus and departments. A dull lump rose to the taxpayer's throat as he looked at the cost data compiled at the conclusion of the Sherrill reports.

For the fifteen-year period, 1920 through 1934:

The cost of government has increased 372 per cent; the cost for state functions proper has increased 216 per cent; the cost for state subsidies to local governments and schools has increased 1,345 per cent, but *the population of Ohio has increased only 20 per cent.*

To put it in a sentence: the per capita costs of government increased from $5.12 to $20.01.

Public opinion was a bit skeptical as to whether anything would be done. During the past fifteen years three other surveys have been made in Ohio. One was executive. Two were legislative. The net result of these three surveys in savings to the taxpayer was—zero. Minus zero really because each one cost the state something.

How have Governor Davey and the legislature gone about remedying the evils which were pointed out by the Sherrill Survey? To date the public doesn't feel that very much has been accomplished. However, in justice to Governor Davey it must be pointed out that various obstacles have been and are in the way of any immediate cutting down of state expenses.

To begin with, Ohio has a constitution. Some governmental functions are strictly executive functions which can be taken care of by the governor. A great many more are, by order of the constitution, legislative functions over which the state legislature only has control. The governor himself can, if he follows out the recommendations of the Sherrill Survey, account for some five million dollars of that fifteen millions which the Survey says can be saved. The remaining ten million dollars must be saved by legislative action.

Well, a state legislature is not a business organization. It is a political organization. Men are elected to it because they have been good political workers, good organization men and because they are always ready to listen to the pleas of their constituents. If Jake Smith is a pretty good party contributor and if he helped State Senator Jones to be elected, Senator Jones isn't going to do anything which might lose Jake Smith's son his nice soft job in the Highway Department.

Governor Davey does not control the state legislature in Ohio. It's a rather cantankerous body of individuals and no whip can be cracked over it. That is, any whip which is going to hurt financially. But Old Man Public Opinion is beginning to assert himself. And when Old Man Public Opinion gets a-rolling no little-minded politicians can stop him.

It has been more than six months since the first recommendations for dollar savings were placed in Governor Davey's hands. He immediately appointed what he called an Action Committee, which he told to go ahead and wield an axe where the report recommended such an axe-wielding. The committee consisted of John M. Caren, executive secretary to the governor, a Democrat; Harry Silver, a Republican, State Finance Director under former Governor Myers Cooper; and Tullis V. Taylor, the nonpartisan vice-president of the Buckeye Casting Company and member of the Sherrill Survey.

To date this committee has worked hard—but it has effected a saving of but half a million dollars.

Critics of Governor Davey say that he unwittingly created a political Frankenstein which now threatens to destroy him. His supporters insist—and there is much justice in their plea—that he be given more time. What does he say?

"The newspapers are rapping you for not hurrying up and showing some tangible results on the Sherrill Survey," I suggested to him.

"Yes, I know," the governor smiled. "That's to be expected. It should be remembered, however, that the Survey was my brain child. I'm naturally all for it. But there are obstacles in the way which prevent immediate full compliance with its recommendations. Do I agree with all of the recommendations made by the Survey?

"On the whole," he said, "I do. But with this reservation: The Sherrill Survey was an investigation made by businessmen and they looked at state government with a business eye. Fine. But remember that although state government is a business it's a different kind of business than businessmen usually run. There are practical political problems in state government which the Survey ignored.

"By a practical political problem I mean this: One recommendation the Survey made was that we slash wages from fifty cents to forty cents an hour in the Highway Department. I certainly would not countenance that. If anything, I think such wages should be raised rather than lowered. Working a thirty-five-hour week, a fifty-cent-an-hour wage is only a $17.50 weekly salary. Suppose we enforced that stipulation. Every labor organization in the state would be on our necks—and properly so. In a business you can slash wages all you want, but you can't in a state business, which is just as well, too."

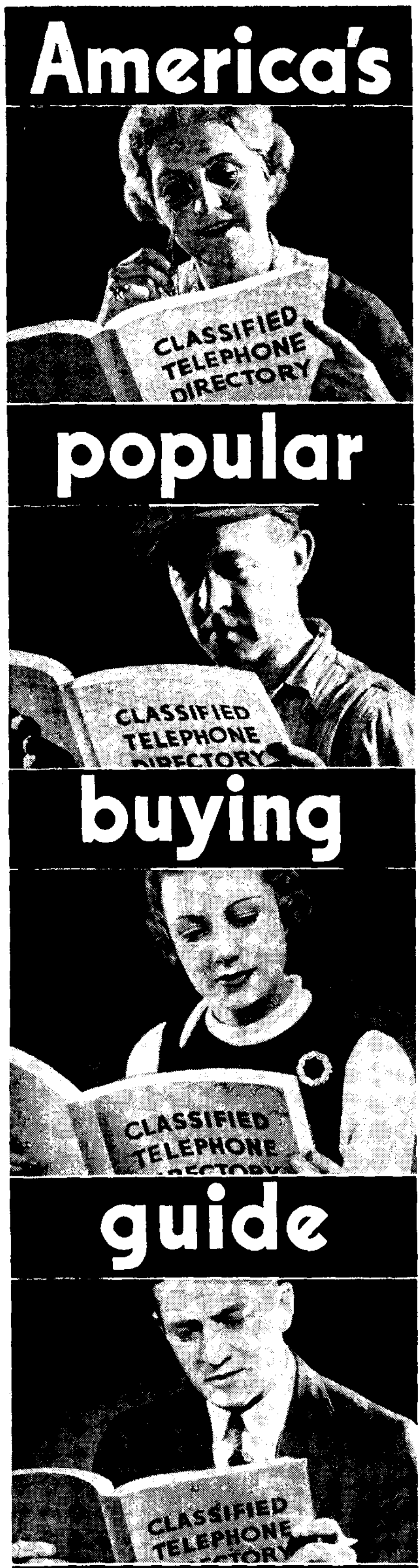
Governor Davey is a genial, pleasant person who has a tremendous knack for doing the politically inept thing and for saying the politically inept thing. Last fall when the whole state of Ohio was praying for the success of the Ohio State football team the governor charged that half of the players were being supported by the state through sinecure jobs as legislative pages, elevator operators, etc. It was true. Everyone admitted that it was true. But during the fall, football supremacy in these United States is a great deal more important to the general public than anything else in the world, and anything that casts any odium on one's favorite football team is to be disregarded and the man responsible for it consigned to the fires of oblivion.

The governor was absolutely right. He said in effect that football is a nice game for kids to play—which it is. But it isn't anything to get really excited about, and the thought that a state government should actually allow youngsters (you often forget that college football players are only babies) to attach themselves to a state pay roll is, one must admit, now that the annual fall hysteria has died, a bit odious. But governors shouldn't point out such things. Governors should stick feathers in their hats and brave the wintry blasts of the late fall to cheer on the state university team. Even if the governors happen to think that football is a rather stupid, uninspiring game. But Governor Davey hasn't the knack of clothing his statements in diplomatic language.

He said this to me, and it really isn't the sort of thing that a governor who faces reëlection in 1936 should say: "I am a businessman and a politician, both of which I consider honorable callings. I began by serving four terms as mayor of my home town of Kent. Then I went to Congress. It was during Coolidge's administration. I made myself unpopular with my colleagues by introducing a bill which would give the President an absolute blanket power of reducing the national budget from four billion dollars to three billion. Why, it would make the President a dictator, my colleagues said. Sure it would. But when I run my business I am the boss of it and everything I do is for the interest of that business. The President is the boss of the federal government. I said: 'Let him cut the budget a billion. The overhead of every department in the government can be cut down a third and would be if business methods were applied.' That's my attitude toward the Sherrill Survey. As a businessman I'm for it one hundred per cent. As a politician I realize the practical difficulties involved in following out its recommendations."

The Public Be Pleased

Governor Davey has always been a down-the-line Democrat, a practical politician. Now he is faced with a terrific problem, and the state of Ohio is watching his reaction with great interest. He can sign his political death warrant by insisting that all of Sherrill's recommendations be accepted. If he does that it probably means that he will go quietly under as governors in other states have done who refused to acknowledge that they were products of a political machine. But he can become a great man. Of course, great men are *seldom* rewarded by political office in this country but a really efficient state organization that governs economically with a minimum of graft, waste and inefficiency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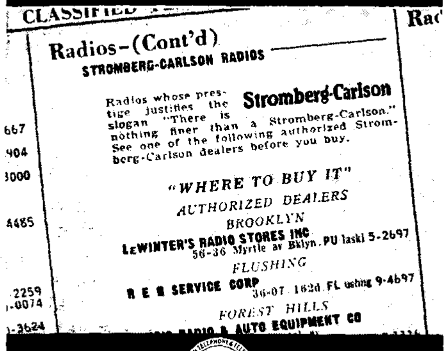
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should be monument enough for anyone's ego.

The Sherrill Survey and its consequences are too important to be just another state problem. Let's talk to Ohio people of note—national figures—find out their reactions to the Sherrill Survey and to its ultimate worth.

Charles P. Taft, son of former President William H. Taft, of Cincinnati, once a Yale tackle, later a county prosecutor and a leading member of the Ohio Bar, says this: "I am for the Sherrill Survey eighty per cent. I know that anything Sherrill has anything to do with must be good. I realize, too, that businessmen might forget at times that state government is a different kind of business. That's why I say I am sure the recommendations made by the Survey are eighty per cent capable of being put into effect instead of one hundred per cent. However, to date I see few signs that the present state administration is really interested in following those recommendations."

Newton D. Baker also thinks that the Survey is one of the greatest things that ever happened to Ohio. "State machinery is a peculiar thing," he told me. "You organize a state bureau to take care of some state function and gradually, imperceptibly, the thing starts to grow. After a few years you look at it and suddenly realize that you have a mountainous mass of machine doing a comparatively small job. You look at it in dismay and you are so close to it that you don't know how to begin to cut down. Then the thing to do is to get a man like Sherrill in, give him full power, and let him prune the machinery in a businesslike way."

Simeon D. Fess, former U. S. senator from Ohio, said the same thing, and so did Attorney General John W. Bricker, who is expected to head the Ohio Republican ticket in the next gubernatorial election.

Bricker added, "The recommendations ought to be put into immediate effect by those in authority."

Watching and Waiting

Hitherto there have been two kinds of lobbies in Columbus—the tax spenders and the tax dodgers. The Sherrill Survey has created a new kind of lobby—the tax watcher, whose duty it will be to challenge every expenditure by the state government and to measure that expenditure with the yardstick of business. That new lobby is called the Citizens League and it is still in the process of formation. Its only aim is to perpetuate the work of the Sherrill Survey. It is non-political, non-favor-seeking, interested only in good government at a minimum of expense. It represents that Old Man Public Opinion of whom we spoke before.

At present it is pursuing a policy of watching, waiting. Eventually the people of Ohio believe that it will impose its will upon the administration and upon the legislature. When that time comes the people of the state believe that virtually all of the Sherrill Survey recommendations will be accepted and put into effect.

In front of the state capitol building there is a statue of a buxom woman with her arms outstretched. She is the State of Ohio. Around the base of the statue is engraved her proud boast, "These are my jewels," and below are the figures of Ohio's most illustrious sons. They are James A. Garfield, Rutherford B. Hayes, Salmon P. Chase, General William T. Sherman, General Philip H. Sheridan, Usysses S. Grant and Edwin M. Stanton. If the Survey eventually does all that it claims can be done, Mother Ohio will undoubtedly want to add the name of Colonel Clarence Osborne Sherrill to the jewels of which she is so proud.

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Russia Comes to Town

Continued from page 15

hostess was, but they could sit down, and nice young men brought them things to eat—a ballerina's dream of a party.)

"*Tiho!*" shrieked the company manager, which is Russian for button your lip, and, clutching his brow, he fled. He fled from the *corps de ballet* car into the principal dancers' car, and that was his second mistake.

Tamara, her black braids hanging heavy to her waist, clung to his sleeve. "Peetsbourg," she breathed, making the smoky city sound like a place of cathedrals and pre-Soviet palaces. "Is there a good hotel not expensive in Peetsbourg? Is there a good restaurant not expensive? Is there a five-and-ten-cent store? Is there a drugstore of cut rate? Is there a moving picture?"

"Moving picture!" Irina, putting her two Madagascar marmosets to bed in a fur coat, looked up scornfully. "When is time for a moving picture? Not one moving picture this week!"

The company manager crawled, demolished, to his berth.

They love the movies. Between matinee and evening performances they rush out, swallow a sandwich and a glass of milk at a drugstore counter, and fly to spend an hour before the magnified image of Clark Gable or Kay Francis. Yet their cinema passion ceases at the theater exit. In two days your reporter heard not one word of movie gossip—they have much more exciting gossip of their own. And an informal search of their assorted luggage produced not one fan magazine.

It produced instead numerous weighty volumes. A Turgenev or Dostoevsky novel, a Chekhov play, in Russian, and on the flyleaf of the book a label reading "Bibliotheque Ballet Russe, Serge Diaghileff"—they carry along a library which, like the settings and costumes of their classic ballets, they inherited directly from the famous ballet company out of which this one stems.

Then there is the self-improvement contingent. Recently the serious-minded Nina Verchinina read her sister ballerinas a lecture on their ignorance, reminding them that all great dancers, including Pavlova and their own Massine, had cultivated a knowledge of the arts. Now the girls—and the men as well—spend their daytime train trips studying books on cubism, expressionism, turning pages of Greek sculpture and Italian primitive painting.

Gossip Sheet

Cheek by jowl with the book readers and the students are the gossipers. They sit mending runs in tights and embroidering the toes of new slippers with heavy silk thread (for non-skid rather than beauty purposes) and talking, talking. Together twenty-four hours a day and almost twelve months of the year, they have raised the art of gossip to stratosphere levels. Why does So and So get so many pictures in the papers? The reason is plain—to Russians who know how to put two and two together and make twenty. The American press agent is of course in love with her. And so on, over the miles of Europe and America, until one of their number thought such tidbits should be recorded. That was David Lichine, who surprisingly combines the character of Don Juan and wit of the company, besides being a dancer whose leaps make track stars gasp (two Harvard jumpers came backstage one night in New York to measure his distances; they doubted their eyes).

Now David reads aloud from his newspaper, the Ballet Russe Gazette, written by hand in Russian and added to daily. No one except perhaps Colonel de Basil himself is immune from its gibes. "Life is growing very dull in the Ballet Russe," David reads, translating for the benefit of the non-Slavs. "No competition, no jealousies, no scandals any more; and the other night Papa Baronoff actually said that Tamara Toumanova danced well!"

The purport of this being that Papa B. is the father of Irina, between whom and Tamara there burns a rivalry of Kentucky feud proportions involving family, friends, and audiences on two continents. Prima ballerinas at seventeen, they alternate in many leading roles. The girls take their competition more lightly than anyone; they leave it to their mammas to stand in the wings counting comparative curtain calls and flower tributes. Flowers are important; a leading gossiper's item has been that one of the mothers was changing the cards on the bouquets nightly to make sure her daughter did not go undecorated. Somebody added up the number of bouquets received during the three-months London season and found it exceeded twelve hundred.

Dressing-Room Tragedy

David's item was unduly pessimistic. Life is never dull in the Ballet Russe, even though Papa Baronoff may nod. Ask Charlie, stage manager of the Eastman Theater in Rochester, how he gets along with the Russians. He's had them here twice before.

Charlie shrugs. "I just let it slide off me. That way you live longer. Come on, now," he calls to his crew, "get that stage clean as a whistle—if one of those ballerinas stubs her toe on a pin we'll all get murdered!"

The Toronto train into Rochester was later and there isn't much time before the matinee. The dancers look over the dressing-rooms. "Ah, showers—then we will not need to go to hotels!" Everybody seems contented. And then a howl of pain is heard and a ballerina runs down the stairs in a storm of tears. Is someone hurt, killed? Heads pop through dressing-room doors. The ballerina controls her heartbroken sobbing and explains—she has been assigned to a dressing-room on the third floor—why not on the second? Other corps de ballet members are on the second. Stage director Grigorieff towers over her, scolds her sternly—and she gets her dressing-room on the second floor.

Twenty minutes to curtain time. The stage is a madhouse. The American crew frantically attacks the scenery coming off the trucks. But the Russian in the beret and the scarf slung picturesquely around his shoulders lights a cigarette and shrugs—*nichevo*, which is to say, suppose the curtain is a few minutes late? His name is Vassilieff, Mister Vassilieff, because his title is art director. The American stage hands never get over the humor of this title. To them he's just a stage manager, and they make a shrewd guess that his salary is no more than a third of their hundred-a-week union wage.

Curtain time approaches at a gallop. On the first floor where the principals are dressing, Lichine marches up and down, in his left hand a bag of gooey candy, in his right a magazine just out. He knocks on the doors—"Have a sweet? Look at your picture in the magazine!" They put down slippers, tubes of the smelly fishglue which keeps the slipper heels on, munch and look, and gurgle their pleasure through the sticky candy.

Alexandra Danilova hasn't time to look or munch. She dances in the first ballet today and the costumes and make-up have just come upstairs. She sits in her skin—no time even for a dressing-gown—putting on her eyelashes. Another hairpin in the headdress which mustn't come loose while her partner whirls her through the air. Now the pink tights, the slippers of which a prima ballerina uses half a dozen pairs a month. Alexandra danced in the Diaghileff ballet. She has also danced with the Prince of Wales, but that's far less important.

Cotton between the toes, cotton in the toe of the satin slipper. The feet are cold—ouch! It hurts to stand on the points. Before the mirror she balances, strikes a swooning pose, breaks it to put her head out the door and bellow "Madame Larose!" and returns to her romantic posture. Madame Larose, unruffled, as dressers are no matter what, appears with the gauzy white costume of the Swan Princess, takes a huge needle and sews the dancer into it. Alexandra pins a little gold cross inside her bodice.

"Have you noticed how the public is good this year?" she chatters meanwhile. "They understand ballet in America now—it is wonderful how their taste has de-velop-ped. Chicago, why Chicago is the next city to London now for us"—London has been a ballet paradise for generations—"and Los Angeles last year—" The bell jangles for "on stage." "I am so sorry—excuse, please . . ." Down the stairs and into the wings. The curtain is up, the violins are humming the theme of the enchanted lake. Alexandra rubs her toes in the rosin box, crosses herself swiftly and flutters out before the footlights.

The performance goes on oiled wheels, as far as the audience knows. But in the wings stands eagle-eyed Grigorieff, catching this dancer with an insecurely fastened wig, that one with a soiled spot on white tights. Suddenly he shouts angrily at someone on the stage—Tanya is doing the wrong *pas*, an easy step instead of the difficult one called for in the choreography. Afterward she will be scolded and fined, and her partner with her for complicity. Ballets are recorded only in the memories of dancers; there is no written record.

Shirley's Town

The curtain is down, the matinee over. Panting, the dancers rush to the water cooler, then upstairs to hurry out of their costumes. There is just time for some necessary shopping. A group asks the way to the five-and-ten; they will buy pounds of hairpins, safety pins, mending thread. Another group heads for the cut-rate drugstore for make-up and, believe it or not, Epsom salts. But not for internal use, nor to get thin. In fact, they delegate the slenderest member of the group to make the purchase while the others stand giggling outside—the clerk must not think the wrong thing. They use it to bathe their feet, which swell painfully from sudden changes of steam heat and outdoor cold. In an hour they are back, arms full of packages, hunger stayed with a sandwich.

Once more the stage is an inferno of canvas drops, iron bars menacingly lowered, lights flashing without reason. In the midst of the madness a single small figure in black practice tights steadies herself by a guy rope, rises on her toes, whirls, poses. A middle-aged American gentleman stands in imminent danger of skull fracture or worse, beaming at her.

"That is Shirley," someone explains, "and that is her father, Dr. Ezra Bridge, head of the sanitarium here. This is

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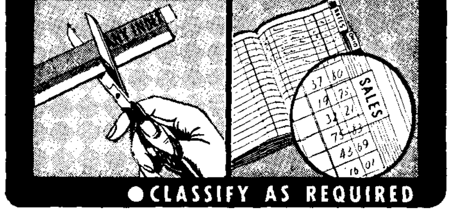

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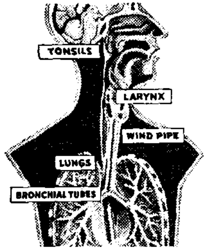

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Shirley's town, you know." Members of the company nod and smile; of course, Rochester is Shirley's town. Shirley is one of half a dozen Americans in the company, chosen from the many who crowd the auditions in each city where the company stops. Although she is Anna Adrianova on the program, has learned a little Russian and studied with Mme. Kshessinska in Paris, there is no secret about her being an American girl; they all take Russian names—it's part of the tradition. The morning papers were full of her coming, the afternoon papers have a four-column picture of her on the front page. The company indulges her; the ballet Choreartium, in which she has a solo part, has been put on tonight's program to please her. All through the performance the Russians keep running into the manager's office, counting the flowers for Shirley. And now Choreartium is ended, to deafening applause from a packed house larger than New York's Metropolitan. The principals take their bow clustered together almost in the wings, leaving Shirley alone in the center of the stage with her flowers heaped higher than her head.

The audience is streaming backstage; soon the evening-clad traffic is jammed to a standstill. Some of these are old friends who have followed the company from New York, even from London and Paris, gentlemen who are otherwise normal but suffer from an uncontrollable passion for ballet which costs them hundreds of dollars in tickets and time away from their businesses. "Balletomanes," they are called, or ballet maniacs. There are female balletomanes too; one of them in London tore her diamond necklace in half and gave half to Tamara. Others are local celebrities, socialites who know that not to be seen at the Ballet is a damaging omission. Then there are the young men—outside the dressing-room doors stands a platoon of stiff-bosomed elegants. Presumably they are waiting for Shirley, but their eyes pop as they flatten themselves against the wall to let the ballerinas go by.

No competition? In her dressing-room Sono Osato, the exotic little Japanese girl, looks ready to weep. A group gathers around her, and Eugenia Delarova (Mrs. Massine) pats her smooth dark head. "Never mind, Sonitchka, Chicago is day after tomorrow." Chicago is Sono's town.

Catching Up with the Arteests

The Americans are the company pets. "Of course," says a Russian corps de ballet dancer, between knee-bends in the wings in Pittsburgh, "they have much to learn. They have been taught tricks, not *art*."

"You bet," whispers Gene, the American chief electrician, from his station by the switchboard, "all the members of this troupe call themselves 'arteests'. . ."

"Also," the dancer continues, with a polite smile at the interruption which he has not quite heard, "the American boys are with the company not three months before they are calling the prima ballerinas by their first names!" How was one to determine the exact moment to begin calling Madame Danilova by her pet name, "Sura"? That he couldn't say; in such delicate matters one must have an instinct.

The Americans work hard to catch up with the "arteests." Gangling redheaded Marcel Leplat (Platoff) of Seattle and Robert Bell (Belsky) of Canada and Hollywood, warm up backstage until perspiration oozes in streams through their make-up and their broad chests labor for breath. That *tour en l'air* or *entrechat* must be perfected. Roland Guerard of Flat Rock, North Carolina, is a hillbilly who dances, and dances brilliantly, according to the Russians themselves. Vivian Schmidt, of Cleveland, joined the company last March and is a corps de ballet dancer who promises well.

Suddenly the entire backstage population crowds into the wings. "It is Irina—she has twisted her ankle." But if you think you are going to see Irina collapse on the stage while the audience gasps, you reckon without ballet tradition. Irina is dancing and miming and smiling winningly across the footlights. Only from the wings can you see the tears coursing down her face, and when she whirls past you can hear her breath catch in a sob. The curtain falls, rises again and again while Irina takes her bows with the rest, and not until it is down for the last time does she limp off, half carried by her partner, to lie faint and moaning in a chair while eager hands rub the swelling foot and others rush for a glass of water. Will she dance the next ballet? The question occurs to nobody but you. Certainly she'll dance the next ballet, and the next after. She'll dance until she drops, but she won't drop until the performance is over.

Almost a Slap

A wrenched ankle or knee is nothing. No one is surprised when a ballerina limps out of the wings sobbing, although two or three men dancers leap forward to help her. What really drives a dancer mad is a slippery spot on the stage. The one ever-present fear is the fear of falling in full view of the audience; this is what makes their faces grave as they rub their toes in the rosin box and cross themselves before going on. It happens, a dozen times a season, but not one out of a thousand in the audience ever sees it, so swiftly does the ballerina pull herself to her feet and dance on without losing a beat of music.

That evening in Pittsburgh quite another concern brings the company into the wings to watch. There has been a quarrel—one of the men principals has fallen out with two prima ballerinas, and he has to dance important duos with both of them in this program. Everybody knows about it, and everybody waits for the "scandal" (the really mean "scene") which seems inevitable. Breaths are held when in the first duo he steadies his partner in her pose on one delicate point—how easy to let her wabble awkwardly and fall, and what a revenge! But ballet ethics restrain him—he doesn't. During intermission he hovers near your reporter. "Would you like for your story if someone were to slap someone? Pavlova did it, you know." He is clearly a very angry young man, as who wouldn't be with two females ganged up against him? Comes the second duo, and again the tense vigil in the wings. But there is no slap. Instead the angry young man goes off to share a glass of milk and a sandwich with a third prima ballerina. The company lets out its breath with relief and, if the truth must be told, a touch of disappointment, and goes off to its own glass of milk.

The train is ready to pull out, to Chicago and points west, south, and east again to New York. Then there will be a boat, and seasons in Monte Carlo, Spain, Paris, London. Perhaps, if all goes well, they will have a month's vacation after London, during which they will scatter by twos and threes to English country homes, French chateaus, the Riviera. Massine and Mrs. Massine will go to their villa on the Galli Islands, within sight of Capri.

But at this moment the company sinks luxuriously into its berths. "Tomorrow, Chicago. In Chicago, even with classes every morning, even with rehearsals every afternoon, we will *sleep!*"

"Out at nine A. M. tomorrow!" the call goes through the cars, followed by a groan. Oh, bitter world in which there is never enough sleep!

P. S. By wire—The train was three hours late. They slept until noon.

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Gentlemen Stand Together

Continued from page 24

crossed the floor hurriedly. He said: "Doc, we just brought in Henry LaTouche. We took him to your place."

This man's name, Stanhope recalled, was Tony Ward, a rider from the Yellow Hill country. Crossing the street with Ward, he saw two lathered horses standing by the stable. "Accident?"

"Accident," said Ward, angrily and briefly.

A DRIPPED thread of blood pulled them up a stairway into Stanhope's second-story office. Two men stood over a third, who lay on a leather couch with a face the color of cold ashes. The sound of that one's breathing was a clear warning to Stanhope. He laid his fingers to the man's wrist and said instantly: "Put him on the table." He took off his coat; he rolled up his sleeves and went to the cabinet beside the table. But he paused a moment to lift his hands to the light and watch them critically. Afterwards he cut the man's coat and shirt deftly away with a pair of scissors. The bullet, a soft .44 slug, had struck a high rib, plowed its way upward through tissue and rested now apparently against the collarbone.

He reached for his chloroform and sprinkled it on a folded towel, his face severe with interest. This man was hard to kill, or else he would have been dead now; but the raggedness of that pulse bothered him. He said: "How do you feel?"

"Not much," murmured LaTouche.

Stanhope greased LaTouche's lips and nostrils, made a cone of the towel and lowered it. The other three were watching him, and Tony Ward had something to say. "You've had a lot to drink, Doc."

"Better if I had more, Tony."

There was release from thinking here, the probe between his fingers and his mind as clear as it would ever be. When he used his hands he could forget. He rolled back Henry LaTouche's eyelid and let it go. He had begun to sweat, a fine moisture sparkling against the edges of his black, unruly hair. His mouth was a tight line across the stubborn arrangement of his face. When he saw that LaTouche was ready, his head dropped and his fingers began to move in the familiar pattern of his trade. He heard the men around him breathe heavier and heavier; and he felt proud of himself, as though something in him was still competent, still untouched by the wreck of his personal life. His questing probe touched the embedded leaden slug.

But it stopped there, for Henry LaTouche's features had changed imperceptibly and there was a feeling suddenly in the room. He laid his instrument down and had another look at the man's eyes; his fingers went against the jugular and pressed against it. He stepped back, his hands making a small gesture. "Your friend," he said emotionlessly, "is dead."

He had no idea men's eyes could show such white fury or that death could mean so much to them. As for himself, he had neither fear of it nor respect for it. A man had to have hope to fear death; he had to love life to fear it—and he had no hope in him, no love. But the silence grew enormous, the violence of the thoughts of those three cowhands growing more oppressive.

Tony Ward grunted: "You damned drunk remittance bum!"

It didn't touch him—that hatred, that scorn. His indifference was a protective tissue, and it was that indifference which so outraged them. He went back to his basin and washed his hands. His voice was completely impersonal. "Men die."

Tony Ward said, inexpressibly outraged: "If they'd been even a horse doctor in town, we'd never brought him here! It's in my mind to take a shot at you!"

Mark Stanhope rolled down his sleeves; he put on his coat. His arms were unaccountably heavy, his head dull and stupid. "That," he said, "is less of a threat than you'd figure," and passed out of the office. Going down the stairs his knees turned weak on him and sudden shadow filled his mind. He reviewed what he had done and knew that he could have done no better; yet a crack of doubt opened—and turned him cold. He had only this one thing left, this pride in his skill. If they took that from him he would have reached the bottom.

He was in Faro Charley's place again, trying to drink up his incredible weariness. All the glitter of the place pressed against his eyeballs and the sound of men's voices was an insistent murmur. The barkeeper's face was indistinct and his voice was indistinct. "There ain't any more in that bottle, Doc."

He said with a quick, unexplainable fury, "Did I ask you if there was?" and turned out of the place. He struck a man, and the man laughed and reached up to support him; but he had a strength in that burly, restless body that suddenly became alive. He caught hold of the man, scarcely seeing him, and threw him half across the room.

AFTERWARD he felt the fresh thin air on his face and found he was in his own saddle, on his own horse. Looking around, he made out the lights of Two Dance far down the prairie. Directly ahead of him the foothills of the Two Dance range began to break through the night.

His horse had stopped, though he couldn't understand why. Afterwards a woman's voice came out across the shadows, near the clear:

"You can't go through a barbed-wire fence."

He turned. There was a shanty's dark outline behind him, with a lamp's yellow flood brightly outlining the square doorway in which she stood. He had never been here before, but he knew now it was Elsa Knightwood's place. He put his horse about and rode over. The light touched him mercilessly as he sat hatless and slack in the saddle, his black hair without order on his head, a gray and bottomless expression on his stubborn face. He said, with a drunken man's care to be exact:

"I do not know how I got here."

He put his hands to the saddle horn. Everything was vague, yet the impression she made on him was distinct, the silhouette of her round, strong shoulders acutely real to him. He saw her sway gently; her voice had a calmness that reached into his mind:

"Get down and come in."

"Not a wise thing to do," he told her.

"Do you know what wisdom is, Doctor Stanhope?"

He got down and she turned from the doorway to let him pass through. He saw a rocking chair and dropped into it and put one of his big hands across his eyes. It helped a little, for when he uncovered them again he saw her more clearly. She stood against a wall and she was watching him with eyes that seemed to be hazel, that seemed to be proud—and to be sad.

He said: "If you hope to have any peace of mind, don't watch those trains."

Her answer was softly whispered. "Is there no hope in you at all?"

He sat forward and put his elbows on his knees and ran a hand through his ruffled hair. He heard her move away, but he was too indifferent to look up. It was a mistake to suppose that drink helped a man to forget. It filled a man's head with a light that was sharp and sunless and cruel. There was a perfect clarity. The world he saw then was like the barren surface of a dead planet.

She said: "Drink this." She was in front of him, holding out a cup of coffee. He took it and hot as it was he drank it down with scarcely a breath. He balanced the cup in his hand and extended his arm at full length. There was no tremor.

"Do you buy hope in sacks or barrels? It's an illusion we start life with. If we're lucky we don't lose too much of it. Otherwise we lose it all and there's never any more to be had for the buying."

She said in a wondering, wistful way: "Who could have hurt you so much?"

"Did I say anyone had?"

"Why else should you be watching that train go through?"

"A mistake we both make."

"Yes," she murmured, "I think so."

"You see," he said, "we are foolish—trying to warm our hands over a dead fire."

"You're bitter," she told him. "All the things I've heard about you, then, are true. Nothing matters to you. You aren't kind, you have no sympathy."

"Once is enough to have your heart broken. Haven't you found that out yet?" He couldn't, at the moment, get on his feet. There wasn't any strength in them. He leaned back in the rocker, hearing a man speak on the porch.

"Elsa—everything all right?"

The man coming through the door was very tall, very slim. He removed his hat with the bred politeness of his kind, to expose a head of hair as red as the sun. His was the tanned and smooth and enigmatic face of the range rider; it swung toward Mark Stanhope and wasn't pleased. Bill Tower, Stanhope understood, didn't like stray men going into Elsa Knightwood's shanty after dark. Alone as she was out here, she had this protection. Then he had a clear sight of Bill Tower's mind; for the high-built and indolent-speaking rider turned his eyes to the girl and his voice was almost humble. "You're all right?" he repeated. "I was just ridin' by."

"YOU know Doctor Stanhope?" said Elsa.

"Yeah," agreed Bill Tower briefly. He looked at Stanhope once more. He said: "I'll ride a ways with you, Doc."

Stanhope pushed himself to his feet. The coffee had cleared his head a little. "The morals of the situation, Bill," he observed ironically, "are all on your side." This room was neat and small; and there was a picture on the wall that caught his fancy. It was a drawing cut from a magazine, of some New England meadow deep in snow. The sight and smell of that far-away country was in the drawing, the sense of it very keen in this prairie room.

"Another memory you do wrong to keep," he observed. "You've traveled two thousand miles to forget it, haven't you?"

She was watching him, she was listening to the downbearing, indifferent tones of his voice; and the fairness of her face seemed to catch the darkness of his feeling. Her shoulders rested against the wall; they dropped a little. "Have you

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"no hope in you at all?" she murmured.

"Whisky is better."

She was at once angry. Color turned her cheeks beautiful and brought back the vigor of her slender, supple-lined body. She still had a resistance to the dismal brutalities of the world; and the recognition of that brought up in him a feeling that was half pleased and half sad. She would keep on fighting—and be hurt the more. She said: "At least you could have courage."

"But for what?" he asked. Bill Tower was a grave, attentive shape in the background. He was listening to this, and not comprehending it; he was outside this talk—an alien to the world that had produced Elsa Knightwood and Mark Stanhope. Some remote instinct of courtesy caused Mark Stanhope to apologize. "We shouldn't be speaking in a foreign language when you're here, Bill." And he bowed at Elsa Knightwood solemnly and went out to his horse. He had a little trouble getting into the saddle and he heard Elsa Knightwood speak very softly to Tower: "Please look after him." Riding back along the prairie, toward Two Dance's distant lights, he found Tower beside him.

The air had a thin, cool freshness; the moonlight laid its silver frost particles along the shadowed earth. The edge of his liquor was gone and depression pushed him further and further into the blank bottom regions of his being. He considered his professional judgment with a straining patience and found nothing wrong; he had had to take that chance with Henry LaTouche. The man's ticket simply ran out. Yet Tony Ward's eyes, so charged with rage and disbelief, were vivid in his memory. If they destroyed the pride he had in his skill he'd have nothing left at all.

He came into Two Dance and left his horse and wearily climbed the stairs to his office, Bill Tower creaking along behind. They had removed LaTouche's body. Stanhope stood by the table a moment, gripped by his thoughts. Bill Tower leaned against the wall, shaping up a cigarette. Tower said: "A woman livin' alone on the prairie stands some risk. Drunks have no business ridin' over there. Damn you, stay away from her!"

Stanhope turned, remotely curious. Bill Tower's eyes were smoky; they showed the raggedness of his feelings.

"You're a gentleman, Bill. And you're right."

Bill Tower stared at Stanhope, at once past anger. He had anxiety on his smooth cheeks, he had the print of a long puzzle there. "What's hurt that girl, Doc?"

"Why ask me?"

"You two," murmured Bill Tower, "are alike."

BEYOND breakfast time—the flashing heat of summer already laying its pressure on the baked boards of the town—he strolled up the shady side of the street and saw Bill Tower waiting for him by the corner of Walt Driscoll's stable. Bill Tower tossed away a cigarette; he fell in beside Stanhope and they went along a full fifty feet. Tower's tall body swayed indolently as he stepped across the boards. His eyelids were half closed, setting up fine wrinkles at the corners. He said then, as casual as springtime's wind:

"Tony Ward has made some remarks about you. He took Henry LaTouche's dyin' right serious. The two were strong friends. You know Tony's reputation?"

"A crook."

"Inclined to be quick on the move," remarked Bill Tower.

Mark Stanhope shook his head, having nothing then to say. Their walking had taken them past the deep porch of the hotel; and beyond was a straggling road leading westward across the tawny prairie. Stanhope turned that way.

"It is plain," murmured Bill Tower, "the man means to meet you."

They were then standing at the back of the little town. Stanhope stopped. "Let me have your gun, Bill."

Bill Tower came about; he put his hands on his hips, staring down with a bright curiosity. This black-headed, burly man was a puzzle to him, plainly. But he obeyed, handing over his .44. Stanhope weighed the gun in his right hand, balancing it in his palm. He raised it and saw, along its sights, the upright shape of an old post thirty yards away. He fired at it five times—and lowered the gun.

Bill Tower swung. He paced the distance to the post and looked carefully at the splintered results of Stanhope's shooting and paced back. He said, quietly: "Where'd you learn to do that?"

"Tell Tony Ward you saw it done," suggested Stanhope. "It may change his mind."

"You've made it worse than it was." Half a dozen townsmen sauntered forward to discover what this meant, and Tower watched them irritably. "The town might not've stood for Tony pullin' a gun on a man unhandy with weapons. But you've made it an equal contest—and now you've got a fight for sure."

"Wait," said Stanhope. "Why do you care?"

BILL TOWER'S shoulders rose, and they fell. He bowed his head over his fingers, tapering up a cigarette. He was dissatisfied, he was taciturn. "It was somethin' you said," he answered reluctantly, and then went away.

"You do that, Doc?" said one of the townsmen.

Mark Stanhope returned to Two Dance's main street. He went up to his office and washed his hands, and thrust them in front of him, watching his steady fingertips with a critical, dark attention. What had he failed to do in the case of Henry LaTouche that he might have done? He drew a long breath and picked up his doctor's satchel and went down the stairs.

He had his chores to do—and was grateful to have them so that the morning might pass without too much thought. When he was finished he came back up the street and ran into Faro Charley. "I hear," Faro Charley said, "you can use a gun. Carry one?"

"No."

Faro Charley moved his cigar from the left to the right side of his mouth. "Better if you did," he murmured, and went away. Up in his office, Stanhope found the heat greater than usual. He put his instruments back into the cabinet and sat by the table with his elbows on it and quietly sweated. In this country he was still a tenderfoot, and this protected him against the roughness of the range temper. But he had proved to Two Dance that he could handle a gun and now Two Dance, obeying its strict conscience in the matter, would let him handle his own quarrels.

He thought of that indifferently. It was noon then, with his nerves crawling again. He needed a drink; yet he had set his first-drink deadline at three o'clock and there was a bitter stubbornness in him against that appetite which kept growing stronger and stronger. He had a sudden fear he could not keep his resolve; and abruptly he left his office and went to the stable for his horse. He rode to the south, to Elsa Knightwood's small house.

Bill Tower's horse stood in the yard. Stanhope found the lone cowhand idly crouched on the steps, and Elsa Knightwood seated in a porch chair. Stanhope recognized the remote displeasure in Tower's eyes, but the power of the girl's

(*Continued on page 68*)

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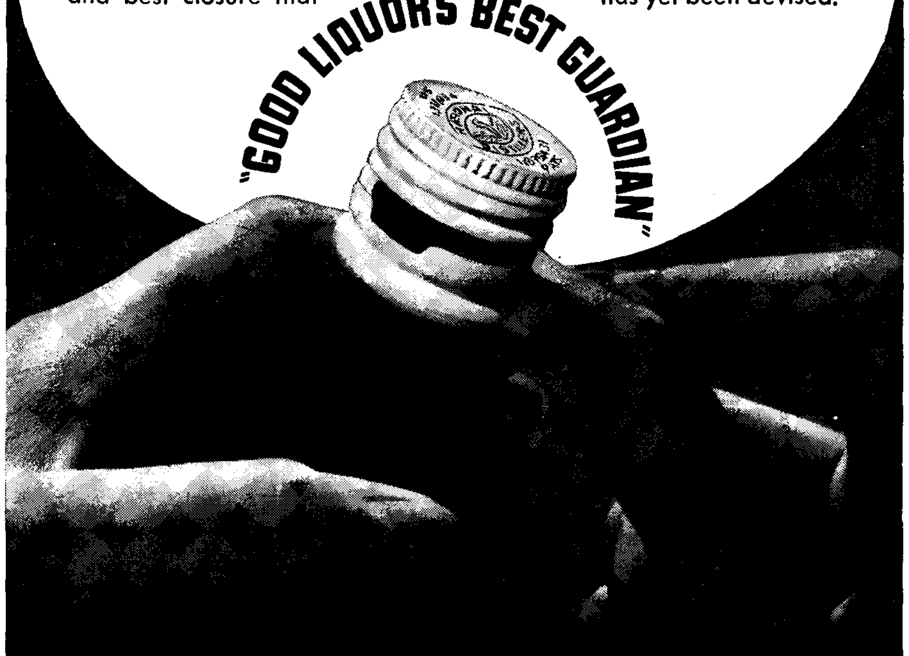

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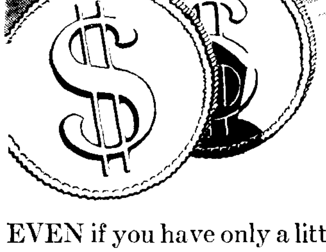

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(Continued from page 67)

presence drew his attention to her instantly. He got down and came over to the porch, conscious that Tower had risen and stepped a little backward, as though to be out of the way.

"I owe you an apology for last night."

She rose with a quickness that was strange to him—and her smile was strong and sweet and womanly. "Don't."

He said, quietly: "It isn't that I spoke anything less than what I believe to be the truth. But I had no real right to speak it to you."

Her smile faded with his talk; and a darkness deepened and became intense in her eyes. She said, "Oh," in a falling, disappointed tone.

He looked out upon her garden. He said: "You've done all this yourself?"

"You have your way of forgetting, and I have my way."

"Has your way helped you?"

"Self-pity doesn't do any good."

"Why do you care?"

"I don't," she said. "I don't in the least."

He bowed quietly and turned. Young Bill Tower hadn't moved. He stood very still, effacing himself from this scene out of courtesy. It was the way he looked at the girl, Stanhope considered, that betrayed him. The man loved her. In his own faithful manner he was gallant—he was a gentleman. Stanhope got on his horse and circled back toward Two Dance. It was one o'clock, two hours away from the time set for the first drink. All his nerves were like hot, short-circuited wires in him and he knew if he reached Two Dance he would break his rule. He pointed his horse northward, resolving not to go into town until three o'clock came.

The girl watched him go, her glance full of shadow. Bill Tower saw that long, sad look. He lowered his head, slowly creasing the crown of his hat between his fingers. He said: "How long have you known him?"

Her words were gentle with him. "It isn't a matter of time, Bill. He's my sort. I know him thoroughly—so thoroughly. Help him if you can."

Bill Tower said, "Yeah," and watched the expression on her face with a patient interest.

AT THREE o'clock, Mark Stanhope walked into Faro Charley's saloon and took his drink. He put his elbows on the bar and rested his weight there, his black head attentively bowed.

"I heard it said," remarked Faro Charley, "that Tony Ward was to be in town at supper time."

Mark Stanhope moved his heavy shoulders and went out of the saloon, walking in a straight, swinging, impatient manner. In his office he stood a moment beside the table, thinking once again of what he had done for Henry LaTouche with an unrelenting preciseness. The heat of the room was very heavy and sweat started down his forehead and made all his body humid. He shucked off his coat and lay down on the cot near by. The clanking sound of the Yellow Hill stage came through the open window. It was the heat that turned his thinking backward to a gentle lane through Boston's elms, to the softness and pleasantness of life there, to the shape and color of things so old, so familiar, so well-remembered. His will, his pure will, closed the curtain on that with a bitter compulsion.

Long afterward the supper bell from the restaurant brought him up from the cot. It was six o'clock then—the time Tony Ward meant to be in Two Dance.

He went down the stairs. The sun was behind the western range, its hot rays were like artillery blasts in the high sky; but along the walks the quick violet twilight already was settling, softening the town's angular unloveliness. He stopped a moment, as if to register his presence, and then identified Bill Tower idle against a porch post higher up the street. Bill Tower made no motion at him, and Stanhope went into the hotel and ate his supper; and came out into a bluer dusk flowing like water through Two Dance's alleys. The false fronts of the buildings cut sharp, black silhouettes against the sky's night blue. A man behind him said, calmly:

"I hear you can shoot."

He knew who that would be before he turned; and came about slowly, to find Tony Ward there, against the hotel wall. Ward said, "Do you carry a gun?" But he was scanning Mark Stanhope with a keen glance and had his own answer. He added, "Go get one," and swung on his heels, marching up the street. Looking that way, Stanhope saw Bill Tower still rooted to his long-held position.

THERE was one spot in Stanhope's mind that kept wondering and marveling at his own actions as he went stolidly back up the office stairs. This was a ritual he had seen other men of the country observe strictly. Now he was going through the ritual, not knowing why. In his room he found his revolver, long unused, and opened its cylinder to observe the loads there. He held the gun a moment in his hand, weighing it. He had, he observed, no perceptible fear, and afterward started down the stairs.

Not quite at the bottom, he heard a play of gunshots roll in hard, detonating waves along the street. It sent him down the last steps in one wide jump, for he had quick comprehension of what it was, of what it meant. Men were rushing up from Faro Charley's and out from the hotel. He was in the rear of this forming crowd as it swung by the livery stable and passed on into the adjoining alley. But he jammed his shoulders against these people and knocked them aside—and came upon Bill Tower lying in the cluttered dust, faintly risen on one elbow. Vague as the light was, he saw the quick paling of Tower's face. He dropped on a knee, he put an arm around Tower, hearing a man farther along the alley say, "Tony's altogether dead." But his own voice was angry and strange to him.

"Where are you hit?"

Somebody came forward with a lantern. Mark Stanhope got his hands around Bill Tower. He lifted that long body with no great effort. He threw his talk at the crowd, "Get the hell out of here!" and went across the street and up the stairs. Faro Charley was directly behind, and one other man, and they came into the office and stood silent while Stanhope laid Tower on the table. The bullet, he saw, had struck somewhere around the left iliac bone, with a good deal of fresh blood coming out; and there was a gray, gaunt look around Tower's mouth. But his eyes were open and his pulse ran strong.

"Why?" grunted Stanhope.

Bill Tower was minutely smiling. "Well, you said I was a gentleman. I never been dealt that hand before. Be damned if I knew how to play it—but I did what seemed right."

Mark Stanhope cut away Bill Tower's trousers and looked down at the bullet's battered entry. His mouth changed a little. He got out a towel and folded it and sprinkled it with chloroform. Bill Tower's eyes grew shrewder.

"Take off my boots."

It was Faro Charley who first understood the urgency of that request and came forward to obey. Stanhope laid a damp cloth over Tower's eyes to protect them, and greased the man's lips and nose against the bite of the anesthetic; and then applied the cone-shaped chloroform towel. Laying out his instruments beside him, he put his hands on the edge of the table and gripped it with all the force of his fingers; and suddenly a complete darkness whirled through him. Faro Charley said, "Now, Doc."

The darkness went away. He touched Bill Tower's pulse and looked into Tower's eyes. He picked up his probe, and held it poised in his fingers, and saw that it had no tremor.

When he was finished—when he was quite finished—and had laid Bill Tower on the cot, he knew he had done well; and that in Henry LaTouche's case he could have done no better. He stood at the window, drawing deeply on his cigar, with the faint coolness of the night air drying the sweat on his cheeks. He had that much left, anyhow—a skill that remained untouched. It was something to be grateful for in a world that was crazy beyond calculation. He still was thinking of that an hour later when Bill Tower crawled slowly back from the chloroform's sleep. He went over to Tower and waited until the man's eyes began to center. He said then:

"Your boots are at the foot of the bed. You'll be using them soon enough."

"I had no doubts," murmured Bill.

"Gentlemen stick together, Bill."

"What?"

"You did me a favor. I shall try to do you one." He drew a long breath and said, "Stay with him, Charley," and left the room.

Bill Tower turned his head, wistfully. "It was something he said, Charley—and then it was something she said. They're two of a kind."

IN THE saloon, with his bottle and glass familiarly in front of him, Mark Stanhope remembered Bill Tower's smile. There was something in that to remind him of the gallantry and the courage of the world to which he once had belonged, and from which he now seemed so irretrievably separated. But it was good to know those things still existed. It was like hearing the distant sound of a trumpet in a dark, windy night. Gentlemen stood together. He had one more glass of whisky on that and went out to get his horse.

Riding away from Two Dance it occurred to him that both those people, Bill and Elsa, had a faith that made them stand tall and shapely against the world. It gave them a dignity, it turned them strong and splendid, its presence even seeming to lend him something he had not had before. The footfalls of his pony went ahead of him, for when he rounded Elsa Knightwood's house he saw her standing in the doorway, her supple body against the yellow light, her hair shining in it. He heard her say in a soft, quick way, "Mark." His muscles were heavy and his reactions very slow; when he swung out of the saddle his free foot caught somewhere—and then he pitched headlong into the dust and lay there.

She came running out to him; she dropped on her knees beside him and her arms pulled his heavy shoulders upward. She held him that way, against her breasts. She said, "What have you done!" And she was crying and the faint perfume of her hair was a deep fragrance in this darkness.

"Bill took the fight off my hands and was shot for his kindness. But he will live," he added softly, "to be a man you can put your faith in."

"Mark—Mark!"

This was strange to him. But he had something to say. "You keep thinking of the world you came from. Well, I'm a part of that world—and look at me. I have come here to show you that. It's no good. Forget it. Watch no more trains go through Two Dance. You were not meant to eat your heart out on lost things. You are a full woman, and this Bill Tower would go through fire for you."

She said, all in a rush: "I have reached the end of my strength. I kept thinking I could lean against you for support. You've failed me, Mark! There's nothing in you to help me get my courage back."

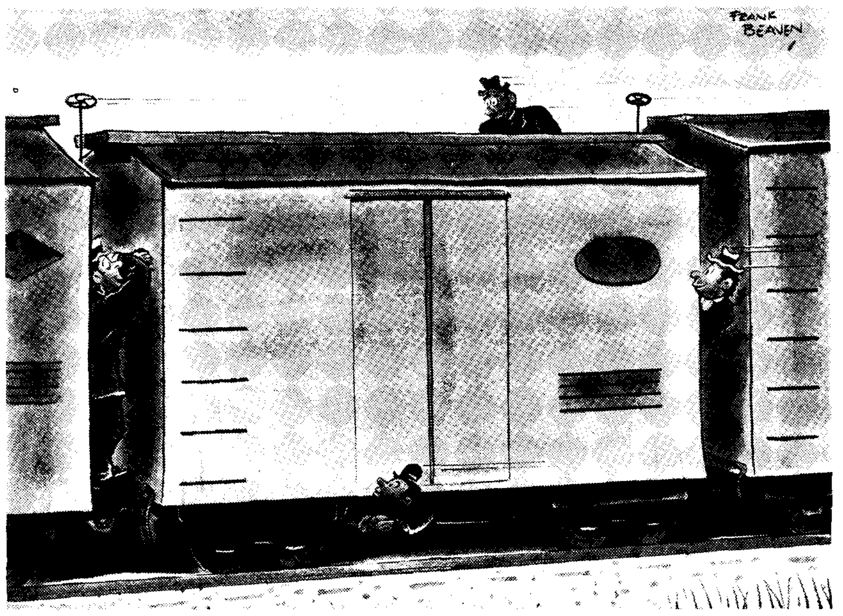
He said, all in wonder: "Bill Tower—"

"It isn't kindness I need! It isn't gentleness I need. But why should I have thought that you and I were the same sort?"

He said, "Wait," and tried to get his mind clear. The softness of her body was a comfort to him; her face was dim above him, near as it was. Her arms held his shoulders in a tight, desperate way. He was, he realized bitterly, a failure even in his role of a gentleman returning a favor. He could do Bill Tower no good here.

"For a year," he said, "I have watched you come and go. You belong to the world I've been trying to forget. It is why I have kept away from you—until yesterday. But it won't do."

His mind was very clear now and his thoughts quite strong, quite lucid. It was like the sensation of a weary man finding a cool spring after long travel across the dry places. He pulled her down and kissed her, and felt the strength of her answer. He would never again, he understood, go into Faro Charley's to drink the bottoms out of those brown bottles.



"—8—9—10, here I come, ready or not!" FRANK BEAVEN

I was never so astonished in my life

By Ripley BELIEVE IT or NOT

I HAVE SEARCHED for strange and unusual things all my life but never have I been more astonished than when climbing from floor to floor in the Gillette Safety Razor Company in Boston during my recent visit there.

Yes, I've witnessed Black Magic underneath the tropical African stars—I've been astounded on the Yellow River by Chinese magicians, and I've watched the magic of the Hindus on the River Ganges, but I doubt if anything they did could equal the "Black Box" of Gillette, which I watched actually making steel "talk."

Messages relayed from this magic "Black Box" to a great battery of automatic switches, control the hardening of Gillette steel as it passes through electric furnaces. In effect, this amazing device makes steel "talk"—orders more or less heat in the furnaces as the condition of the steel demands. This results in constant uniformity in the steel—contributes in a truly remarkable way to the comfort you experience when you shave with the Gillette blade.

But that isn't all! I saw 4-ton blade sharpeners adjustable to 1/10,000 of an inch—I saw real diamonds used to measure the hardness of steel blades—I saw them sterilized with powerful antiseptic—I saw their sharpness measured by beams of light—I saw the steel "X-Rayed" by an amazing instrument that "sees" through metal, instantly detecting hidden defects.

To top it all, I saw the blades pass through 280 feet of sharpening surface that buffed them so incredibly keen and smooth shaving—so sharp that the cutting edges are *invisible*, Believe It or Not—and all to caress the chin of modern man!

And so I say that—just as the bristles of Buddha bowed reverently in contemplation 'neath the Bho Tree, and the Beard of the Prophet drooped devoutly five times a day in prayer—so should the clean-shaved chin of modern man give a nod each morning toward the Gillette factory in Boston. Yes—I would impress upon you that it behooves and becomes a man to shave himself with dignity—and the born-of-magic Gillette blade.

In view of these facts—facts that amazed even a "miracle hunter"—how can any man accept a substitute. Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

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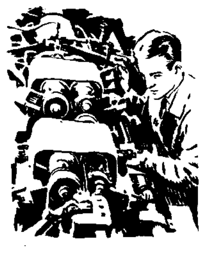

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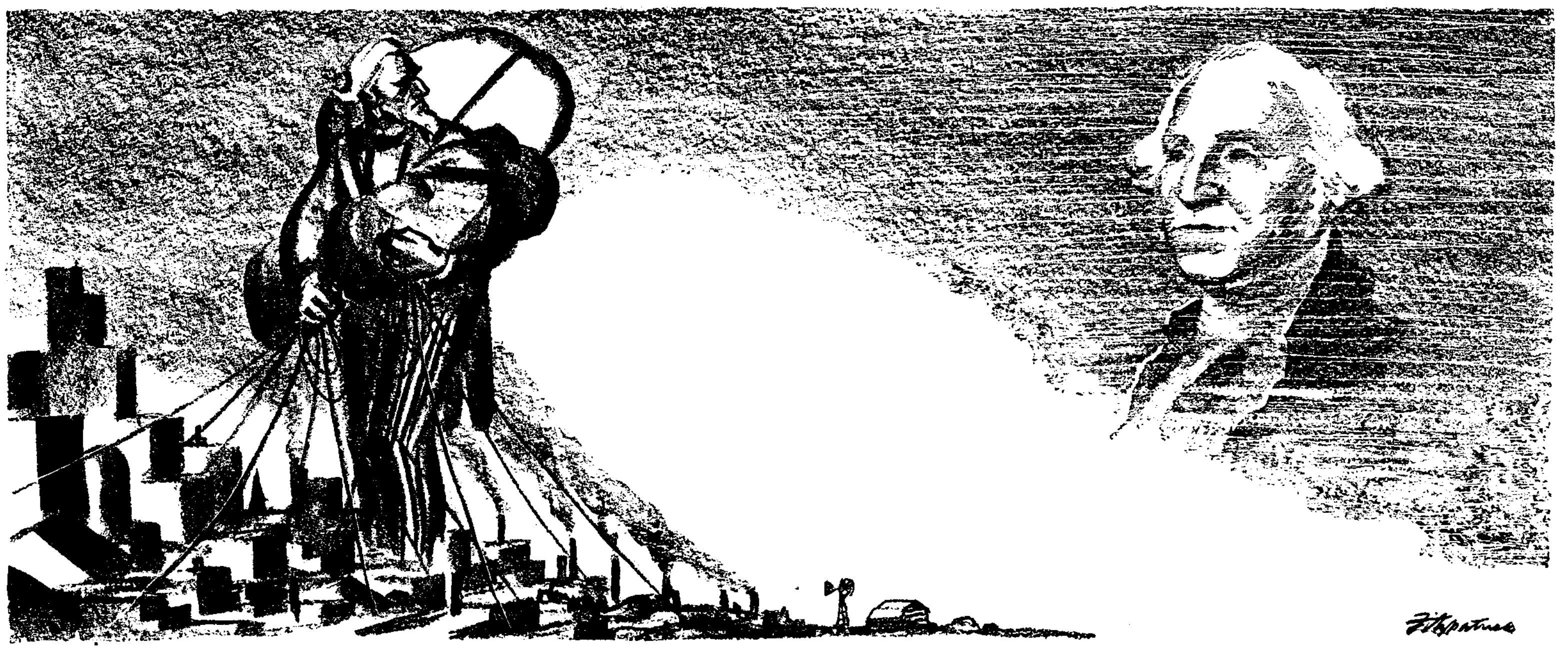

Two Americans

SOME heroes survive the criticism of time. Among our great men George Washington is still preëminent. His memory has not faded, because his character and his principles are still useful to Americans.

The mere fact that he was the successful leader of the Revolutionary Army and the first President of the United States does not explain his continued hold on the admiration and affection of mankind. It is easy to forget generals and Presidents even though the accident of time has rendered them temporarily conspicuous. General Grant was a great commander and twice President, but he is not revered as are Washington and Lincoln.

Washington was no saint, and neither, for that matter, was Lincoln. It is possible to find weaknesses in their personal records. Muck-raking biographies have been written detailing some of the soft spots in their lives. The weaknesses, however, are irrelevant. The good these men did is too important. The advice they gave is still too wise to be forgotten.

The confusion which surrounded Washington's administration was worse than anything this nation has known except during Lincoln's first term. The problems faced by Washington were surely as difficult and as intricate as any which have demanded the consideration and the decision of a President.

If we read Washington's speeches and other writings today—and this is a very good time for such reading—we are immediately impressed with the generous wisdom and far-flung vision of the man. He understood human nature and he had the prophet's insight into difficulties and situations which were later to arise.

Washington had much to do with the Constitution. He was the presiding officer of the convention which wrote it. His influence was most persuasive in securing its adoption. As President he was first to draw attention to its possibilities and its limitations. His first inaugural address set forth his views and his advice concerning it.

The question of amendments was even warmer in 1789 than in 1936. Twelve amendments were submitted by the first session of the first Congress and ten were ratified by the states. Washington neither favored nor opposed amendments. He merely urged on Congress "a reverence for the characteristic rights of freemen and a regard for public harmony."

Washington was a very modest man who from first to last distrusted his own capacities. He believed profoundly in the unity of the American people and the very depth of his convictions impelled him to speak out in defense of the principles he thought essential to the growth of the nation. For example, in his Farewell Address he urged respect for authority and compliance with the laws as the foundation of liberty. He reminded the country that:

"The basis of our political systems is the right of the People to make and to alter their Constitutions of Government. But the Constitution which at any time exists, till changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole People, is sacredly obligatory upon all. The very idea of the power and the right of the People to establish government presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established Government."

And again in the same address he said: "If, in the opinion of the People, the distribution or modification of the Constitutional powers be in any particular wrong, let it be corrected by an amendment in the way which the Constitution designates. But let there be no change by usurpation, for though this, in one instance, may be the instrument of good, it is the customary weapon by which free governments are destroyed. The precedent must always greatly overbalance in permanent evil any partial or transient benefit which the use can at any time yield."

This was honorable advice in 1796 and it is still useful counsel in 1936. Washington believed in a strong central government. The weight of his great influence was thrown in favor of development of an effectual national administration, but he passionately pleaded with his countrymen to defend their laws and to observe the principles of honor and justice.

A high sense of public honor breathes through every one of Washington's great state papers. Like Lincoln, he could not be driven to small opinions. It was in 1865 when the end of the Civil War was in sight that Lincoln began the last paragraph of his second inaugural address with the words: "With malice toward none; with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in."

That generosity of spirit is one of the great reasons why Lincoln is a world hero and all of the bitter men who hated him and sought to frustrate his policies have been forgotten.

So, too, with Washington. Throughout his career he appealed to the best impulses of his countrymen. He could have been king. He might, had he craved power, have established a great empire. He did not want office. He sought to lead the simple, quiet life of a farmer.

But he could not refuse the unanimous voice of the entire nation which demanded his service and his guidance in the early years of the Republic. He gave what he had, seeking in the midst of world wars and disorders to "gain time to our country to settle and mature its yet recent institutions."

We were fortunate in having such a leader at such a time. We shall be fortunate, also, as we uphold in our own time that spirit of public obligation and public right which gave character to his administration. For while our material conditions have been mightily changed during the past 140 years, the counsel of moderation and of fair dealing with all is still the essence of a sound national policy.

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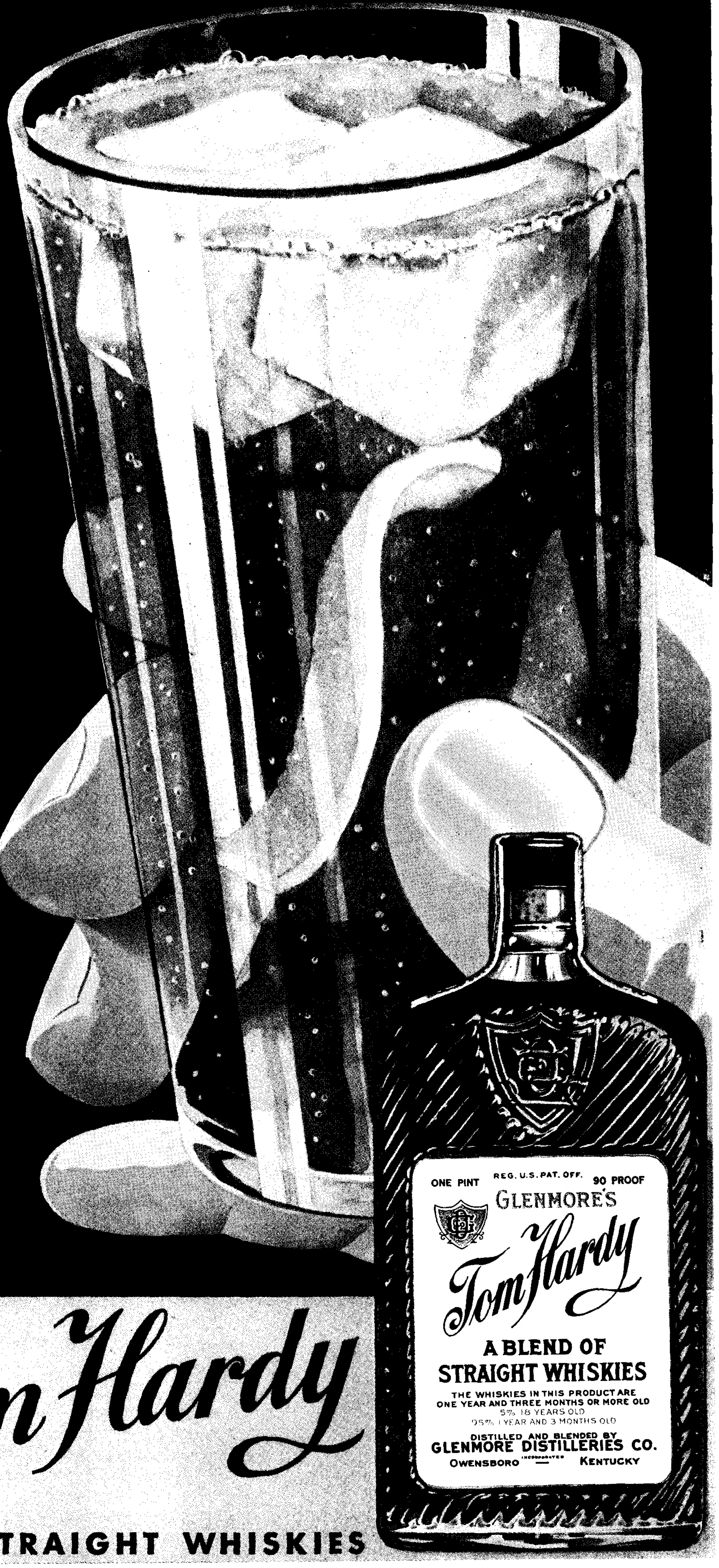
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